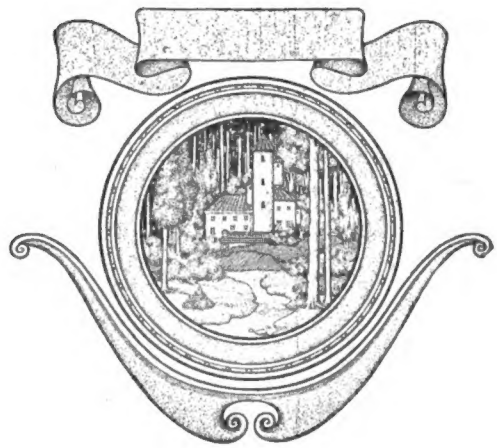

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THE ENTRANCE-HALL TO ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENTS IN PARIS.

See *The Artist Dressmakers of Paris*, page 473.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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DO NOT TAKE FROM READING ROOM

A School for Boys

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated with Photographs

OUT in Ohio there is a school for boys conducted on such scientific—that is to say, sensible—principles that I am sure all parents and guardians, as well as those living next door to a lively lad, will be interested to read about it.

Taught by the example of the prospectuses of other and better known institutions of learning, I will begin with the numeration of the purely physical and material advantages of this school before I pass to the higher things. I have something up my sleeve and I invite your earnest attention. I want to see if you can find out what it is before I tell you.

The location of this school cannot be surpassed in salubrity, situated as it is in the Hocking Hills—hills are fairly scarce in Ohio—600 feet above the little city of Lancaster. You will see that this provides a full supply of an excellent quality of respirable air, and good natural drainage. Col. C. B. Adams, the superintendent, is as much of a fresh-air crank as there is in the country, and when the boys are not out-of-doors, they are where the air is entirely changed once every thirteen minutes.

The school has a campus of 1,200 acres, its own water-works and plant, its own sewage-system, and is lighted and heated from a central heat and power-house, where the boilers are kept going by natural gas at ten cents a thousand. Ten cents a thousand for gas! They don't have all the good things in New York.

If there is any benefit to be derived from the contemplation of the beauties of nature, the benefit is right on hand. And this, whether you contemplate nature with her hair combed, her face washed, and her Sunday frock on—meaning thereby velvet lawns, glowing posy-beds, lily-ponds, discreetly disposed trees and shrubs, and winding paved streets—or nature wild-eyed and staring, with bold cliffs, and huge rocks cracked open in some wild convulsion ages and ages ago. When I visited the place, the deep gorges, veiled in the delicate haze of Indian summer, flamed in their autumnal reds and yellows, pinks and buffs, till they resembled most of all a bill-board three months after the circus. It was a magnificent spectacle.

There is a big, fine, common dining-hall, in which the whole school dines together at small tables, one boy at the head of each helping his fellows to their portions. The dishes are porcelain, the knives and forks and spoons plated, there are tablecloths, each boy has a napkin, and correct table-manners are insisted on. (Do I see a queer look in your eyes? Calm yourself.) The food is plentiful; it smelled good; it looked good, and by the way the boys acted when I was there I judge it touched the spot. I learned two or three things of interest in the dietetic line about them. They would like to have beans three times a day, seven days in a week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. Beans are said to be almost a complete ration. No way has yet been discovered in which rice can be cooked so as to get all the boys to clean their plates of rice as they do of beans. Even rice-pudding is neglected for beans. Rice is not a complete ration.

The school is on the cottage plan. The boys are graded and sorted, and some seventy of each sort live in one family, as it is called, under the care of an Elder Brother and his wife. There is one dormitory for all the boys

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COL. C. B. ADAMS, THE SUPERINTENDENT.

of one family. I don't know whether this feature will exactly commend itself to those who haven't had occasion to think the matter out, but for reasons which I will not go into here, it is for the good of the boys that there is no privacy in the dormitory.

I may say that the beds all have nice white spreads, that they are aired until noon of every day, and that all the boys are provided with night-shirts. (Again that queer look in your eyes? What is it I have up my sleeve?)

I will next call your attention to the plumbing. It's palatial. Such beautifully nickeled faucets and all; such marble of the kind that puts you in mind of coffee with milk in it; such splendid individual showers!

"You'll make these boys discontented with what they find at home," I said to Colonel Adams.

"That's the intention," he replied. "That's exactly what we mean to do: to make them unhappy unless they can be surrounded with just such comforts."

Besides the individual showers in each of the cottages, there is a big room under the gymnasium, where there are showers to accommodate seventy-six boys at a time. They undress in one room, go into the shower-room, lather all over under inspection, and get themselves thoroughly clean. It's rather interesting to see them all squat at once and pay attention to their toes. Then, at the word, they all file into another room where is the largest swimming-bath in the State of Ohio, 80 feet long by 19 feet wide, 6 feet deep at one end and 4 feet deep at the other. They all line up alongside, solemn as putty. You wouldn't think they could crack a smile if they tried. "Plunge!" calls out the Elder Brother in charge of the family. Seventy pairs

THIS SCHOOL IS IN THE HOCKING HILLS, OHIO.

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A BAND COMPOSED OF THE STUDENTS.

of heels are in the air at once, and I tell you the water boils! Bedlam? You haven't the first notion of what Bedlam is. You don't know anything at all about it.

A great feature of this school is play. Colonel Adams is one of those men who think that old Dame Nature knew exactly what she was about when she implanted in a boy's bosom the desire for noisy, boisterous play. His interpretation of her plan is that she thinks that's the quickest way to make a civilized man out of a savage. Savages are little, undersized runts as a rule, cruel, unfair, and sneaking. Play makes a boy run and "holler," and that builds up the muscles —especially the breathing-muscles, and a man that is sound in his wind is a pretty sound man generally. Play trains the eye and the judgment; it enlivens the wits; it begets honesty and fair dealing, because the boy that won't play fair doesn't have a good time of it; games necessitate team-play, which is cooperation, which is the very heart and soul of civilized society, at the same time inciting emulation, which is what makes us get ahead in the world.

Each of the cottages has a playground to itself with a baseball diamond on it. There is a league of twelve teams in the school. Practically every boy in nine in the whole school is captain of a minor team. The steward buys baseballs by the gross. Every boy that isn't crippled has to play; it's part of the curriculum. By the way, I want you to read these two items from the paper they get out in the school. Says the reporter from Lagonda Cottage:

We crossed bats with the Ohios last Saturday. They are good players, but the game resulted in a score of 15 to 8 in our favor.

"YOU'LL MAKE THESE BOYS DISCONTENTED WITH WHAT THEY FIND AT HOME."

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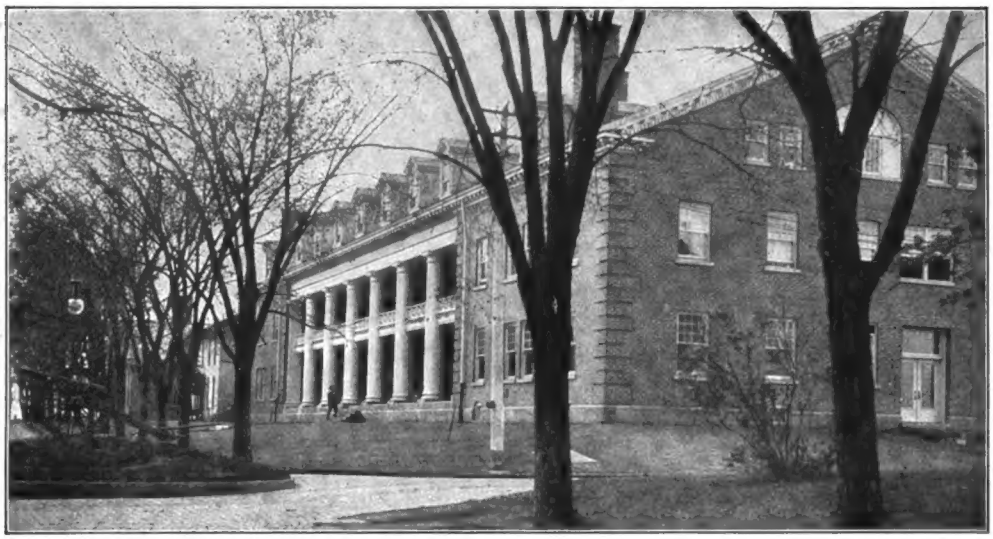


THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY THE SCHOOL OFFICERS.

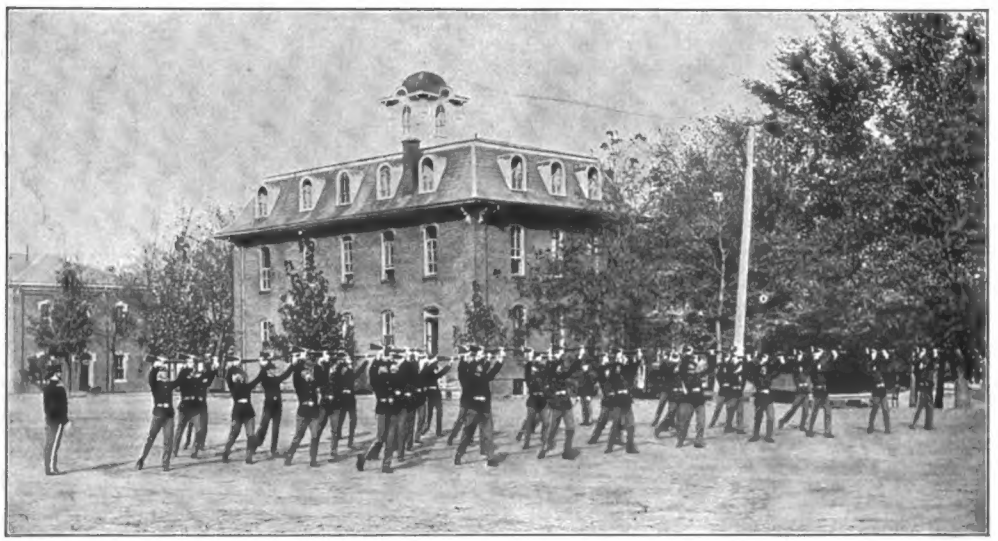
Says the reporter from the Ohio cottage:

We were favored with a game of ball from the Lagondas. The game was interesting from start to finish. The Lagondas won out by a small margin, the score being Lagondas 15, Ohio 8.

Isn't that a boy for you? "A small margin!"

They were just beginning to practise up for the basket-ball season when I was there. The gymnasium is a fine, big, airy room, well supplied with apparatus. They have all sorts of games in the cottages evenings, besides concerts and illustrated lectures, and their own amateur dramatics, minstrel shows, and dances. They have all the holidays to celebrate that other folks have, and one of their own, Chestnut Day. It's a great country round there for chestnuts.

But here's a strange thing: they don't have any vacations at all. No going home for Christmas or Easter, or the long vacation in the summer.



THE BOYS ARE UNIFORMED LIKE THE SOLDIERS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

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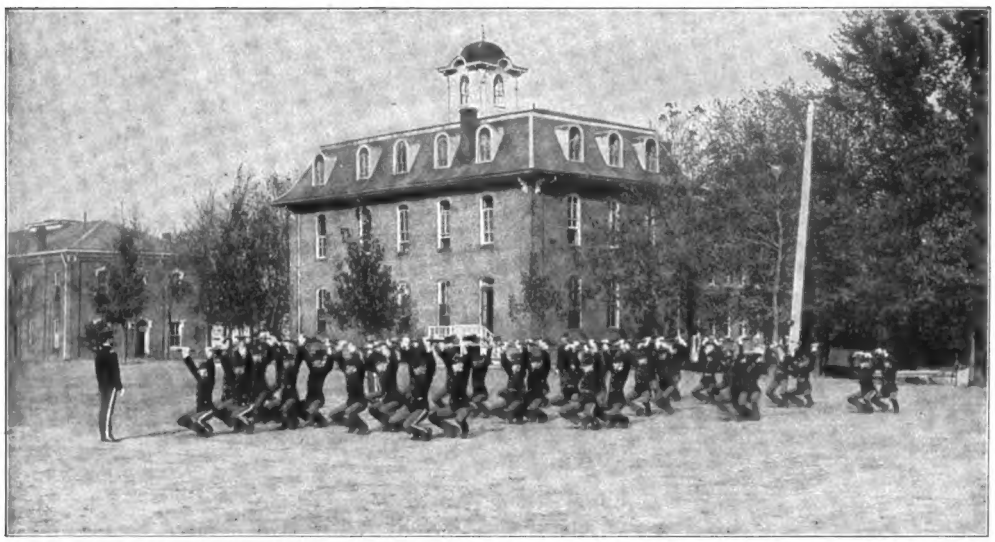
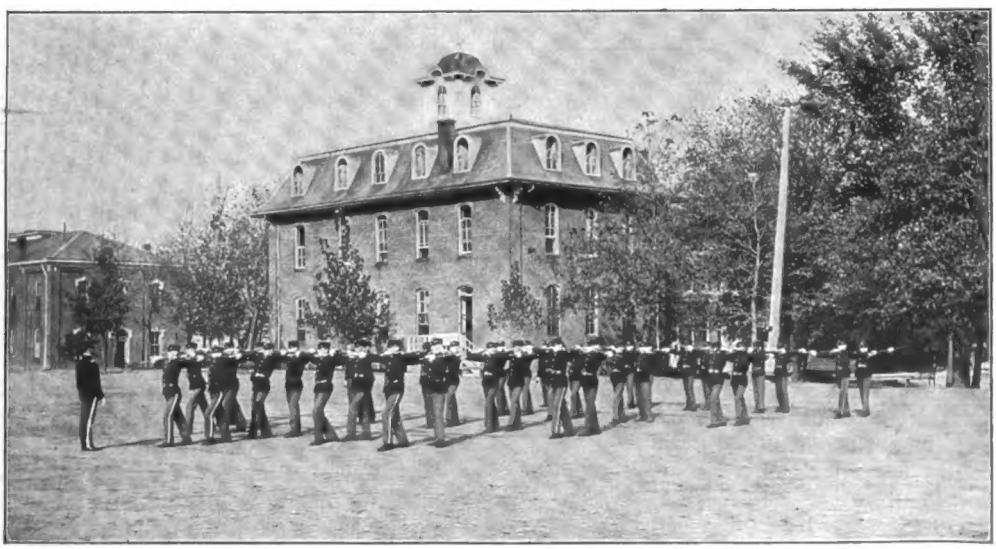


THE FINEST THING IN THE WORLD TO GET EVERY MUSCLE IN TRIM FOR THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

In another respect it's just like all up-to-date schools for boys. It's military. All the boys are uniformed exactly like the soldiers in the United States army. Whenever they have anything to do, or any place to go, they don't dawdle along this minute and run like Indians the next, the way boys will. Where there are so many there has to be some system, or nothing will get itself done. So they always march to wherever they have to go—dinner or the playground or the schoolroom or wherever—march with a brisk, swinging step that gets them over the ground in business fashion. Every morning in the gymnasium they are detailed for the day, and when they have all counted off and gone, there is a company left to drill for two hours—until it simply cannot make a mistake. Two hours' drill a week every boy gets, besides dress parade.

You take a man like Major Beckett, who is the military instructor, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted, with a deep crease in his back



TWO HOURS' DRILL A WEEK EVERY BOY GETS.

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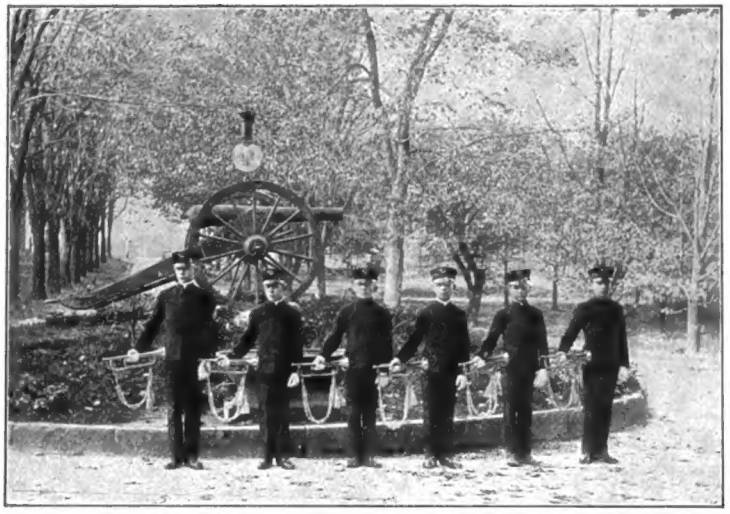

STUDENT CORNET-PLAYERS IN THE SCHOOL PARK.

where the spinal column is, with his chest all in front of him, his legs swinging properly from his hips, and you've got a mighty fine model for any boy to pattern after. And did you ever stop to think that a boy is almost never taught to stand and to walk as he should? Were you? I wasn't, and I had pretty good schooling, too. And it isn't only the model; it's Major Beckett and the others rubbing it in and rubbing it in that you must keep your chest up and forward, your shoulders back and down, your head up, your chin in, your neck against your collar, your hips a little back, and your paunch drawn in.

"I cayunt!"

"You've got to!"

That's what makes men.

And then they have the "Butts Manual of Arms." The music that goes to it is mighty pretty, but to see all those boys swinging their rifles this way and that, in time to it, and putting out this foot and that, is to realize that here is the finest method in the world to get every muscle in the body in trim for the duties of life.

But you will say to me: "Well, what of it? All schools have the military drill nowadays. You said so yourself."

Well, but this isn't the same as the regular military academy. I told you I had something up my sleeve.

Here they don't learn how many parts all Gaul is divided into, nor that *utor*, *fruor*, *fungor*, *vescor*, and *potior* take the ablative or the genitive, whichever it is. They learn carpentering, plumbing, baking, tailoring, shoemaking, blacksmithing, printing—pretty good half-tone work and color-work they do—steam laundering, brick-making, bricklaying, stone-quarry work, stone-cutting, mechanical and steam engineering, shorthand, telegraphy, floriculture and greenhouse work, gardening and farming. There'll be a class in dairying before long.

You know that a boy nowadays has to have a lot of "pull" behind him to get a chance to learn a trade. I have heard—I don't know how truly—that the plumbers aren't going to

THEY LEARN STONE-QUARRY WORK.

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let anybody take an apprentice for three years. And a boy, besides the "pull," needs to have a lot of "push" in him, too, if he expects to learn his trade thoroughly, for the "jours" are getting mighty stingy about the little bits of information they have picked up. But in this school a boy learns a trade thoroughly.

Now, in case you are thinking of sending your boy to this school, I ought to tell you that you just can't up and do it by bringing him there with his matriculation-fee in his hand. There isn't any matriculation-fee; there aren't any tuition-fees. He has to be a resident of the State of Ohio, and he has to come highly recommended by some judge—a police magistrate, for instance. Yes, it takes "pull" to get him in.

"Oh, I see!" say you, getting a good view of what I have up my sleeve. "It's a prison for boys."

Not at all. Nothing of the kind. There isn't a barred window on the place. There isn't a cell. There are no high walls or fences around the outside. There are no guards with rifles on their knees. I will say, however, that when a boy gets homesick here, as boys will get homesick at all schools, and thinks he'll strike out and see what kind of dirt there is at the other end of the big road, the State of Ohio offers a standing reward of $10 for his return, and the farmers about are just like other farmers—they like to make $10 easily—so no guards are necessary; and still the boys don't get away very often nor very far.

No, I'll tell you. The State of Ohio was the first in point of time and is now the first in point of importance to see that it is fiendish folly to try to make a good boy out of a bad boy by shutting him up in a stinking jail, on a low diet, in utter idleness, and in the company of the most dissolute ruffians to be found on earth. Of all the crazy and cruel notions that the devil himself has succeeded in lodging firmly in men's minds that is positively the limit. There would be some sense in taking a bad boy out in the back yard and chopping his head off, because that would reform him permanently; but to expect to make him anything else than an Apache by putting him into jail is nothing but insanity, as you can readily see. Nevertheless, that is, or was, the standard and approved method.

But the State of Ohio wouldn't just muddle along, doing a crazy thing because everybody else was doing a crazy thing. Investigation showed that the "Rauhe Haus" near Hamburg, Germany, was working on sensible lines for the reformation of bad boys, and in 1858 the first school in America for reforming such youth, with the prison part left out, was begun near Lancaster, Ohio. It is the "Rauhe-Haus" idea clear through: the cottage system, the teaching the boys useful trades, the building up of their bodies so that they have the physical strength to control themselves. The title "Elder Brother" for the head of each cottage is borrowed from the "Rauhe Haus," and the land is even hilly, as it is in the German institution.

Yes, the pupils here are bad boys, although I don't see that that is a particularly distinguishing adjective when applied to boys. About twenty-five per cent. of those formally committed here have violated the compulsory education laws.

And that reminds me. I once knew a man that in his boyhood in Ohio, before they had the compulsory education laws, "played hooky" from school for six whole weeks before his daddy found it out. A bad boy. When he grew up, he became the general manager of a most important and profitable industry, and was the most highly honored member of the community in which he lived. This was because his daddy, when he learned about the six weeks' successful "hooky," took him down cellar, made him strip off every stitch he had on him, and then if he didn't warm that boy's hide! Gentlemen! The boy's mother sat on the cellar-steps and cried as much as the boy did, which was considerable. A brutal outrage! Looks like it, doesn't it? The boy himself told me it was the best thing that ever happened to him in his life. He ought to know.

Suppose the boy had had no daddy, or one that didn't care. Suppose the tender-hearted mother had let the boy go his own gait—what would he have amounted to? The temptation is to enlarge on this point, but it isn't really necessary. You know just such boys that have no one to take them down cellar and dose 'em with oil of peach-tree limb. And you know just what becomes of them when they grow up. You can hear the fond and foolish mothers say: "I can't control Jimmy"; and they actually say it with a sort of pride. It makes you want to shake 'em!

Jimmy does just as he pleases around home and at school. The secret of success, he has found out, is to fling yourself down on the floor and kick and squall and bite and raise a

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row. Teacher can't do a thing with him, being forbidden by law to administer peach-tree oil, although it is distinctly "indicated" by the symptoms. There isn't such a thing as authority. Law? Order? Ah, g'wan! And one day a policeman swoops down on Jimmy, and the soft and silly mother gets grace somehow to see that she must be cruel to be kind, and Jimmy goes to the Boys' Industrial School. He is on the "truant side" of the farm among boys of his own age. First day it's kind of interesting, but they all play ball. He doesn't know any game but crap-shooting, for in town there is no room for boys to play. There is room to make money in, but there is no room to make big men out of little runts of boys. Second day, Jimmy thinks he won't go to school. Oh, but he's got to. Ah, g'wan. There is no such thing as "got to." Oh, isn't there?

Jimmy applies the secret of success. He flings himself down on the ground. He kicks, he bites, he squalls. Teacher didn't know what to do when he did that at school. Mother didn't know what to do. It was something out of their line. It's a commonplace here. Four boys pick him up, one to each limb, and they pack him off to school, willy-nilly. They don't like to tote him. It's no fun for them, and they let him know it. Jimmy, in the words of the poet, is "up against it." All kinds of good times if you behave yourself, but trouble, trouble, trouble if you don't. Everybody else is going to school, why not Jimmy? It doesn't take long for Jimmy to get it into his head that it is good policy to mind what's said to him. He was always dull at school. Why not? His mother allowed him to sit up till all hours, and eat all kinds of stuff; he smoked cigarettes, and he didn't play games of running and "hollering" because the "cop" would "chase" him. But bed every night at eight, and no tobacco, and a bellyful of nourishing food three times a day, and hard play, and plenty of drill, and the other fellows doing well in their studies—it doesn't take long.

In one schoolroom I asked which boy was best in arithmetic. Up shot a proud hand, and I'm glad to say I did my best to make its owner feel prouder still. He had had 100 three days hand-running, and there it stood on the blackboard for all to admire and envy.

"And that's a boy," whispered the teacher to me, "that everybody said simply could not learn. He was too dumb for any use. Smartest boy in the class."

I want to show you how out-of-door play smartens a boy. Although the average age of those admitted to this school is about fourteen, a good many of them have had such slack bringing up and have so successfully "played hooky" that they cannot read or write. About eight per cent., I think. Once they have to apply themselves they learn with amazing rapidity. The following letter was written by such an illiterate three months after he entered the school:

My dear Mother: I'm very glad to hear from you, and I know that you are very glad to hear from me. I feel rejuvenescent and sanguine. Your letters are so encouraging. I love to read them several times. You are the best friend I have in the world. There is no place like home and mother. Mama, I hope you are feeling better, and some day I will come home and help you like a son ought to do. I know you are malcontented when I am from home. I am very much indiscriminated to think you are losing your health. It will be indispensable for me to help you. You supported me, and I shall support you in restitution. Nobody can indurate my heart against my mother, for she has done so much for me, and I will restitute it if I can. I'm very glad to hear that you are pertinacious in trusting in the Lord. He is our perpetual ruler and he will circumscribe us in heaven. We all have a chronical time. We should be sagacious to trust in the Lord, and that is something I can't do. I tried but failed. I have to stand for the vituperation, but some day I will be undaunted, and be on the Lord's side. And then I won't be sacrilegious. We all should ask quaeres* of the Lord. Though we shouldn't be a procrastinator. You said you were going to work by the week. I hope you will succeed. I'm glad to hear that Clifford has turned from the ways of sin. From your son,

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Yes. Well. I'd be ashamed of myself if I were you, for laughing at the lad's earnest effort to get the best there was going in the way of language and show it off to his poor mother. You wouldn't laugh at it before his face, would you? Why should you behind his back?

On the other side of the farm are "bad" boys. About forty-four per cent. of them have been convicted of petty larceny. I once knew a boy that committed petty larceny. He stole a watermelon. Maybe you knew him, too. You did, didn't you? Think now. Right sure you never knew any such boy? Turned out fairly well afterward, though. Honored member of society now. What happened to him to make the change? Perhaps the farmer caught him, and had with him at the time a long black-snake whip. Perhaps his daddy found it out and took him

* Don't ask me. I don't know what it means.—E. W.

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down cellar. Perhaps the other fellows let him know in some way that it was low-lived and contemptible to steal. At any rate, it got into his system finally that there is a very distinct difference between mischievousness and mischief.

You know boys into whose system that has never got. Just lay down the book a moment and think of them. . . . Ah, I knew you would sigh with sadness as you think of the heart-breaking stories you could tell.

These two forms of badness among the nine hundred and odd boys largely outnumber all the others. You see a row of figure 1's and figure 2's for the instances of other offenses against society, but come to analyze them, and they can all be brought down to a few causes. The boy hasn't had the benefit of romping play in the open air; he hasn't had the right kind of nourishment; he hasn't had enough sleep, and he hasn't been taught to obey.

Please to consider how much of a bad boy's badness is animal activity denied its proper vent in romping play. Please to consider what's to become of lively boys who have no place to play. Please to consider that fifty-five per cent. of these undeniably "bad" boys in the Lancaster School come from the four counties in which are Ohio's four large cities, and then please to consider if it isn't up to you men of affairs to provide places for boys to play in. Stealings cost you a lot of money during the year; more than you have any notion of. Just as a business proposition it would pay you to make playgrounds.

Examination of the memoranda of the committing magistrates will show that when the boys' fault is not the fault of society (which cannot see that making good men is as important as making good money), it is the fault of parents who know less about bringing up their children than they know about running a bank.

They had a fine old word for a fine old experience in days that are now forever past. The word, and the experience, was "conversion." The Old Adam with all his works was definitely put off, and the new man in Christ Jesus was definitely put on. From then dated the new life. That was "the turning-point." A saint that had gone through this experience stopped to watch a felon led to execution. He said: "But for the grace of God, there go I." Stop and think a moment, you that read these words. He was not the only one that could have said that truthfully. There are things hidden in every man's memory that he dare not recall. Let men get to talking of the pranks they played when they were boys, and it isn't long before the roaring laughter dies away and a silence falls, and each begins to sigh, for something comes to him he wishes he had forgotten or could forget. And yet he is a good man, an upright man, a worthy man, a useful man. In the mean time there has been a conversion, a turning-over, a putting-off of the Old Adam of the boy, the irresponsible boy who laid the tie on the railroad-track to "see what would happen," and "didn't think" about the tragedy that must follow; the boy who couldn't see that this is a world of common sense, conducted on the strictest business principles; the savage of a past age persisting in the boy of to-day, the Old Adam. And here has followed a putting-on of the New Man of modern civilization that can look ahead, that *must* look ahead and plan, and realize how his action will affect other people. Something happened to give him the push that turned him over, something violent, and upsetting in its nature. Perhaps it was as lofty an experience as a religious awakening; perhaps it was as commonplace an experience as his daddy taking him down cellar. In the Universal Scheme of Things, nothing is lofty, nothing is low.

"But for the grace of God, there go I." Rightly or wrongly that way of looking at it has gone from us forever. It's no good sighing about it now. Some few spoonfuls of the spilt milk may be scraped up, but that's all. The thing to do is to find some other way than "the grace of God" of preventing men from going to the gallows. The "grace" of God is the particular favor of God by which one boy is snatched away from harm just in time, and another boy, no worse, is left to go to the bad without interruption. For all he was a saint that said, "But for the grace of God, there go I," depend upon it, he felt stuck-up about it and cocky. *He* was the pet, not the other man. That isn't fair and it isn't scientific, which is the same thing. It's too chancy. There's no formulating a course of action from such a theory.

The essence of conversion is the moral jolt the boy gets, the "Here now! That's enough. You're too big a boy for that." And that's what this Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster, Ohio, supplies—the moral jolt. Then it supplies the good romping play, the good food, the fresh air, the mental application,

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the military drill, the inculcation of cleanly habits and good manners, the instruction in the common branches, and a thorough grounding in a useful trade. In addition, the good old-fashioned religion, both kinds, is there for the boys. All these *ought* to produce the required results.

Do they? That's the question.

Statistics show that out of the 11,000 boys who have been in this school since it was started, between sixty-five and seventy per cent. have made useful, honorable men out of themselves. How many of them would have done so anyhow it is impossible to tell; but the chances are that they would all have gone irrevocably to the bad, else they wouldn't have been committed. They aren't sent to Lancaster for making faces at the teacher.

Of these 7,000 or so rescued boys some have done extremely well. One man I know of is now a millionaire of very great importance in the world. He is proud of the fact that he was a boy there. He takes his friends to the place to show it off to them and tell what it did for him. "The turning-point in my life," he says. There are others in very high positions in the State of Ohio and other States, men of affairs, trusted men, that say the same thing.

One day, Mr. Stirling, the assistant superintendent, saw a man sitting on the steps of one of the cottages crying.

"What's the matter, my friend?" asked Mr. Stirling. "Are you in trouble? Can I be of any help to you?"

"They're tears of joy," said the man. "I was on a visit up in Michigan and I came 400 miles to see the old place. You've got it all fixed up since I was here as a boy. But say, that was the best thing ever happened to me, coming here. It was the turning-point of my life." He is now a prominent New York official.

(You talk with graduates of this school, and you will get a little tired of that phrase, but they all say it with such earnestness that you forgive its triteness.)

One evening Colonel Adams was in his office and a man was ushered in. He wanted to see the superintendent.

"I called to pay my respects, sir," he said. "I was a boy here in ——" and he named the date.

"You're a soldier, aren't you?" asked Colonel Adams, knowing the marks.

"Yes, sir," and he took out his discharge-papers for service in the Philippines. They were indorsed "character excellent," with special commendation for bravery and intelligence. And then he showed his orders to Washington to be examined for a commissioned officer. I'm glad to say he passed with honor, and is now serving his country as a soldier. He said if it hadn't been for this school he should have gone to the dogs utterly. The water stood in his eyes as he talked with Colonel Adams. It's worth while to save a man like that, isn't it?

I could tell you other stories, but they all come to the same thing. Here are two, though, that I regard as significant. You know that in some boys' reformatories they wouldn't use corporal punishment for the world. It is too degrading. But when a boy has done something bad, he has to be made to understand that he must not do that sort of thing again. He has been acting like a fool and he must take a fool's wages. But they don't whip him. What do they do instead? They put him on bread and water, when it is insufficient nutrition that has made him a foolish boy. They shut him up in idleness, when it is idleness that is ruining him; they strap him up to the grating of his cell and leave him there for hours tortured by cramps and nursing a grudge. But they won't smack him hard on a soft and safe spot, and stir up the circulation of his blood, and loosen his hide so he'll grow. Oh, dear, no. There are many punishments more cruel and degrading than a good smacking, and there are thousands of men to-day that have survived the smacking and have a good opinion of the practise. They smack at the Boys' Industrial School with a leather strap, as a last resort. The business is done by the Elder Brother of another cottage, so that there can be no display of temper or "getting back" at the boy; it is done in the presence of Professor Merrick, the head of the educational department, Mr. Stirling, the assistant superintendent, and Colonel Adams. The other men I feel sure are good, honest men, intelligent men, men that have the good of the boys entirely at heart. But I know Bart. Adams. We were boys together, and I tell you that a fairer man doesn't live. A boy will get from him absolute justice, in so far as mortal man can give absolute justice.

Well, if you think that spanking is cruel, heed these two stories:

A boy had canceled the demerits with which he had been debited when he entered. He had been exemplary in his behavior. He

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went home to Columbus, and was going to school, as he was too young to go to work, not yet fourteen. His father had married a young woman about eighteen years old. She and the boy didn't get along. The boy's father told him to "get to hell out of here," and shut the door on him. The police picked him up at Circleville. They telegraphed his father. He replied that he didn't care what they did with the lad. Mr. Theobald, the parole officer, was sent for.

"Where were you bound for?" he asked the boy.

"I was going home," he answered. "I was working my way there as quick as I could."

"Home?"

"Yes. Lancaster. That's all the home I got now." (The poor little tyke!)

Another boy was put out to a farmer. The State of Ohio finds homes for those who have none. The farmer was like too many of his kind. He couldn't keep his own boys on the place, and he tried to make a slave out of this one. Told it all around the neighborhood where he got him from and all. The boy ran off to New York and shipped on a schooner to the West Indies. He had a terrible time of it. Came back to New York and tramped it to Lancaster. Got there one Saturday evening, ragged, dirty, hungry, but knowing exactly what he wanted. He walked into Colonel Adams's office, saluted, and said: "I want to stay here till I get my trade learned." You see, he had canceled his demerits before he had finished his trade.

It is only recently that the system of parole has been in force. A boy can cancel his demerits in fourteen months by exemplary conduct, and many of them do go out without having made a misstep. If he is old enough to work, a place is found for him by the parole officer. If he has no home, one is provided for him. Mr. Theobald, once a boy there himself, keeps in touch with him. If he isn't doing as he should, he is admonished by Mr. Theobald. That often is enough. But the school has control over him until he is twenty-one, and if the conversion is not satisfactory, back he comes.

What's to prevent there being a colony off by itself some place, a big farm like this, conducted on the same principles, where not only young men under twenty-one, but *all* delinquents who cannot keep out of mischief, shall be herded and set to useful work? Nothing but the crazy notion that they ought to be shut up in jail, getting more useless and harmful every day.

It costs the State of Ohio about $160 a year for each boy. A useful, capable man is worth to society, on the average, $10,000. These 11,000 boys cost the State of Ohio then, say, $2,000,000. Say 7,000 of them were rescued. That is $70,000,000 recovered to society on the investment of $2,000,000. It has been figured that every criminal does about $2,000 damage a year, leaving entirely out of the estimate what it costs to maintain our plant for the detection, prevention, and punishment of crime. Each man will be a criminal not less than twenty years. That's $40,000 damages multiplied by 7,000 boys, or $280,000,000 damages saved, not counting the cost of the anticriminal plant. Has it paid to run this Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster?

And even if it hadn't paid financially, isn't it worth while?

There Lies a Way

By ARTHUR STRINGER

O mountain stream that knewest not the Sea
No whence so strangely born, nor whither bound,
Afar there lay thy destined Home for thee
Who once so feebly turned, so wayward wound!

O highland Hope, so dim to heart and eye—
So dark the paths between the plain and star—
There lies a way, it matters not how high
The mountain spring, the waiting Sea, how far!

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A Little Matter of Law

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

"Might rules the world, and right rules might—
So in our youth we learn it;
But craft rules both, you'll find, if you
Have wit that can discern it."
—*The Drover's Creed.*

THE sun sat up in a flat, brassy sky, and flayed the bare hills where the dried tussock rubbed off in dust. There was a road at the hill-foot, flint-white, and so long that it tapped all Nelson and Marlborough—yea, and the very heart of North Canterbury also. The sea flanked it to the near side, bringing slow waves—sick with the heat—to fall on an empty shore of shingle that burned to the touch.

A mob of sheep some two thousand weak crawled on the road, and gave up to the cruel day that weary, toneless crying that goes to the heart of a drover; for it means starvation, and drought, and endless deaths; and pity which troubles a man by day and by night, and is of no avail.

Condy's nerves were raw with the sound of it, and—this being the tenth noon of unutterable heat—he was possessed by soul and body ache in addition.

But, without any doubt whatsoever, this was a terrible thing that had caught them between the bone-dry earth and the sky. It was Lane who had sent Condy and Harry Morel into the north for merinos that his flock upon the Southland hills should get increase. And it was the drought that fought with Lane's desire, laying this burden of suffering on man and animal by long, gray road, and naked river bed, and barren, dusty hills.

Condy pulled across the track to Harry Morel. He was hating Harry just then because that Harry could whistle through all the hours with unbroken cheerfulness, and sing when his lips grew too parched to make sound.

"What are we going to do, Harry? What are we going to *do?* It fair gets me down, to see the poor brutes dying like flies this way. I'm blest if we'll land Lane one out of the whole bally lot. Must have lost about twenty already to-day."

"More. Twenty since we passed Sefton." Harry kept careful tally of the many that had fallen by the roadway. "Yes, this is a corker, right enough. Don't fancy the priests could teach us much about Purgatory now—" His horse pitched on its knees over a struggling body that made complaint in the dust and was dead on the instant.

"Twenty-six." Harry came to his feet, and felt round for his sheath-knife. "We're getting on. Lane'll make a pile out of the skins."

He fell to work, ripping off the hide with rapid, skilful hands, and Condy rode back for the tip-dray and the old lagging horse that slept through the empty hours as it followed the trail mechanically.

"They're mighty tough now." Harry jerked the body over and attacked the other side. "No flesh to pull against. Don't believe they had a square meal for a month before we took delivery. I'll rag Lane for buying on the blind this way."

The cart was brimming with panting, piteous-eyed wethers that, possibly, might pull round by rest. Condy's mouth tightened as he looked on them.

"It's—devilish," he said. "We're simply driving them till they lie down and die."

Harry straightened, and drew his shirt-sleeve across his face. It was streaked with dust and sweat, and drawn about the eyes from the road-glare. But there was a quick contraction of the pupils that made Condy sit up with a grunt of vague satisfaction.

Harry did not speak as he flung the raw

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skin over the tail-board of the cart. And it was in a continued silence that he hooked his arm across the saddle-bow, and walked by his horse with the slow, easy step of the athlete.

Condy followed in reverence and some hope. For if it lay to the hand of man to wrench this thing from final disaster, it was Harry Morel would provide that hand.

The round hills changed to clay faces, shorn flat to the road, and the incoming sea wallowed in little rock-pools. There were times when dogs and men worked like demons to guard the mob from the salt wetness that would mean a maddened death. But they had filled themselves at a half-dried river some two miles back, and it was food that they cried for amid the eternal dust.

Then Harry swerved alongside Condy, and his face was as a boy's for mischief.

"'Member that low swampy land o' Marshall's, this side the Mason, Condy? Yes, of course you would. It was green as a leek when we came up. Sutton has got a nice little grazing gully past Porirua, but Marshall's is nearer. I'm going to put 'em in there, and give 'em a skinful. Marshall has made two fortunes already this year—got the only fat stock in Marlborough. He can afford to give us a bite."

"But he won't. It's worth its weight in gold to him, that block."

"Then I guess we won't ask him. Confound it, there's another one down—dyin', too. Fetch along the cart, will you?"

"It'll be trespass, of course," said Condy, hauling on the rein; and the buckle was hot in his hand.

"Undoubtedly. An' a month hard, without the option of a fine if we get nabbed. Marshall's a big-wig, and he hasn't got a particularly chivalrous soul. Are you game to chance it?"

Condy laughed, shrugging his shoulders. He was clean-built, with a small head well set on his body, and eyes that looked the world straightly.

"There are only five wires and a barb round it," he said hopefully. "Rotten sort o' fence these times. A starving mob 'd just walk through it 'fore we could stop 'em."

Harry grunted. There were occasions when he pitied Condy.

"Don't you know that every blessed little settler in the district has fed this road to his sheep till they've swallowed all but the bones of the hills and the dust? And do you think that those same sheep 'd have walked past Marshall's land with only a five-wire up? Go and cool your head in the sea, old man. Your brain's gone pulpy."

"It doesn't cool it. I've tried six times already. What do you think, then?"

"If Marshall has got wire netting," said Harry, "we're flummuxed—unless we can

IT WAS FOOD THAT THEY CRIED FOR AMID THE ETERNAL DUST.

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HARRY LIFTED A STRUGGLING WETHER AND CAST IT OVER INTO THE GREEN.

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root under it, or find a gate. If he has any other sort of a fence we'll get 'em through it somehow. Well?"

"It's illegal, to put it mildly. And we'll get into a swingeing row."

Harry waved the bitten-down stem of his pipe to the stumbling, crying things that filled the roadway, and Condy, accepting the mute argument, fell silent. And he did not marvel, although Harry was known on Mindoorie as a man hard as flint to his fellow men, and one without compassion and without fear. For—and this is purely a matter of birth and breeding—a colonial will very often do for animals that which he will deny his kind. Because, in seven cases out of nine, his life belongs to sheep, or cattle, or horses, and he serves them all his days.

Harry whistled "The Flowers o' the Forest," with a clear, birdy wistfulness that made Condy homesick for his south land; and slowly they followed the trail past silent tussock and gray manuka. Up a steep grade, where Condy thrice took his turn with the sheath-knife, along a cutting, and over a lifeless creek. Then, as the pulse quivers suddenly through the length of a boat when her engines are waked, so a quiver flickered through the mob; for it smelled the green English grass on Marshall's flats round the corner.

The weaker ones fell out; but the bulk pushed forward with a new note in the rising wave of sound. They were pouring down-hill as milk pours from a cup when Harry rounded the point and saw the rich swamp-land where Marshall's sheep moved. It looked like a billiard-table with the white balls in play; and Condy was swearing under his breath as they came to the boundary.

It was a viciously strained ten-wire, with close standards; and every other wire was a barb. Condy, who had prayed for slotted droppers, collapsed in the saddle.

"It's no go," he said. "We can't push those aside, and we can't grub 'em. The brutal things are tight as violin strings. Besides—well?"

Harry had descended, and loped some hundred yards along the line. He came back on the inside to escape the torrent of woolly bodies that would undoubtedly have laid flat any ordinary fence.

"Blest if I know," he said, and bit on his thumb-nail.

The sheep strained, flinging themselves against the wires that stood like granite, and Condy slid from the saddle, attempting to shake them in his wrath.

"They're as hard as the devil's elbow. What is it now?"

Harry stooped at his side, lifted a struggling wether that—after the manner of a sheep—kicked him in the going, and cast it over into the green. Its frightened "ba-a" broke short as its teeth clenched in the grass, and Condy flung over another before he knew it. Then sense awoke, and he knocked up Harry's hand.

"Don't! Harry, you ass—how are we going to get them back?"

"We'll get 'em back all right. Go in and demand 'em, perhaps—and pull Marshall if he refuses to fork them out. They're carrying Hunt's brand, and sheep-stealing is a punishable offense. You leave that to me. I'll fix it."

"Bub—but we can't chuck over the whole bally two thousand."

Harry giggled until Condy was entirely savage. And before he answered he tipped three more lean-ribbed bodies into paradise. Then he took breath, holding to the fence.

"No, I don't reckon we can—and I'm not going to try. I think about fifty will be enough. Come on, and put your back into it. There'll be developments presently."

Condy did not doubt this in the least. But he worked up to the collar without comment, until the sweat dropped off him and his legs shook with exhaustion.

Condy flung over twenty-three, that lay in the grass and apparently took it in through their skins. But the pauses between efforts were longer, and suddenly he sat in the dust, with the earth galloping past in red whirligigs.

"Done, are you?" said Harry. "So am I, pretty near. This brute'll have to be the last."

He grunted as it caught him in the chest with a hind leg. But he jumped the fence and ran among the fifty-odd that fattened on Marshall's feed, working them with cunning across to Marshall's sheep, that lay in the high cocksfoot and flax. Then he came back, comparatively undistressed.

"That's pretty well boxed 'em. And they're doing their little best to improve matters. Developments are beginning. Lick along back over the hill."

"Can't." Condy lay flat and battled with that particular kind of seasickness which overtakes a man who has exerted himself beyond his strength. And the barking of dogs

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on the far side of the marshes did not interest him at all.

But Harry brought his own dogs to heel sternly, dragged Condy across his saddle, and towed horse and man over the dip and round the corner. The tip-dray stood in the blocked tail of the mob, and far below, the forefront surged back and forth, and wept without ceasing.

Presently Condy sat up, and said, "What ratty idea have you got now, Harry?"

Harry had his ears cocked, and on his face was an absolute content.

"Ever laid poisoned carcasses to catch gulls?"

"Of course; often. But I don't see——"

"You will directly—wait till I get my breath. That last sprint has blown me properly. Well, we've laid our carcasses, and—there was a man working that dog, you know—and I think we'll land our gull very presently. If it doesn't happen to be a gull, perhaps we'll get had. But there are eighteen chances to three that it will be a gull."

"You mean that a shepherd will come over and walk into us for letting our sheep in?"

"Exactly. I fancy he's coming now. Sounds eager, too, doesn't he?"

Up through the motionless air came the raving of a man, mixed with bark of dogs and fretful complaint of sheep.

"Ye-es," said Condy dubiously. "That's not very funny for us, is it?"

"Don't know yet. We're going to find out. Will you get into the saddle, man?"

They rode down with the sleepy, stooping sway of body that is peculiar to the drover, and a man in the paddock wheeled his horse to them and came up headlong. This man was a town cadet. Harry knew, when he saw him handle his stock-whip (which is not the correct thing for sheep-country, in any case). Also, the expressions that he used to his dogs were uncanonical.

"It's going to be better than I hoped. Now, Condy, you see me talk to him. And dress by —no; I think you'd best let me do the gassing. You just look all the kinds of fool you can. I might want you to be one, soon."

It was a very raw cadet, and young enough to trip on his own pride.

"What the deuce are your sheep doin' in our grass? It's trespass, I tell you! Take them out! Take them out, instantly!"

Harry roused sleepily as the cadet sawed his horse's head high in the air, bringing it alongside with a jangle of wire.

"What? Who's trespassing? No, no, young feller; this is a public road. You don't come over me that way."

The cadet foamed.

"Your sheep are in here," he explained loudly—"in this private property—eating our grass—lots of them. Take them away. Confound you! will you take them away?"

Harry swung in a breath into the keen, hard man of biting tongue that half his mates feared and hated.

"Our sheep in your grass? What the devil d'you mean? *Our* sheep? Who's your boss?"

"Marshall. He——"

"And what the devil does Marshall mean by stealing our sheep? Because we can't keep a man in front, and a man behind, and a troop of men on each side, are our sheep not to be safe on the public highway? How many has Marshall got? Look here; you ante them up at once. At once, d'you hear!"

"Blast your cheek! Do you think we want your confounded sheep? They're eating our——"

"How many has he got? Don't swear at me like that, for I won't stand it. How many has he got?"

"I—don't—know." The cadet was becoming explosive. "Come an' take 'em away."

"What did Marshall steal them for? Hasn't he got enough of his own?"

Condy cast one eye-blink at the man beyond the fence, put his head down, and sniggered. But Harry sat erect on the old brown mare, and not a muscle of his dark face quivered.

"Will you give me my sheep?" he said; for the other fought helplessly for words. "You've delayed me half an hour already, and I'm in a hurry. What did Marshall steal them for?"

"He—didn't—steal—them. They—they must have got in." The cadet was losing his head before this steady persistence.

"Oh, gaps! That's an old game. Gaps in the fence to decoy sheep. Marshall's a downy bird. How many different brands has he got on that flock? Better not try that game too often, or you'll get into trouble. Where are your gaps?"

The cadet had helped in the construction of this fence, and he knew it to be absolutely perfect and sheep-proof. Besides, Harry's speech was direct insult.

"There isn't a gap in the whole of it, you fool. What 'd we want to feed every starving

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TRYING TO CLOSE THE GATE AGAINST TWO THOUSAND FAMISHED SHEEP THAT SMELLED FOOD.

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mob that comes along for? They can't have got in that way."

"How did they get in, then? You say Marshall didn't steal them. Of course there are gaps. But if you don't know your fence well enough to find them, I'm not going to help you. You've got gates, I suppose? I want to get my sheep."

"Gates are locked," said the other sulkily.

"Oh. And you're not allowed a key, of course. Why does Marshall put little boys in these positions? They only mess things up!"

The cadet had a key; it opened all the padlocks on the run. But nothing under heaven was supposed to open the road-gates this season.

"I have a key," he said savagely, and fished it out of his trousers pocket.

"Key of your money-box?" suggested Harry blandly.

"Come and get your bally sheep," said the boy in his throat, and he was dead-white with rage. "There's a gate up here."

"Why couldn't you say so, then? I suppose they walked in through that. Condy, bring the mob along, and I'll catch up afterward. Can't afford to waste the whole day over this foolery."

It was just for an instant that Harry's left eyelid quivered, but that instant was enough. Condy understood, and gasped with the immensity of the idea. He got the weak, desperate brutes under way with difficulty, and drove them gateward, the while Harry tickled his victim into a blind anger that made him fumble over the double locks and chains, and finally drop his key in the dust. While he sought it, Harry noted that the hinges were faced, and the gate of iron. Without doubt Marshall was a careful man. And—equally without doubt—Marshall's cadet never learned his language from books.

It was by special direction of Providence that the gate—opening outward—should swing from the sheep that swept down to it. The situation had developed of itself, and when the last lock and twist of chain were down, Harry had no more to do but back his mare clumsily into the way, and jam the loose-hung gate on to the ridge of the road.

"Look out, you ——!" The boy pitched from his saddle and dashed through to wrench the grating iron free. But as his back turned, the first little dribble flowed up and over the tread of the gate. Before Harry could take breath twice, the dribble was a resistless stream that pressed, and lifted, and went in, wave upon rising wave, with sound like the rushing of a mighty sea. Condy had timed his attack to a nicety.

The cadet was nearly knocked off his feet by the flux, and it would have been piteous, if it had not been so funny, to see his puny muscles trying to close the gate against two thousand famished sheep that smelled food.

He was a very young cadet, and for an instant Harry felt sorry for him. Then he struck at Harry with the butt of his whip, and there was a foul word on his mouth. Harry's left arm shot out before he reached the ground. But there was no force behind the blow, for swifter than thought came the knowledge that the termination of this act was now simplicity itself.

The cadet knew more about boxing, but he was too desirous to kill Harry. This upset the science, and he sobbed with wrath, and pain, and trouble when Harry heaved him out of the dust among the ebbing dregs of the army that had spread to the right and the left and the full center across Marshall's flats.

"You'd better hunt up your men, young 'un," he said, "and begin to think about drafting. My brand is two diamonds in a square."

Condy explained later, on Mindoorie, that Harry was clearly without bowels of compassion, and that the cadet's face when the matter was presented to Marshall troubled his dreams yet. Harry grinned slowly, beating a soft tattoo on the table-cloth with a teaspoon.

"If that kid hadn't lost his temper he might have blocked us even then. If Marshall hadn't had the bulk of his flock on those marshes we mightn't have drafted our little lot with four days' good feed sticking to their ribs, and the heart to carry them into better country. And if either of 'em ever find out how our sheep got into their grass before the gates were opened, I'll eat my oilskins. Bet they're still hunting for that gap."

"It saved the mob," said Condy reflectively. "But—it was illegal." And this time there was derision in Harry's grin.

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"CAN'T YOU PUT DOWN THAT PAPER AN' LISTEN TO ME FOR AWHILE?"

Jim's Choice

By FLORENCE TINSLEY COX

Illustrations by Power O'Malley

"ARE you busy, Husband?"

"Not so busy."

"Can't you put down that paper an' listen to me for awhile?"

"I be listenin'."

"Yes, I expect you be—with one ear. I want both ears. Ain't he exasperatin', Sister?"

"I don' know. Most men are that way."

"Oh, you're on his side! You always are. If I can't talk to my husband at night, I'd like to know when I am to talk to him. He ain't in the house in the day, 'cept to git his meals. Nights are the only time I've got to talk, an' then it's read, read, read the whole endurin' time. Look at him now! He ain't heerd one word I've said!"

"Yes, I have. You said you ain't got no time to talk to me."

"Did you ever! Ain't got no time to talk to him! Ain't got no husband to talk to, you mean. I might as well be a widowed orphan. Sister's a say-nothin', an' Grandma naps the whole time. When Jim's married I expect I'll go to a deef 'n' dumb institute, an' larn to talk on my fingers. Then I won't make no noise in the house."

"Wal, I wouldn't be sarcastic, Phemie."

"Wouldn't you, Sister? No, I don't s'pose you would. To be sarcastic you'd have to talk, an' talkin' ain't in your line. My, if it ain't like livin' with a lot o' monuments! There you all set, lookin' life-like enough, but granite to the toes! If there was any reason for it, if you was made o' steel an' had got rusted a mite—but, no! I sometimes think it's jes' malice. Here's my only son goin' to git married, an' I ain't got a soul to talk it over with! If that ain't hard."

"But he ain't goin' to git married, Phemie."

"That's all you know about it, Sister. When a young man takes to brushin' his hair so slick, an' bein' so partic'lar 'bout his collars, there's somethin' brewin'. An' last week I was kind o' lookin' through his pockets, jes' to see if there was any holes, you know, an' I found a white rose! Now, there ain't a bush

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"SO PARTIC'LAR 'BOUT HIS COLLARS."

o' that color in town, 'cept to Masons'. It grows in their side yard at the end o' the piazza. I sort o' talked 'bout roses that night, an' at last I said, 'Jim,' says I, 'I wish you'd stop to Masons' sometime when you're down, an' ask 'em to give me a rut o' their white rose.' He got so red I was sorry for him. He didn't say 'yes' or 'no,' so I've made up my mind it's one o' the Mason girls."

"A rose don't mean anything. I've given roses myself, an' I'm single yet."

"It all depends, Sister. If you give roses afore you're twenty, they mean a lot. But afterwards — well, I have heerd o' elderly men takin' home roses an' plantin' 'em for a cuttin'. It ain't only the white roses that makes me think Jim's goin' to get married, though. There's somethin' else. One day I was cleanin' out his bureau-drawers, an' I found a scrap o' pink calico, an' the next time I went down street I saw a dress o' that description hangin' out in Masons' back yard. That's a *sure* sign. They always cherish a ribbon or such. Husband used to cherish a ribbon o' mine, didn't you, Husband?"

"What?"

"Didn't you cherish a ribbon o' mine? You rec'lect. One o' them big blue bows off of my bunnit."

"Mebbe. I dunno."

"Did you *ever!* I seen him have it myself. It was a white chip bunnit with blue satin bows. Why, Sister, you made them bows yourself! A light blue satin with open-work streaks in the center. An' one of 'em got lost, an' years after, after I was married, bless you, I found that bow in one o' his pockets when I was sort o' straight'nin' things up. An' now he don't rec'lect!"

"Bows o' ribbon an' a sample o' pink calico are different things. I expect Jim picked it up somewheres."

"If he'd picked it up, would he have folded it in tissue-paper? No, she wears a pink calico frock. An' I'll tell you another thing, Sister. Last Sunday he was so fretful. I couldn't get dinner early enough for him, an' he was the greatest while dressin', prinkin' like a girl, until it was four o'clock when he went out the gate. I clim up the attic with husband's spy-glass, an' I seen Jim go in Masons' door! There, now!"

"Masons' got a fine fam'ly o' girls."

"Oh, are you awake, Gran'ma? Goin' to set up an' be sociable, ain't you? That's right. Yes, they are nice girls. There's Amanda. She's the oldest. An' *so* steady! She taught five winters to the Academy an' saved every cent. She don't dress so much as the others, but I do like to see a girl sensible, don't you? I'm scared she's a little old for Jim, though. Twenty an'—Husband, what year was it the Academy burned down? Husband, do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"What year was it the Academy burned down?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, of *all* things! An' him one o' the trustees! I know she's the same age as Annie Stringer. An'—lemme see—she's thirty-five. That's too bad. I don't think a man's wife oughter be ten years older, do you?"

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"HELLO, FOLKS! I GUESS I'M A LITTLE LATE"

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"THEIR LITTLE COUSIN FROM PORTLAND."

"I've knowed some pleasant marriages that way. There was a lady in our town onct that was twenty years older than her husband, an' he never knowed it to his dyin' day. They were happy together."

"P'raps so, Gran'ma, but it ain't natural. Not but what I'd be real pleased if Jim would take to Amanda. Well, there's Katherine. She comes next. If Amanda's thirty-five, Katherine's twenty-nine, because they lost two children in between. Katherine makes every bit o' bread that's eat in that house. An' I must say all her cookin' is fine. Still—well, don't you think, Sister, she's got a kind o' overbearin' way with her? I allers wanted ter have Jim's wife live with me. I don't b'lieve I could, if it was Katherine. She'd run this house. She'd run us all, even Husband. I seen her old gran'father dodge onct when he passed her. It didn't look nice."

"You wouldn't see me dodgin' for her."

"P'raps not, Gran'ma, but then you've got such a sperit. I can stand out onct or twict, but day in an' day out—lawsy me, I know I'd knuckle down. It would be turr'ble."

"I wouldn't borrer trouble 'bout it till I was real sure, Phemie."

"I sha'n't, Sister. Mebbe it's one o' the others. Bessie comes next. If Amanda's a good. scholar, an' Katherine a good cook, Bessie's the most romantic girl I ever seed. She's allers readin' 'bout knights an' torments—you know, that game where they run round with a stick an' poke at one 'nother. An' she don't do a thing from knittin' a shawl to patchin' her petticoat that ain't got some romantic idee in it. That's all I've got ag'in Bessie. Anything that comes out of a book she can do, but real ordinary duties, such as gettin' supper or makin' apple-sass, she'll forget. If Jim was took with smallpox I expect she'd nurse him through it, but I shouldn't be real satisfied 'bout the state of his socks. She'd be a splendid wife for war-times, a real ministerin' angel 'mongst the wounded, but I don't believe she'd keep the cellar clean. You wouldn't like that, Gran'ma, would you? You're so partic'lar 'bout the cellar. Oh, she's gone to sleep ag'in!"

"If it's anybody, Phemie, I think it's Bella. She's more Jim's age than the others."

"P'raps you're right, Sister. Bella is the best lookin'. She's fine lookin', an' she makes every one o' them purty frocks she wears. She's so sought after, too. There's always a crowd o' young men hangin' round the door. This one wants her to go buggy ridin' with him. That one invites her to a sociable. An' a third's got a bag o' candy in his pocket. She'll set up a whole night to make a new dress for a dance, an' the next night will go footin' it along in a Portland Fancy till most folks are tuckered out. But then, don't you think Jim would git kind o' tired o' all that, after the weddin'? A man likes to have his fling onct, but after he's settled down, so much gaiety is wearin'. He'd rather have a pleasant home, an' a quiet place to read his paper. Wouldn't he, Husband? Wouldn't he?"

"What?"

"Don't a man like a quiet place to read his paper? You oughter know."

"I never had it yet."

"That's polite, I must say! I never get a word out o' you. Sometimes you do say 'yes' or 'no,' but it's only when you're hungry. Wait till you have a stylish young daughter-in-law, then you'll have to set up. I expect she'll cost Jim a sight in clothes. I don't think she's one to make over much, or prov-

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ident, or far-seein'. She's had hats from Boston onct or twict, as if town millinery wa'n't good enough, an' probably Mr. Mason would sooner see her married than any o' the others."

"Ain't there another girl?"

"Yes, Sister, there's little Dora. I don't hardly think she'd take Jim's fancy. She had the scarlet fever an' lost all her hair. She wears caps most o' the time made out o' pink calico. Lawsy me! Could it ha' been a sample from them caps? She's a good-hearted child, an' pleasant mannered. I oughtn't to say a word ag'in her, but I should like my daughter-in-law to have hair! She's as bald as an egg, an' in winter she wears wigs made out o' lamb's-wool. My, oh, my! 'Spose the chil'ren should take after her! Husband, how would you like that? Husband!"

"Do for goodness sakes let me be, Ma."

"Well, answer me this one question. How would you like to have a bald-headed daughter-in-law? An' bald-headed gran'chil'ren?"

"I wouldn't care."

"No, I don't s'pose you would. You wouldn't care what happened, so you could read your paper in peace. You needn't tell me there's all that news in it. You jes' read things over twict, so you won't have to talk to me. An' what kind of a pa be you, not to care what becomes o' your own son? Poor boy, if it wa'n't for me who takes an interest in him, there's no knowin' what would happen. His gran'mother goes to sleep, an' his pa reads his paper, an' all the time the poor child's off somewhere makin' hisself miserable for life. For I'm sure no man could live contented with a woman in pink caps. P'raps he's askin' her right now, an' I can't do a thing. Lawsy me! Lawsy me!"

"I wouldn't get so excited over it, Phemie."

"It's easy for you to talk, Sister. You won't have to live with her if it happens. You won't have to see the little bald-headed tots runnin' about an' callin' you gran'ma. We've always been a good-lookin' family, an' had our hair. Why, Gran'ma there used to set on hers, an' Jim's got an awful thick crop. Well, I've heerd folks say, 'Love laughs at locks.' I never knowed what it meant afore. We'll be the laughin'-stock of the whole town, that's what we'll be. Gran'ma, wake up! wake up! It's drea'ful distressin' to hear you snore that way."

"What? Yes. I'm purty old, an' changes come hard to old folks."

"I wa'n't talkin' 'bout changes. I was talkin' 'bout snorin'. Not but what there's a change comin' that you'll take hard. Ain't that Jim's step? I thought so. Nobody slams the door like Jim. Now we'll see."

"Hello, folks! I guess I'm a little late."

"Well, I expect we're all ready for bed. Gran'ma's snorin', an' your pa's read his paper clean through twict. Any news?"

"John Hole's broke his leg."

"Dear me, I hope it will be set right. Was you down to the store?"

"Yes, I was down to the store, but not for long. I've been visitin' to Masons'."

"An' what's the news there?"

"Their old Plymouth Rock hen came off to-day with fourteen chicks. She had a settin' o' fourteen eggs, an' hatched 'em all!"

"Do tell! Didn't you have nothin' better to talk about than hens?"

"They killed a lamb yesterday, an' Mason says you can have a fore-quarter if you want. It's prime meat."

"Look here, sonny. Don't you try to fool your ma. Do you expect me to b'lieve that you've been settin' up till eleven o'clock—yes, five minutes to eleven, to talk 'bout Mason's hens an' his lambs? When I ask what news, I mean, have I got a daughter-in-law?"

"Well, Ma, I guess you've got her all right. There seemed to be a young person answerin' to that description when I come away."

"A 'young person'! Then it ain't Amanda?"

"No, Ma, it ain't Amanda."

"Is it Katherine?"

"It ain't Katherine. I'm not rugged enough for that life, Aunt."

"Then it's Bessie. I'm real glad."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Gran'ma, but it ain't Bessie."

"I might have knowed no man could get by Bella's good looks."

"One did; but you're gettin' warm, Ma."

"You poor boy! You poor deluded boy!"

"No, Ma. It ain't Dora, if that's what you mean by that groan. Don't be so low-sperited. Try again, Ma. You're warmer than ever."

"But there ain't no more."

"What about their little cousin from Portland? The girl that they brought in to see you yesterday. Pa knowed how the land lay. He knowed I meant to ask her to-night, if I could get a chance, didn't you, Pa?"

"Do you mean to say that your pa has set there durin' this entire evenin', an' read his

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paper, while I've been wearin' myself to a frazzle 'bout nothin'? Do you mean to say that he has set there knowin' all along that I hadn't nothin' ter grieve 'bout? It's the meanest thing, jest the meanest I ever heerd tell of! But I'll get even. Somebody will want buttons sewed on. Somebody will be comin' very meek to have his hair parted. I sha'n't part it. He can go crooked all his life for all me. I don't care whether he's got a clean shirt for Sunday. He can pass round the plate in his fishin'-shirt. A man that treats his wife so ain't got no call to be a deacon. It's a livin' shame any ways you look at it."

"Why, Ma, I wa'n't listenin' to what you said!"

"No, you wa'n't listenin'. I'll say that for you, Husband; you never do listen. Well, Jim, I wish you joy. I'll be real pleased when I get over bein' mad at your pa. Funny I never guessed their little cousin, when I saw her only yesterday. She's purty an' stylish, an' a pleasant-appearin' girl. I was turr'ble taken with her. Say, Jim, does she ever wear pink calico? I know where to get you a sample, if she don't. An' is she partial to white roses? Oh, go 'long! Lawsy me, to think it's all come out right after all! Now I'll have somebody to talk to."

Ella Rawls Reader, Financier

The Story of the Greatest Business Woman in the World

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The development of a clever New York stenographer into a business woman of international prestige and power is continued in this instalment of the story of Ella Rawls Reader. Miss Tompkins successively describes the brilliant young promoter's first brush with Wall Street when she attempted to create a new Southern railway system and was forestalled at the eleventh hour by J. Pierpont Morgan; her campaign to induce the English House of Lords to adopt an American railway device in the London underground railway; her great coup in wresting from powerful rivals a concession for a railway through the Indian dominions of the Sultan of Johore, and her sudden and romantic marriage with an Englishman—all forming a picturesque narrative which proves that action and achievement are not exclusively masculine prerogatives in the modern business world.

ELLA RAWLS did not initiate herself gently into the mysteries of high finance. Her first undertaking involved a single-handed battle with J. Pierpont Morgan and his allies. The novice—and she was but twenty-four years old—went down in the unequal conflict; but it was a defeat not without glory—and not without subsequent profit.

Those who deny the femininity of the young woman financier may ponder on the fact that she was led into this enterprise by altogether sentimental considerations. The wreck of her father's fortune had been caused in great part by his effort to build a railroad from Mobile to Birmingham, Alabama. He had foreseen the commercial importance of Birmingham's manufacturing interests to the South and the consequent importance of a short line from Birmingham to deep water. Years after his failure, when his daughter was pleading for his consent to her plan to seek her fortune in New York, she came back again and again to the promise:

"And then, and then, I'll come back and build your railroad for you."

As she was barely eighteen, with no pros-

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pects, this might not have been considered a very strong inducement; and yet she was so sure of herself, so buoyantly confident of the future, that the plea must have had its influence with the enfeebled, disappointed man. He did not live long enough to see her attempt the fulfilment of the promise; he died soon after she had become safely established in the typewriting business. But Ella Rawls did not forget, and in 1897, when the typewriting office was earning a big income and an able manager was in charge, she took up the railroad project in earnest.

One hundred and forty-nine miles of railroad, from Mobile to Marion Junction, were already in existence, like a finger pointing the short cut to Birmingham ; one hundred miles more were needed to establish the connection. The proposed line would traverse the coal-fields along the Cahaba River, which constitute the coal supply nearest to deep water in the United States, as well as a very fertile agricultural region, forests of yellow pine, marble quarries and iron-fields which would become of great value if direct and reasonable transportation could be obtained. In the early spring Miss Rawls went South and bought, provisionally, an old charter covering her proposed route, which she took to the State Senate at Montgomery for modification. Many of the Senators had known her father ; the whole State wanted the railroad; her amendments went through with a rush. A number of the farmers along the proposed route offered her half their land; the owner of 32,000 acres of coal-fields was willing to give her one-fourth of his property outright, with the privilege of buying the remaining three-fourths for $15,000; one offered half of his big marble quarries, undeveloped for lack of transportation ; another was ready to give half of his huge tract of iron-mines. With this material evidence of local enthusiasm behind her, Miss Rawls went to the treasurers of the counties the road would traverse and secured offers of county bonds to be issued in support of the project. The road was vitally needed; the young projector was met much more than half-way.

Out of the plan developed a prospect of advantages far greater than that of quick connection with the Gulf: a line running north from Birmingham, a line controlled by J. Kennedy Tod & Co., of New York, representing European bondholders, was found to be purchasable, with a right of way into Paducah, Kentucky, whence a short line into Chicago could be built, opening up a vast market to the producers along its route. The scheme showed a clear, practical common sense and a knowledge of local conditions that wholly discounted any prejudice her youth and sex might have had to encounter. The Governor of Alabama and the State Railroad Commission gave her letters of hearty indorsement, and everything promised success when she went North again.

But the cloud little larger than a man's hand was over the horizon. And the hand was J. Pierpont Morgan's. A branch of the Southern Railway connected Birmingham and Mobile by a route that, though indirect, was as profitable as it was circuitous, inasmuch as the extended mileage warranted high freight rates. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Morgan would welcome a rival short cut. Birmingham was becoming as important to the South as Pittsburg was to the East.

The young promoter had been in the South six weeks. She came back to New York ready and eager for her next step, which was to secure the underwriting for ten million dollars for purchase and construction: $1,800,000 for buying the one hundred and forty-nine miles of road already in existence between Mobile and Marion Junction, and about three and a half millions to build and equip the remaining one hundred miles into Birmingham at a rate of $15,000 a mile for the actual construction, exclusive of terminals; the remaining millions were to purchase the line running north and build the connection with Chicago by way of Paducah.

Ella Rawls says that never since has she done anything harder than the raising of the first few thousands for this undertaking. Her method was the same as in her typewriting business: "If you want a thing, go get it." She laid her scheme in all its details before a banker who had been a friend and an adviser as well as a patron of her establishment. He laughed and teased her; such an undertaking could be nothing but moonshine in the hands of a girl of twenty-four. She went away daunted, half inclined to believe that the humorous view of the attempt was the only sane one. But courage came with the morrow, and presently she laid her plan before another banker. He listened respectfully.

"You've got a lot in you," he conceded. "You lack experience, but I don't know but what you could accomplish about anything you set out to." The talk was vastly inspir-

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iting. She returned presently to the friend of her first attack, reporting how she had been encouraged.

"But I want you to give the first thousand," she urged. The scheme had had six weeks to soak into him; it did not now seem so preposterous. She went away with the promise of much more than a thousand dollars.

Nevertheless, this was a very small beginning. Personal friendship and faith in the projector are not enough to put through a ten-million dollar project. With her unfailing scent for the right trail, she saw that she must have a brilliant inducement to get the capital she needed; her knowledge of conditions along the route of the proposed railroad suggested what this inducement should be.

The years of her stenographic work had made her acquainted with many men foremost in their professions; among them was George S. Morrison, the civil engineer and bridge-builder, a brilliant, difficult, scrupulous man, of whom Francis H. Baring, the English banker, once said: "George Morrison is the only man on earth on whose word I would give my oath." He gave advice and encouragement to the new plan; it was through his efforts, with those of James Swann, of Swann, Inmann & Co., bankers, that the proposed railroad secured a huge provisional freight contract with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, a contract that would of itself pay the running expenses of the road. With this contract as an exhibit in favor of her arguments for the capitalization of the road, Miss Rawls found herself able to make much more rapid progress in persuading capital to overlook the fact that she was a woman. All that she had to fight for was a chance to be heard.

But she found that the hearing in itself was sometimes far from easy to obtain. In the office of one prominent capitalist, the secretary, unimpressed by her letter of introduction, told her firmly that "Mr. X. never saw women." Miss Rawls had seen enough of men in business to think that she was safe in dividing the woman-dodging type of man into two classes: first, the guileless men who have learned by bitter experience their weakness under the spell of a woman swindler; second, the guileful men who have learned by experience even more bitter, that while a woman is easy prey for the swindler, she has in her weakness a power of retribution out of all proportion to the wrong done her. With neither class had she found dealings impossible when circumstances granted her a preliminary five minutes to establish a sense of good faith. In a remote corner of the office sat a white-haired man at a desk. Intuition, which is ax and ladder to every successful financier, told her that this was the capitalist himself; she seized her chance and walked quickly past the secretary, saying quietly: "I will just speak to him myself."

The man, admitting that he was Mr. X., rose and waited coldly for her to explain herself. Evidently the statement that he did not—willingly—"see women" had been no fiction. She told her errand as best she could under that unfriendly glance. He did not ask her to take a chair. Things were moving stiffly.

"Won't you sit down?" she blurted out, half through nervousness.

A gleam of amusement flashed across his face as he accepted the necessity and suggested that she also take a seat; and after that it went better. By the end of the interview he had been sufficiently impressed with her plan and her freighting contract to subscribe several thousand dollars. With his name and a few others on her books, her progress was comparatively easy. While it took five men to furnish the first $14,000, three signed for the next $5,000,000, and one man alone for $5,000,000 more. The Alabama Construction Company was organized, with Ella Rawls at the head; and in 1899, two years after her first trip South, she set out for England and the final struggle. This was the purchase of the one hundred and forty-nine miles of road already constructed, and owned by English bondholders.

It was here that she met defeat. Morgan was then in London, and must have been informed by cable of her plans and the exact state of her work. The short cut would take freight from his line that it could not afford to lose; and the way to block the short cut was to get possession of that part of it already in existence, its necessary beginning, the line from Mobile to Marion Junction. Mr. Spencer, the president of the Southern Railway, had been summoned to London two weeks before and had spent a week in conference with his chief and with the chairman of the Mobile-Marion Board, who represented the English bondholders of the one-hundred-and-forty-nine-mile line. These bonds had been an uncertain quantity, paying interest irregularly. When the Southern Railway, through Mr. Spencer, offered to take a ninety-

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nine-year lease of the line, guaranteeing their six per cent. interest to the bondholders, the chairman accepted at once. Consequently on the day Ella Rawls sailed from New York Mr. Spencer sailed from London with the tentative lease in his pocket—tentative, because there had not yet been time to receive the written consent of the bondholders to the arrangement, yet secure enough for the next ninety-nine years, so far as Morgan's young rival could see when she arrived in London and encountered the facts.

Investigation developed just one chance for the survival of her scheme: that lay in the fact that as yet fifty-one per cent. of the bondholders had not signed their consent to the new agreement. One of these was an old friend, and through him she secured a list of the men concerned, as well as some valuable letters of introduction. With these she very quietly went to work. Since she offered out-and-out purchase, whereas the tentative arrangement meant only a lease, she soon had forty-seven per cent. of the bondholders pledged to her—and secrecy. The remaining four per cent. proved elusive, but she ran it down in Paris—or seemed to. A bondholder was apparently won over to let her have all his holdings, which would bring her ownership up to sixty-five per cent. For a brief moment she tasted triumph. Then the man representing the balance of power wavered and decided to consult the chairman, who was resting comfortably on the tentative lease. The chairman was, of course, completely under the Morgan influence. He gave panic-stricken alarms. He wrote appealing letters to the bondholders urging them to stand by his arrangement with Spencer; he had known and represented these people for years and his word prevailed. A deciding fifty-one per cent. lined up on the Morgan side.

If she could have secured a controlling interest in the bonds, the ownership of the remainder would have been unimportant; but without the controlling interest the project was not on a sound enough basis to warrant the investment of other people's money. And so the project collapsed and the years of work were apparently wasted. It is with the greatest satisfaction that Mrs. Reader points out that, in spite of the millions pledged, no one except herself lost a dollar by the failure; all the expenses had come out of her own pocket; and to this day it is her proudest boast that, in all her varied undertakings, she has never caused anybody the loss of a cent. The Mobile-Birmingham-Chicago road has never been built, though even yet letters come from Alabama and Kentucky begging Mrs. Reader to interest herself in it again.

Out of this apparently fruitless trip, however, came acquaintances and experience which made her later successes possible. On the steamer, going over, she had met a committee of Scotchmen, rich men and leaders in business, who were returning from an effort to get a large American exhibit at the Glasgow exposition. They became greatly interested in this descendant of the McLeods of Skye, charming, quick to grasp a point, as modest as she was self-confident in putting out her own striking ideas, and with it all young, pretty, and alive; they were altogether captivated by the notion that she had started out over the seas to buy half a railroad as a preliminary to building the other half herself.

It was the pleasant result that they and their London relatives undertook to make her English visit agreeable, and as she had carried letters to Mr. Choate, Francis H. Baring, of Baring Brothers, Capt. Francis Pavy, a retired army officer who had been actively concerned in the management of American interests, and several other men of prominence, her acquaintance presently ramified in every direction. There is some element that stands for social success in her complex though tranquil personality. Among her new and close friends were Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir William Arrol, the great engineer; Chevalier de Martino, friend of King Edward and Emperor William, and many other persons of influence and high position, whose help was invaluable in her next attack on London.

That was made a year later. A favorite sister had died, leaving her so saddened that a few quiet weeks abroad seemed a wise tonic; and the quiet weeks lengthened into fourteen months of the hardest work, during which she carried to success two projects of amazing proportions.

London was at this time much roused over a traffic problem. The Central Railroad of London, a six-mile electric underground familiarly known as the "Tu'penny Tube," had been completed the year before under Sir Benjamin Baker, one of the leading engineers of Europe. The city had already two small electric lines underground, but this was the first really important system, and it introduced a new feature in the way of rails, the invention of Sir Benjamin himself. Unfortunately, these rails did not admit of a very

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firm joint, and the heavy engines passing over them produced a terrific vibration. The citizens living along the route were driven to loud protests; nerves were shattered, property was damaged, and discontent became so active at last that the Board of Trade started an investigation. When it was settled that the weight of the engines and the looseness of the rail joints combined to cause the evil, the problem was handed over to Parliament for solution.

A joint committee of the House of Commons and the House of Lords was duly appointed, and engineers came from every available nation to investigate and to suggest remedies. One of these was Frank J. Sprague, the well-known American inventor, who has done more than any other man for electric traction. His solution was to do away entirely with the heavy engines, running the trains by a system of his own known as the Multiple Unit Control. This was already in successful operation on the Boston Subway and the South Side Elevated of Chicago, and has since been adopted on New York's elevated and subway lines.

This invention would effectively eliminate the vibrations; the task was to convince the judging committee of the fact. Sprague was having a desperate time with lawsuits. Patents in England do not get the cast-iron protection they have, for instance, in Germany; only by unceasing watchfulness and injunctions could he protect himself. The Parliamentary committee was seriously considering the Ganz system, one too new then to be established as a success, but strongly recommended by their consulting engineers. Sprague needed personal influence and public opinion, if he was to win. He needed Ella Rawls.

The first hint of her new activities came to her at an afternoon tea in a crowded London drawing-room, where Mr. Ernest Moir, a member of Sir Wheatman Pearson's firm, which is now constructing the North River tunnel for New York, brought up to her a man, forty years old or more, small and still boyish-looking, with the comment: "Miss Rawls is just the person you are in need of, Sprague."

The inventor had heard of the young woman who had so nearly walked off with a railroad a year before and who had made so many friends for herself in the process. He told her a little about his situation with his invention and his lawsuits and the difficulty of getting a hearing. Fair play was all his system needed, he declared.

"Demanding fair play for yourself," observed Miss Rawls, "is generally a waste of words. What you want is that some one of weight and position should ask his intimate friend on the committee to see that your proposal gets fair play. That will rouse his personal interest, so that he won't just accept without question anything the consulting engineers tell him. There is more than one kind of fair play."

Mr. Sprague asked if he might come to see Miss Rawls the next day. He made a long visit; her executive brain began to forget that this was a rest trip. A few weeks later Ella Rawls had entered into active partnership with Frank Sprague, inventor, and J. G. White & Co., the electrical engineers with whom he was associated, with the object of getting the Sprague Multiple Unit Control applied by decree of Parliament to the Central Railroad of London.

It was now that the position she had made for herself the year before proved its value. Her Scotch friends were deeply interested in the McLeod of Skye's new venture. Many doors to influence were opened to her that would have been fast closed without their help.

Business in London is done largely over the dinner-table. If it is to be tacit business, women are asked and the affair has apparently the brilliant irresponsibility of any other social event; for open discussion, only men are assembled. Champagne is inevitably the ether through which all business projects flow. The rôle of Mr. Sprague's new partner was largely that of hostess. Every one who could be of service, direct or indirect, to the Multiple Unit Control was given his chance and his dinner, and Miss Rawls presided with a calm grace that never deserted her, even when, as often happened, she had to take the table a lone woman with ten or a dozen men. Asking brilliant companies to meet an inventor is not always a simple matter; genius is as likely as not to arrive an hour or so late, with a mind above apology and the traces of the beloved machinery clearly visible; but natural ease and a firm belief in "the control" pulled the young hostess through and had their steadily increasing influence in Sprague's favor.

To these dinners and lunches came engineers, M. P.'s, peers of the realm, heads of traction companies, writers for the press. Miss Rawls talked electricity and Multiple

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Unit Control until she was popularly supposed to be a leading authority and something of an inventor herself. Of course, her great advantage lay in the fact that the system she was pushing was, as has since been proved, the best thing of its kind yet invented. The facts were all on her side; her task was to get these facts a proper hearing. For this, her clear business head, her strong grasp on the salient points, were the best weapons. Moreover, as hostess and guest she had the gift of rousing friendliness, and direct, almost selfish interest—both of which inclined men to listen. It was, after all, fairly simple.

Sir Benjamin Baker, as the builder of the Tube, would have great influence with the ultimate decision. Her meeting with him was characteristic of Ella Rawls's methods—if methods they may be called. A luncheon was given at the Savoy, where she lived and did all her entertaining, with the express purpose of interesting Sir Benjamin in "the control." It was brilliant, including women as well as men, and Miss Rawls was beautifully dressed—in a white broadcloth suit with a lace blouse and a black hat with a long white feather. She talked with her new guest just as any other woman would have talked, bringing in no hint of business. Sir William Arrol, who was on her other side, began to tease her about this: Why wasn't Sir Benjamin hearing what he had come to hear? Miss Rawls hesitated; then the true answer came with a laugh:

"I can't talk business in these clothes!" The clothes seemed to the company above criticism. She had to explain: "It feels too designing—as if I were trying to help out my proposition with lace and feathers. I should stammer with embarrassment!"

Sir Benjamin laughed and offered to discount mentally all surface effects, but she was obdurate.

"Lunch with me here to-morrow when I have on a linen shirt and a sailor hat, and I'm as good a man as you," she declared.

The next day, accordingly, Sir Benjamin came back to lunch with a practical young woman in a linen shirt and a white sailor, and they turned at once to business.

"You know I don't in the least agree with you in this undertaking," he began.

"I don't want you to," was the undiscouraged answer. "There wouldn't be anything to argue about if you did."

And so they plunged into the mass of details and technicalities in which the subject was embedded. Several times, when Miss Rawls had established some point, she would interrupt his acknowledgment with a daring: "Now don't agree with me yet!" Nevertheless, by the end of the meal the sailor and the linen shirt had won, and Sir Benjamin Baker was one of the inventor's supporters.

Her secondary care was public opinion, and here she made effective use of that good old British weapon, the letter to the *Times*. When you are moving in a specified direction, any push, little or big, brings you nearer your end: the private opinion of any one citizen may seem unimportant, but the private opinion of some thousands of citizens becomes public opinion, a power toward which those in authority are most deeply respectful. There were several newspaper men among her new friends, and through them she learned how a campaign of education may be carried on and the public mind aroused, through the private mind, by the adroit use of letters. There were letters complaining of the loose patent laws; and Sprague, the inventor, who could preserve his ownership of the well-known Multiple Unit Control only by lawsuits and injunctions, was a case in point. There were letters about the falling ceilings and broken crockery due to vibrations—which might be checked by a wise Parliamentary decision. There were letters about the wonders of modern electrical science—with "the control" as a striking illustration. And straightway other letters of the same sort came flocking in; every one knew about Sprague's Multiple Unit Control, and the great ball of public interest started rolling.

And so, after several strenuous months, the Ganz system was set aside and Sprague's invention was adopted under the name of the Multiple Motor Control. And there was a big dinner at the Savoy, at which Ella Rawls was the toasted guest of honor. J. G. White & Co., Sprague's engineering associates, at this time made her an offer of $70,000 a year and her expenses if she would go into partnership with them; but she shrewdly concluded that if she were worth that to them, she would be worth much more to herself, and refused. The word "enough" is not inculcated in Wall Street: the disciples of its training want everything they can get.

While this business had been going forward, Miss Rawls had found time for another venture, immeasurably more picturesque, the two parties to it being the American girl and a coffee-colored Sultan.

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The State of Johore, in India, had long been in need of a railroad connecting its rich provinces with each other and with the world without. Nearly all the important financiers of London were fighting for the contract, for Johore—an independent state and therefore not limited by British control—was very wealthy and concessions of tin-mines would probably fall to the builders of the railroad. But the Sultan, with Oriental blandness, held off the competitors. He did not deny his desire for the railroad; yet the moment for turning over the contract to any specific individual or company never seemed to come. Perhaps it was a certain obstinacy that held him back; perhaps he had a shrewd suspicion that he might be less fêted and run after on his visits to the capital were that rich plum no longer dangling from his jeweled fingers. The Sultan was a genial soul, open to attentions. He had been spending this particular summer of 1901 at Frankfort, Germany, and there two dashing Englishwomen, whose husbands were prominent financiers not averse to building railroads, happened to arrive. Also they happened to purchase a pair of horses for the sum of $3,000, and of these they presently made an offering to the Sultan. He accepted the horses and the attention and seemed to be enjoying himself very much; nothing was said about the railroad.

This whole situation was laid before Ella Rawls by a friend who knew the Sultan and who had been impressed with the working of her executive powers. J. G. White, the electrical engineer associated with Sprague, became a partner in the enterprise, agreeing to give her twenty per cent. of the net profits, should she secure the contract for him. As these net profits were expected to be in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars, irrespective of the tin-mines that would be thrown in, the offer was worth taking up.

Miss Rawls was not free to go to Frankfort at that time. But, either by policy or chance, the Sultan was led to make a flying trip to London, and a meeting was arranged for afternoon tea at Claridge's Hotel. Royalty, dark or white, had no terrors for Miss Rawls, and she knew something about Indian potentates, having met the charming Prince of Boroda on Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht.

She was very composed as she advanced to meet a dusky personage of medium height dressed in European clothes, with diamonds set in his front teeth. He may have expected a courtesy, but she frankly shook his ringed hand and went straight to the point.

"Your Highness, I want to talk to you about your railroad."

His Highness wished to hear how she knew about his railroad, and where she lived, and how old she was, and innumerable other things; and listened with amazement under his Oriental suavity as this child of Western civilization told him simply anything he asked about her life. Then they came back to the railroad, and Miss Rawls explained to him every detail of the proposed undertaking: how the supplies would be shipped, what labor employed, the concessions that would be expected. The diamonds in the royal front teeth were often visible during her serene explanations. Nevertheless, it was a clear, businesslike exposition, and the Sultan listened with increasing respect and interest.

"I suppose you are surprised to have an American woman after your railroad," she conceded; "but if I can do it for you, what does it matter about my sex?"

She named her conditions: the right to issue five million dollars' worth of six per cent. bonds; one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land extending along the one hundred and twenty miles of track; tin-mines—but here royalty demurred a little; he thought he would keep all the tin-mines. For the first time the young contractor slipped into feminine processes of reasoning and set aside for a moment the urgent business-full enthusiasm of the promoter for the dismay of the human girl who sees her pet project in danger of failure.

"But you are so rich, you know you don't need all those mines," she argued, "and we do!"

The Sultan conceded the mines. From an Oriental point of view the experience was perhaps cheap at the price. He conceded the five million dollars' worth of bonds, the one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land. At the end of their three hours' talk Ella Rawls had in her possession a five-million-dollar contract to build a railroad across the State of Johore; and its ruler had secured, on fair terms, a means to wealth and civilization the need of which could no longer be ignored. She had come to him at the psychological moment, when the contract was ripe for giving; she had shown herself clear-headed and resolute, master of the facts and frankly open in her statements; she had demanded

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much, knowing the value of what she gave, but there had been no sign of sharpness, of trying to steal an advantage. No doubt to a man accustomed to be approached by indirect methods, by gifts and flatteries, there was a wholesome convincingness in this novel experience, a welcome promise of good faith. At all events, he accepted freely and wholly.

"And if you will come out yourself to help build the road," said the Sultan, "our kingdom will be at your disposal."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Rawls.

The scene of Ella Rawls's next venture was South America; but before going on to that, the romance that led to it must be told.

She was a woman whom a great many men had wanted to marry. A fine face, a beautiful figure, a very pretty Southern manner, gracious and unaffected, and the kindest possible heart, combined with a clear business head and a startling honesty of speech—these may have been some of the elements that combined to give that unreasoned thing known as charm. But, whatever the cause, she had offers to a number that would have compared favorably with the good old days of our grandmothers, when marriage was a popular institution. A disappointed suitor once accused her of being a man-hater.

"Man-hater! Show me a man I can care for and I'll marry him so quick it will make his head swim!" was the forceful answer.

And she did. When she had returned to New York, in 1901, a friend came into her office one day and asked if she would meet a friend of his who was interested in South American mines, and introduce him to a certain capitalist. Miss Rawls was very busy, not well, and mentally troubled; for, to be quite frank, while in England she had drifted half-heartedly into an engagement, and she was even then supposed to be preparing for her marriage the following January. She did not wish to meet anybody for any reason, and said so. She was sharply reproached.

"You who were always ready to help anybody! And now you won't even give my friend——"

Of course she melted. And the next afternoon Mr. Athole B. Reader was duly presented. He was brown, not tall, foreign-looking in spite of English parentage; not expansive, for he had little use for women in business. They talked over his projects, and then Miss Rawls took him to the capitalist's office, and, without just knowing why, stayed through the interview. The capitalist listened courteously, then expressed himself:

"My dear fellow, I wouldn't touch South America if you offered it to me on a golden tray."

Mr. Reader laughed and stood up to go. And Miss Rawls, knowing that it was a blow, liked the way he took it.

"I will help him myself," she resolved. Several interviews followed. After the third, Mr. Reader asked her to lunch with him. She explained that that was something she never under any circumstances did; and yet she went. The next night he asked permission to take her and her mother to dinner. They dined at Delmonico's, and Mrs. Rawls was troubled at her daughter's lack of cordiality. The girl was short with her host, fixedly indifferent; she fought meeting his eyes as long as she could. When she did, it was all up with her, and she knew it. It had been all up with him for three days.

Within two weeks of their first meeting they were married. It was not a happy two weeks. Ella Rawls struggled, cried, prayed with all the simplicity of a frank, religious nature. A cable asked for and secured release from her engagement, and still the way seemed very far from plain. It was only in the final three days that certainty and security descended on her, like the desired sign from heaven. After a distressful night, she awoke one morning calm and sure. They were married secretly, for Mr. Reader had to leave for London a few days later, and the secret was to have been kept until his return—but in some disconcerting way it reached the papers, and so became known to her family and friends.

Mr. Reader was born in New Zealand, but has lived in nearly every corner of the globe, and has at least nine languages at his command. He was at one time secretary to Sir Charles Ewan Smith, British Minister to Morocco, and later filled the same position for Sir West Ridgeway, Governor of Ceylon. It was through him that Mrs. Reader became involved in the history of the Cerro de Pasco mines and in an ugly contest with J. B. Haggin, and eventually put down a revolution in Peru.

The story of "The Greatest Business Woman in the World" will be continued in the November number.

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The Alarm of Angelone

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THERE was a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the bell. The big gray pricked up his ears and stood all at attention. He waited but for an instant. Then there was another tinkle, tinkle—and the big gray gathered his limbs together and bounded like a base-runner sliding for his base; while his nervous, brown colleague from the other side, snorted excitedly, and scampered mouse-like from his stall, each by his own method arriving simultaneously under the uplifted harness, and whinnying loudly for the start. As though by magic, some half-dozen men appeared and sprang into place.

Mike, the one-legged veteran, the stay-at-home of Number Nine, slapped the gray horse on the flank.

"You're off," he said, "now git." They got. Mike, with a reminiscent sigh, watched them as they dashed through the fairly crowded thoroughfare and swerved and turned a corner without losing a fractional part of a second or an inch of space.

"They're off," he sighed again. "I wonder when will they be coming back again, and how many of them, and in what shape." Anxiously he scanned the sky for any signs of smoke or flame. He saw none; so he relit his pipe, seated himself, tilted back his chair, and lost himself in thought.

Suddenly, upon the night air, he heard a faint sound familiar to his accustomed ear. He pulled out his watch.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "an' not gone seven minutes."

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and finally the noses of the gray and the brown appeared around the nearest corner, and the engine and its small load of firemen lumbered slowly down the street.

"You're not telling me, now," protested Mike, "that you've been done dirt again?"

The driver nodded wearily. "This," he said in tones of unmitigated disgust, "is the twelfth false alarm turned into us this week." He pointed to the horses. "I'll be darned," he continued, "if Buster and Foxy Grandpa ain't as much ashamed of it as we are, too." He tapped them affectionately with the reins, and the two horses, heads close to the floor—bowed down with disgrace and disgust, apparently—silently and dejectedly sought their stalls.

One of the firemen tore his shirt open at the throat and shook his clinched hand vigorously at the outer air.

"I'd like to get my hooks," he muttered, "on the chap that's got the nerve to do it. Twelve false alarms! Say, I'd rather have twelve good rearing, tearing fires than one of these here flim-flam-flums, I would. I'm sick and tired of this, I tell you."

Mike bestirred himself, and stumped over to the brown horse and stroked his nose. "They'll catch him all right," said he. "I never knew one of them chaps to get away—not in my day. They'll catch him yet."

It was high time that he should be caught, this vandal who, for some unknown reason, endangered nightly the lives of many people, and threw upon the firemen the burden of a useless journey, and upon the city an extraordinary cost.

But they had not caught him; and the chances were—Mike's prediction to the contrary—that they might never catch this turner-in of false alarms.

The driver, a man of mighty frame, expectorated suddenly. "If I'm ever around," he exclaimed fiercely, "when he *is* caught, the Lord have mercy on his soul, for I certainly shall not."

All this, it might seem at first blush, had little or nothing to do with Rafaello Angelone,

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late of Florence, Italy, now of the busy city of Monroe. He did not know, and could not, that some individual, careless of consequences, was nightly summoning the fire department of the city on fruitless errands. Angelone, late of Florence, was quite ignorant of the nature of a fire-alarm, let alone a false one.

All that he did know was that six months ago he had left his native town of Florence, and had ventured here to America to seek his fortune. He knew that little by little he was stowing away good American coin; and he knew that behind him, waiting for him to say the word, was little Addolorata Petti — waiting to come to him.

IT WAS A MATTER OF MOMENT TO ANGELONE—THIS LETTER.

"Some-a day," whispered Angelone to himself, as he crooned a weird little melody of Italy, "some-a day the pennies grow into the quarters; some-a day the quarters grow into the-a dolls; some-a day the dolls grow into thirty, thirty-five—maybe forty-a dolls; and then, the thirty-five-a dolls grow into Addolorata Petti; and then, Addolorata Petti, the little one, maybe she-a grow into Addolorata Angelone—ah!" He nodded vivaciously, throwing a shovelful of earth into the air. "Some-a day!" he exclaimed.

"HI, YI," HE CRIED, DASHING DOWN THE STREET.

In the meantime Angelone set about to improve his mind. He had wisely determined to be astonished at nothing that he might see, and he took everything for granted, from automobiles down to nickel-in-the-slot machines. Besides, science had crept down into his own sunny country, and he had witnessed many things, even there, that his elders blinked their eyes at.

"I know," he had asserted, when his compatriots in Monroe exhibited to him proudly this thing or that. "I know-a him. I see-a him home. Sure."

They never could get Angelone to say that anything was marvelous or unique. "Oh-, a-sure," he would say, before the most modern device, "why-a not? A-sure."

When he was alone, however, he acknowledged to himself that there were wonders all about him. And some of them tempted him to set them working. But he kept a tight hand upon his expenditure.

"Nickel in the slot," he would say to himself, "one-a nickel. What is a little one-a nickel?" He would reach down and pull out his little store and count it; then he would turn sadly away. "One-a nickel, and one-a nickel," he told himself, "she make-a the doll; the doll she bring Addolorata to me. A-call again, the nickel in the slot. Not to-day, thank you. Good-a-by."

It may be guessed that, by this method—the only safe method of accumulating money in America—Angelone's pile began to grow, slowly but surely. He would sit all by himself, when the nights were warm, and

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A DOZEN FIREMEN SPRANG FOR ANGELONE.

count his coins over and over and think of Addolorata, the little one; and when he thought of her, the process seemed to him to be a very tedious one—this saving cent by cent, and day by day.

"Twelve-a doll," he muttered to himself one day, "only twelve-a doll—and there must be thirty-five. And it shall take me, oh, so long. And only twelve-a doll."

A shadow came between him and the light. He looked up. Then he leaped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. "Antonio," he exclaimed to a man standing there, "Antonio Maturo. How did you come to happen to arrive?" He talked now in his native tongue, although when alone he preferred to converse with himself in English. "How did you come to arrive, Maturo?" he insisted, "you—the son of a pauper; the grandson of two paupers."

Antonio, who evidently did not relish this allusion to his ancestral poverty, sniffed. "I came," he said, "they all come; everybody comes now. Why not? Sure. We are wise. You were foolish—you came and you paid big money—oh, so much. We knew, we understood, we were business men. We waited and we came."

"But, but," stammered Angelone, "you surely had to pay."

"Surely," answered Maturo, "but listen—you have heard, maybe, about the great war——"

"Ah!" answered Angelone, "I know him. He is of Russia and Japan."

Maturo snorted. "You do not know," he said, with an air of superiority; "there is a bigger war. It is between the steamship companies. It is like this: One big boat says: 'I shall carry all, everybody in Italy, France, Germany, everywhere — over to America.' Another big boat says: 'Not you, but I.' And so they go on. It is a war. And so it comes that I am here, not for big money, but for little money—oh, such a little—such a——"

"How much?" eagerly asked Angelone. Maturo told him. Then Angelone leaped into the air and caught Maturo about the neck and embraced him.

"Twelve-a the doll," he exclaimed ecstatically, in his adopted tongue, "not thirty-five no more, but twelve-a the doll."

Swiftly he interrogated Maturo and as swiftly he determined on his course. He left Maturo to his own devices for a time, and sought a near-by steamship-agent. The agent heard what he had to say.

"Yep," replied the agent, "you're all right, John. But look here. Don't give me this money. Send it over—see? If you buy your ticket here, you can't get it so cheap. You

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send your money over to your girl, and she'll buy the ticket. See? Then you'll be all right, John. Understand?"

Angelone understood. He strode back up the street, past the tobacco-stores and the beer-saloons and the slot-machines, and never turned aside.

"It is all right, little one," he murmured to himself. He borrowed a pencil from some source, and spent a hard-earned coin for a sheet of paper, an envelope, and a five-cent stamp. "It is good, little one," he whispered to himself again, " it is so good that I can read —and write."

It was a matter of moment to Angelone—this letter. It was the first letter he had written home, and there were so many things that he felt he ought to tell his little sweetheart about.

"So she'll come," he reasoned, "so she'll want to come. So she cannot-a stay away."

It is safe to say that he took a good hour and a half to the epistle, and then, all ignorant of the existence of money-orders, and express forwarders, and other safeguards, he stuffed his hard-earned twelve dollars into the envelope and sealed it up. Then he tapped a compatriot upon the shoulder.

"The post-offees," he inquired, "where he is?" The compatriot, a naturalized citizen, shrugged his shoulders.

"The letter-box," he answered, "the big iron box—on-a the corner. See?"

Angelone saw. He started off with his precious letter clasped to his breast.

"The-a big iron box," he kept repeating to himself, "on-a the corner. To be sure."

He found it. It was a small-sized affair, with a door that opened outward so that you could put your letter inside.

"Put him inside," said Angelone to himself, "and, zip, she go-a down, inside the pole, down, down into the-a ground, and-a zip, right away quick, away she go, to Italy, to Addolorata Petti. Good!"

He held the door open, waiting for this phenomenon to occur, and for his letter to disappear. But it remained just where he laid it. This puzzled him. He looked up and down the street, in search of a passer-by who might enlighten him as to the proper method to adopt. But the hour was late and none passed him. Suddenly he struck his forehead:

"Ah-h!" he exclaimed, "stupid. To be-a sure. Turn-a the hand."

He had not watched nickel-in-the-slot machines for nothing. There was always something to be done besides putting in your money—a push, or a pull, or a turn. And so, he reasoned, it must be with the letter. He placed the letter firmly on the bottom of the

"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?" THE SERGEANT ASKED HIM SEVERELY.

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"NOT ADDOLORATA PETTI—NOT NO MORE," LAUGHED ANGELONE.

box, and then, with a sigh of expectation, he turned the handle all the way around. Nothing happened.

"A-once," he exclaimed, "a-twice, a-three times. So." Each time he suited the action to the word.

Down in Number Nine, Mike of the lonesome leg leaped to his feet—or, more properly, his foot—and listened for an instant.

"Good Lord, boys!" he exclaimed, "it's the tenement district. It was the 'fatal box' that rang that time. Get a move on you for fair."

His voice was drowned in the rattle of the heavy engine as she dashed past him and darted out into the night.

Back on a corner Angelone was watching, with some degree of impatience, an envelope which refused to budge an inch.

"It's no-a good, this box," he protested to himself, "it must be broke-a down."

Again he looked about him for some belated individual who might assist him in his effort to get his letter safely off. But still no one passed by.

True, in the distance, he heard the toot-tooting of a fire-engine and the clang-clang of a bell.

"But," he reasoned, "it's no a-good. She wouldn't stop. Not just for me—no, no."

An instant later, Angelone found that he had been mistaken. He was the center of a horde of lusty firemen. "Where is she?" demanded these stalwarts, "tell us where to go. We ain't got a second to lose, that's what."

Angelone looked vaguely at his questioners, then he glanced forlornly at the box—and then, in a flash, he understood.

"Hi yi!" he cried in terror, turning and dashing down the street. But he had not gone two hundred feet, before another engine and a hose-cart came up on a dead run. Their men jumped to the ground and made for him, and he turned again and darted up a cross street, only to be met by more engines and more men. The fatal box had brought out all the force.

Meantime a crowd was hastening to the scene, and Angelone, turning this way and that, might have escaped, but for one thing. Police-officer Mulligan and two of his fellow officers, who approached the place on a dead run, caught sight of him. As Angelone wa;

ANGELONE SHOWED HER MANY THINGS TO WONDER AT.

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the only man running *from* the place, Officer Mulligan darted after him, and brought him suddenly and ignominiously to earth.

"Not so fast, little dago-man," he said, "there's lots of time, you know." He and his colleagues dragged Angelone back to the arena of events. And then they realized that they had made a capture which was certainly worth while. The policemen had no sooner reached the center of the disturbance than a dozen firemen sprang for Angelone.

"That's the fellow," they yelled, brushing Mulligan aside, "that's the dago that we've been looking for. Hand him over—see?"

But Mulligan, who understood perfectly why the firemen wanted Angelone, and who ordinarily would have been in sympathy with the request, did not relish the jostling which he himself was suffering at their hands.

"Git back, you blamed idiots!" he screamed, waving his club viciously about his head. "Git back!"

Two firemen, bolder than the rest, darted in and seized their prey, and jerked him into the crowd of red-shirts. But an instant later they retreated, rubbing sore heads.

"This ain't no lynchin'-bee," said Mulligan, "and a cop is as good a man as a vamp nine days out of seven. What do you want with this dago-man? Speak out."

"We want," yelled a fireman, "to crush his dirty little soul out of his dirty little body —that's what. The sneak."

"All right," answered Mulligan, "I know a man that knows how to do that same thing to a turn. I'll take him to that man, and yez can follow me—but just look out. That's all."

Three minutes later, Mulligan touched his hat to the sergeant.

"Here's the false-alarmer," he announced, "we caught him, me an' McGovern and Meechem—we caught him, an' *they* seen him in the act."

There had always been a keen rivalry between the blue-coats and the red-shirts in Monroe, and the sergeant saw that there was an opportunity now open to him to score for his side. He took Mulligan's story down in writing, and then waved his hand.

"Take him down-stairs," he commanded. Then he glanced about the room. "What are the rest of these chaps charged with, Mulligan?" he asked, eying the firemen, "neglect of duty? If they ain't, they will be, for I'll make the charge myself. Clear the room. Hear?"

In the morning, Angelone, a shaking, shivering specimen of humanity, was brought into the court-room. Several of the firemen were there, on duty this time, to make and substantiate a very serious charge against him.

"What have you got to say?" the judge asked him severely. Angelone's English deserted him in the hour of need.

"No-a spik," he wailed. They sent out for an interpreter. The presence of this man

THEY STOPPED BEFORE A CANDY STORE.

somewhat reassured Angelone, and he started in to tell his story. The interpreter heard it to the end and then turned to the court, and repeated it. It was the story of Angelone's life romance.

"That's a cock-and-bull story," said the judge, "tell him I say so. Ask him where's the letter."

The letter. Angelone started with new terror. He felt in his pocket. The letter —with his twelve hard-earned dollars in it— where was it? Then he brightened up.

"In-a the box," he finally exclaimed, "in-a the box."

The judge detailed a man to go to the box and search it. The court-room waited. The liberty of this Italian, for many years to come, depended upon the truth of his tale.

A few minutes later, Angelone sprang to his feet. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "see-a the let." The messenger was waving it in his hand.

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So far so good. It seemed certain now, at any rate, that Angelone was not the man who twelve consecutive times had pulled the fire-alarms without reason, in the city of Monroe. But an assistant chief stepped up and whispered to the judge, and the judge nodded.

"Now, look here, Angelone," said the judge, "you know now how these people," indicating the firemen, "feel about this matter. You've told your story here, and it appears correct. Nevertheless, you're guilty of a misdemeanor. It wouldn't be so bad if no damage had resulted. But it cost the city just ninety dollars last night to get those engines out, and I've got to make an example of you. I do it more to scare the other fellow than to punish you, but I'm going to do it all the same. I'll fine you ten dollars, Angelone. Next time you'll know better."

Ten dollars! Angelone gasped. Ten dollars! How could he pay the fine? Then he glanced at the letter which had made all the trouble.

"To be sure," he told himself, "ten-a doll out of twelve-a doll. To be sure, I can pay-a fine." He was about to tear open the letter, when suddenly he paused.

Addolorata Petti—what of her? What of him—what of them both? Ten dollars out of twelve. How many, many weary days it had taken him to earn that twelve dollars? And now——.

He turned to the judge with a resolute face. "I do not pay him, these ten dollars," he said squarely, "what then?"

There was a ring of impudence in his voice that Angelone did not intend should be there. It was born of fear, and the excitement of the moment.

The judge frowned. "What's that?" he inquired.

"I shall not," answered Angelone boldly, "a-pay the ten-a doll. What then?"

"Then," thundered the judge, who was accustomed to lose his temper on slight provocation, "you go to jail for thirty days."

A great load was lifted from Angelone's mind. He lifted his head and looked around upon the crowd.

The sergeant of police motioned to an officer. "Take the prisoner down-stairs," he directed. They took Angelone down. Before they did so, however, Angelone had managed to beckon to the interpreter. The latter, a good-natured fellow, followed. Angelone handed him the letter.

"Would you be so a-kind," said Angelone, with a smile, "to put him in the-a box out on the corner? Not-a my box. Your-a box. You-a know. I don't. A-much obliged, a-then. Good-by."

A month later, a young Italian walked down the steps of the little dingy justice's office in Monroe, with his face wreathed in smiles. With him was a dark-eyed beauty of the South. This was not Addolorata Petti—no. This was someone else.

"Not Addolorata Petti — not no more," laughed Angelone. "No. But Addolorata Angelone. To be sure. Well, I should-a smile. We should both-a smile, my little one."

They stopped before a candy store, and Angelone pulled out two coppers.

"Watch, my Addolorata," he commanded, in his native tongue, "just but watch."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the girl, in sheer delight, as two bits of sweetmeat dropped from underneath. And after that, Angelone showed her many things to wonder at. At one street-corner he stopped and pointed to a box.

"Look at that, my little one," he said, "what do you think, now, that it could be? Let me tell you. If you open that little tiny door, inside is a strong, hard handle. And only think, you turn the handle t'rice—and presto! then you get free board and lodging for two long fortnights, little one—oh, yes, and more. Is it not wonderful? But no, no, little one," he hastily exclaimed, "it is not for such as us, no, no. It costs as much to touch that as it cost to bring you, 'way over here to me—to me."

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FASHION IS ARBITRARY IN THE CHOICE OF MATERIAL.

The Artist Dressmakers of Paris

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

Illustrated with Photographs

"Paris is the center of the dressmaking world. . . . The great dressmaker may be born anywhere, but even a sartorial genius . . . will not come into his artistic heritage outside of Paris."

THERE is no fashion but Paris fashion. Faithful worshipers of the vanities agree upon that point and turn toward the Rue de la Paix as devoutly as a Mohammedan toward Mecca, though the prophets of fashion are many, and each has his loyal followers.

Americans are said to be, next to the French, the best dressed women in the world, but there's a certain lamentable levity in the American attitude toward dress. The French take everything pertaining to clothes seriously. One need only read a page from one of the best French fashion journals, in order to grasp the national point of view. There is no mere curt chronicle of the modes. The writer's rhapsodies put our spring poets to shame. Called upon to describe a creation in pink taffeta, he dips his pen in May-morning dew and invokes the Muses. He soars upon the viewless wings of poesy and, soaring, sings impassioned chants of praise; he culls his similes from all the realm of beauty, his adjectives glow with fervor, he quotes from the classics, he draws upon history and fable, he winds up with a fervid apostrophe to fair woman—and not one of his French readers smiles. They see no extravagance in his periods. The pink taffeta was from Paquin. Upon what shrine could flowery tributes more fittingly be laid?

It is this popular attitude toward things sartorial that has made Paris the center of the dressmaking world. The great dressmaker

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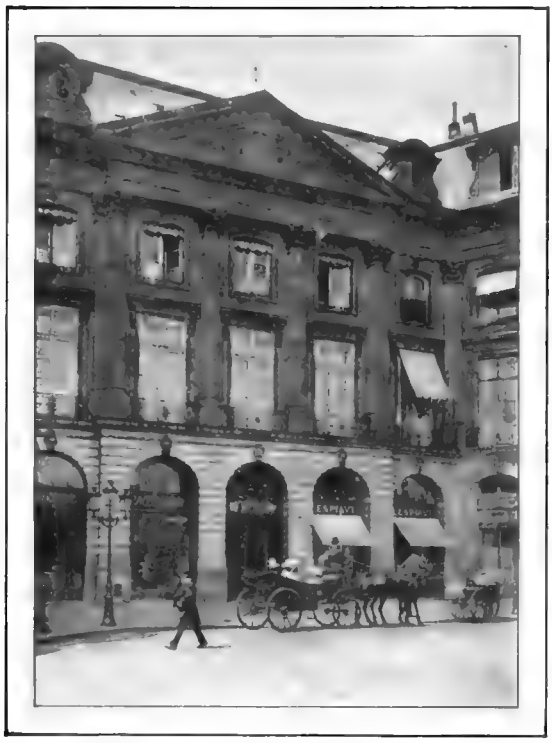

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF M. BEER, A LEADING FASHION MAKER.

may be born anywhere, but even a sartorial genius, born to dressmaking as the sparks fly upward, will not come into his artistic heritage outside of Paris. Your artistic temperament must have its sympathetic environment, and only in Paris is the artist dressmaker ranked with the immortals, only in Paris is dressmaking classed among the fine arts. Worth, the great, blushed unseen in the dark unfathomed caves of Birmingham; Beer, counted by many the greatest creative genius in the dressmaking field to-day, wasted his sweetness on the desert air of Berlin; the Callot Sisters, most expensive of Parisian firms, are from Provence and owe to the land of Tartarin their bold originality of invention; the Maison Drecol, famous in Paris and the foundation of Viennese fashion, was established by a Madame Wagner from Amsterdam. Once rooted in Parisian soil, these insignificant ones waxed great and famous, and their history is the history of fully two-thirds of the well-known Paris dressmakers.

There are many of these well-known establishments, and the past fifty years have seen the meteoric rise and fall of many an ambitious artist in dress. The past few years have seen, too, a distinct change in the character of the great dressmakers, if not in the quality of their work. In the old days, the phrase "creative genius" was not amiss when applied to the heads of the big French dressmaking establishments. To-day these great men are business men, but the men of the old school were artists, had creative talent—in a fashion sense—and cultivated that talent.

Walles, an Englishman by birth, was an extreme example of this attitude on the part of the dressmaker toward his art, though his name is not so well known to the general public as many others. He was an artist *enragé*, a genius in color combination and line. He was an avid student of color, line, values, in the art galleries; he spent day after day in the woods noting the color combinations of the autumn leaves; he drew upon flower

TWO OF WORTH'S MODELS AT THE RACES.

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and bird and insect and cloud for inspiration, and he achieved great results; but he had the ill-balanced temperament of genius and his career was brief.

Madame Roderigues, a Portuguese—and an exception to the rule that no great dressmaking talent has come from Spain, Portugal, or Italy—was a phenomenal artist of this same type, but ill health interfered with her spectacular success.

Other dressmakers, not such extremists as these two, ranked with the artist group, but Worth was practically the last of the old masters of dress, although Rouff retains many of the traits of the old school, mixed with the commercialism of this later day.

PATRONS STUDYING THE EFFECT OF A GOWN ON A MODEL.

The new men are of a different class. The work turned out from their *ateliers* is as good as that of their predecessors, but it is produced by different methods. The head of the establishment to-day is, first of all, a business man of extraordinary ability. He is also a man of phenomenally good taste—but he is not a creative genius. He does not lie awake wrestling with embryonic ideas concerning sleeve or flounce or collar, he does not roam woods and fields in search of inspiration. Not he. He buys the brains of lesser folk and launches the product of those brains for the edification of womankind and his own glory.

Some little *ouvrière* in the workroom has a moment of inspiration. She goes to her employer with her idea. If he likes it, he buys it, and she goes back to her work.

Or, perhaps, some obscure dressmaker with more originality than reputation goes to a famous man—like Paquin, let us say—and shows him models she has figured out. If she has anything to offer which, in his judgment, has possibilities, he buys it—and at a generous figure. These men are always willing to pay liberally for ideas; but, once bought, the thing is theirs. The originator must not repeat it nor claim credit for it, though it may make the man who bought it famous and set the fashionable world agog.

Unfair? Not at all. The little dressmaker has not the ability to launch her idea. She makes more out of it by selling it to a famous house than she could make in any other way. In course of time she may become the head of such an establishment, for the ranks of the lofty are largely recruited

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from her class, but, in the mean time, she is glad to find a market for her ideas.

The genius of the great dressmaker to-day consists in appreciation of the possibilities in an idea. He may not be able to conceive an original costume, but he knows instinctively what is good, has taste and judgment that are unerring. Out of a hundred models he will unhesitatingly choose the one that has a chance of success; and, having had the taste to select, he has the business ability to exploit and sell.

ERRAND GIRLS AT PAQUIN'S, FROM AMONG WHOM MANY OF THE MODELS ARE SELECTED.

Paquin was perhaps the first, as he is the greatest, of the new school. Thirteen or fourteen years ago he was a humble clerk on the Bourse. Madame Paquin—who, let it be noted in passing, has sparks of the divine dressmaking fire—was a humble little dressmaker unknown to fame. The two married and a wealthy patron set them up in business in a good quarter. There was no sounding of trumpets or beating of drums, yet, with the opening of that little shop on the Rue de la Paix, Paris was well on the way toward another revolution.

The old masters had been awesome personages, surrounded by mystery, cut off from the profane crowd. Few of their customers ever met them. Minor officials conducted the interviews, attended to the details. Only for a very illustrious patron, or in recognition of some very impressive order, did the great man himself come out from his private rooms and accord a personal interview. At other times, he was supposed to be in the throes of artistic creation and disturbing him was a heinous offense.

All this was impressive and the pose endured until Paquin, shrewd judge of human nature, born diplomat, business man *par excellence*, inaugurated a new régime. He was young, handsome, suave, tactful. His wife was charming. Both were accessible, ingratiatory. They met their patrons with the most profound *empressement*, treated them with the most flattering consideration. Women found the experience eminently enjoyable and soothing to their self-esteem. They purred under it, and, since the new firm proved able as well as agreeable, those who came once, returned, and others followed in their wake.

To-day Paquin is, from a business point of view, the most successful dressmaker in Paris and his income is roughly estimated at

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M. DOEUILLET PERSONALLY SUPERINTENDS THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

$400,000 a year. Not a bad showing for a baker's dozen of years!

Imitators followed quickly in Paquin's footsteps and attractive young men stand at the head of many of the most famous dressmaking houses.

Doeuillet is one of the most typical of the group. He is housed in one of the historic palaces of the Place Vendôme, where he has the most superb establishment in Paris. The work turned out harmonizes with the setting. Elaborate confections are Doeuillet's specialty, his prices are monumental, and his clientèle is made up from what one of his rivals has called "the swell mob," meaning the rich and extravagant as distinguished from the exclusive and *chic*.

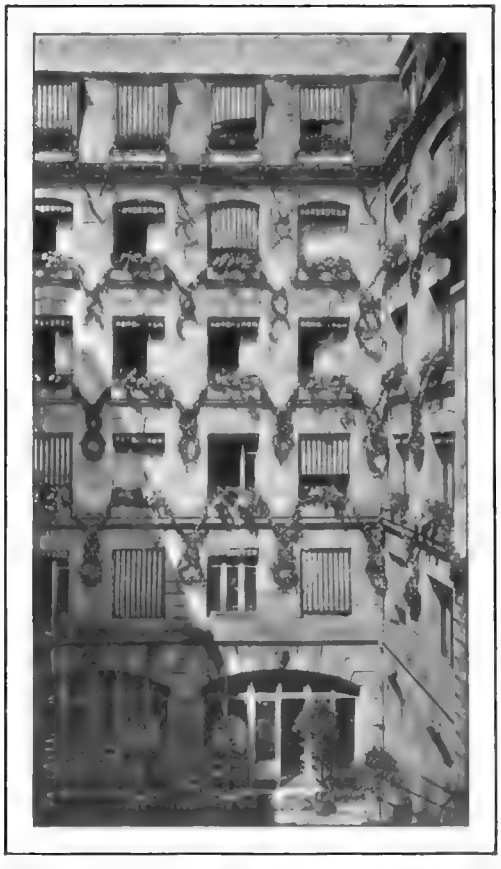
But if one speaks of Doeuillet to one of his patrons, it is not of his frocks one is likely to hear, but of his *beaux yeux*—"An Adonis, *ma chère*. Such a manner, such a figure, such eyes!—Ah!"

Francis is another of the charmers, and, like the others, he backs up his charms by ability. The French version of the tailor-made is his province.

Armand is the baby in point of professional career, the most recent addition to the new school. It is now several years since he rose above the business horizon, but it took him less than one year to climb to giddy heights. He was an unimportant salesman. Nine months later he was proprietor of a famous dressmaking establishment, occupying the old Saye Palace on the Place Vendôme, the palace in which Napoleon the Little and Eugénie first met. Once more a triumphant combination of business ability and *beaux yeux*.

But, even without the beauty, business talents may carry the modern dressmaker to wealth and fame. The list of rich dressmakers, aside from "those delightful young men," is a long one, too long for naming here.

Beer, the Callot Sisters, Laferriere, Blanche Lebouvier, Rouff, Madame Havet, Mlle. Carné, are all conspicuous successes financially. Worth has a splendid trade,



COURTYARD OF M. BEER'S BEAUTIFUL ESTABLISHMENT.

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FIRST STAGE IN THE CREATION OF AN ORIGINAL COSTUME.

TWO PARISIAN MODELS WEARING NEW FROCKS AT LONGCHAMPS.

but a serious one. The great English and French dowagers go there; and Jean Worth, the present active head of the house, wears, more or less comfortably, the halo of his illustrious grandfather.

The dowager calls him a charming boy and says to him, "M'sieu Jean, when your famous grandpapa was alive, he made for me a light blue brocade that was most becoming. I would like something of that kind"—and M'sieu Jean repeats for age, the light blue brocade of youth. He creates an extremely beautiful light blue brocade too, and he charges for it a price that would have surprised his famous grandpapa. He is old school by heredity, but he has modern commercial instincts, this charming boy.

The prices of the average French frock have gone up under the new régime, though extravagant sums were always paid for particularly original creations. There is practically no limit to the expense of dress to-day, and spectacular prices are paid for spectacular costumes; but the price of the great bulk of the gowns sold by the famous makers ranges from one hundred dollars to five hundred dollars, with the greatest sales between one hundred and seventy-five and three hundred. Certain firms refuse to make even the simplest frock for less than one hundred and fifty dollars and turn out few costing less than five hundred. Small wonder that in Paris the great dressmaker is a personage, belonging to the swell clubs, in evidence everywhere save in society's exclusive circles, owning a superb country place up the Seine, a seashore home in Normandy, a villa on the Riviera, buying—as did one of the group this year—whole blocks of houses in the most expensive quarter of Paris, spending—as did another of the guild—$20,000 upon one day's entertainment of a few chosen friends, running handsome automobiles, driving and racing fine horses, and, from his vantage point, watching the flood of fashions which he has set flowing.

Yet the expenses of a big dressmaking firm are large, as well as the profits. Few of the autocrats are themselves practical dressmakers. They must hire work-folk capable of carrying out, in perfection, the ideas they wish to exploit, and expert cutters, fitters, sleeve hands, skirt hands, etc., command high wages. Exclusive material and trimmings are required in such an

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THE SALESWOMAN COULD SELL A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR SABLE COAT TO THE SAVAGE OWNER OF A HUT ON THE EQUATOR.

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M. ARMAND DISCUSSING FASHIONS WITH HIS PATRONS.

establishment; nothing is skimped, nothing is omitted that would add to the beauty of the frock and so sustain the reputation of the house. Success, not economy, is the watchword. A small army of employees is required in one of the great houses, and the place is a veritable beehive of systematized industry; but the patrons see only the "front," and of the wheels within wheels even of that smooth-running front, they have small idea.

In the relations 'twixt patron and firm, the saleswoman is the chief figure, and the successful saleswoman of a Paris dressmaking house is, perhaps, the keenest business woman of the world. Her knowledge of things Parisian is equaled only by her knowledge of human nature, her suavity is equaled only by her diplomacy. Her siren song would make the mermaiden's melodies sound like a hurdy-gurdy. She could sell a ten-thousand-dollar sable coat to the savage owner of a hut on the equator—provided she knew that the savage would be good for the ten thousand dollars. And she *would* know. That's the amazing thing about her. She always does know, or if she doesn't, she finds out by some lightning quick process painless to the customer. She makes no mistakes, this soft-voiced, smiling, carefully groomed, persuasive woman, and yet there is such opportunity for mistake in Paris. It is not only a question of knowing the financial rating of the husband of Madame A, or of the Countess B. The credit system of a Parisian dressmaking house is a more complicated thing than that. When Mademoiselle Blanche of the Scala, at fifty francs a week, drives up in a luxurious carriage, with coachman, footman, maid, and poodle all in attendance, sweeps into the show rooms and begins talking of five-thousand-franc gowns, the saleswoman shows no surprise. She only wonders and then adroitly institutes a search for the explanation. The chances are that she can get the story from Blanche herself, by dint of diplomatic wheedling and flattery. If not—well, there are other ways of finding out before the material is cut.

And when every one knows that the Grand Duke has loved and ridden away from Mimi of the Folies Bergère, yet Mimi turns up smiling and places extravagant orders, one must not be too hasty. A grand duke may be succeeded by a rich banker. Even if there is no visible guarantee of the bills, the little woman should not be angered. The future may hold other grand dukes.

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Not highly moral, these calculations, but supremely Parisian; and after all the dressmaking business in Paris is naturally adapted to Parisian conditions. The source of the money does not concern the dressmaker, so long as the money is forthcoming, and the great *demi-mondaines* of Paris are the dressmaker's best customers—are, moreover, the best-dressed women in the world. The dressmakers state this quite frankly, and add quite as frankly that next to the French *demi-mondaines*, American women are their most valuable patrons.

"There are Frenchwomen of social standing who dress exquisitely," said one famous dressmaker, "but the number is small in comparison with the number of the *demi-mondaines* who dress as well, and if we relied only upon customers of high respectability, we should be in a very deep hole—unless the American women pulled us out. They wear their clothes well, those Americans, and they spend money as recklessly as though they were not respectable, and they have good taste—and yet the best-dressed American is not quite as perfectly dressed as the best-dressed Frenchwoman. There is a difference, and I hardly know what. It was for that difference, I think, that the word *chic* was coined."

The saleswoman is as clever in dealing with Miss Millions from Chicago as with the irrepressible Mimi. She flatters so subtly, influences so insensibly, makes herself so indispensable, secures her customer and holds her, brings hundreds of thousands of dollars to her employer, and receives a commission upon all sales. One saleswoman—among the best in her class—makes as much as $15,000 a year out of her commissions, and, though this is exceptional, all earn good incomes.

The *mannequins* or models are the secondary features of the "front," but they are of little importance compared with the saleswomen, and while it is a difficult thing to replace a good saleswoman, *mannequins* are to be had for the asking. These young women wear the frocks which the saleswoman wishes to show, and their value is measured by the effectiveness with which they display the good points of the creations. Much of the talk concerning the transcendent charms of the Paris *mannequins* is great nonsense, and the sensational tales of these humble beauties and their spectacular marriages—or "arrangements"—are, as a rule, pure fabrication. A more ordinary looking group of girls than the *mannequins* of a house when they arrive in the morning it would be hard to find, and a passer-by would not give them a second look; but when, a half hour later, Mademoiselle, perfectly corseted, skilfully made up as to complexion, eyes, and brows, with her hair dressed in the latest fashion, her nails and hands beautifully cared for, her feet clad in dainty high-heeled slippers, sweeps across the show room, wearing with true French grace a gown that is a thing of beauty—then the Paris *mannequin* is quite another proposition. She is not beautiful, but one forgets it; for she is excessively *chic*. Figure and a talent for wearing clothes well will do more for a *mannequin* than mere beauty, but the fact remains that one might go into any New York shop and pick out, behind the counters, a score of girls better looking than any *mannequin* of the Place Vendôme. A few *mannequins* have developed into saleswomen, a few have married well, a few have become notorious *cocottes*, one became lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria and finally drifted over to New York, one or two have found unimportant places on the French stage; but in the main, the *mannequins* are very ordinary young women whose history is but the history of the average Parisian working girl.

Much importance is attached to the stage frocks made in the famous ateliers, rather because of the influence they may have than of the money they represent. The great actresses, in their private capacity, are not lavish patrons of the dressmaker. They leave that to their sisters of lesser genius and of greater beauty. La Belle Otero and other actresses of her class, clutching at fortunes with one hand, in order to throw them away with the other, will pour hundreds of thousands of francs into the dressmaker's coffers, where a Bernhardt or a Duse will contribute hundreds only; but in the matter of costuming a play, actresses of the highest class are often recklessly extravagant. Certain artist dressmakers delight in the artistic latitude allowed them in the stage gowns for picturesque period plays, and cater to such trade, having, in their establishments, rooms fitted with stages and footlights so that the exact stage effect of a costume may be studied. Other makers do not care to undertake stage work, save in the case of a modern society play, where the gowns will be such as might be designed for any *élégante* of the day.

But, however the dressmakers may feel

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about stage custom, the first night of a new play, costumed by a famous house, is an event of interest in dressmaking circles, not so much because some one of the costumes may catch the public fancy and give birth to a new fad, as because one is sure to find in the costumes suggestions for others still more beautiful.

Every big dressmaking house has its representative at the *première*, and echoes of the stage appear in many a mode. A hint here, a suggestion there—and straightway the artist mind evolves an image of a costume in which the details of some picture gown, permissible only on a stage, are modified and adapted to the modes of the moment.

The picture galleries of Paris and Versailles have been a never-failing source of inspiration to the fashion makers, and the possibilities in the various national costumes seem inexhaustible. Ever since the French entered Algiers, the Arabian *burnous* has furnished a *motif* for the French coat makers. With the Russian friendship came appreciation of the moujik's blouse tunic, and countless variations have been rung upon that theme. The bolero was imported from Spain, though it has been altered until the Spanish wouldn't recognize it. The Balkan states have contributed largely to trimmings. China and Japan have furnished line, color, and material.

But, as one noted dressmaker said to an interviewer when asked to tell how fashions are made, "Fashions are not made, they come about." One thing leads to another. A great gown is brought out. It suggests one that excels it. Each successful costume contributes something to the sum of the modes, and the fashion maker is not he who makes, but he who sees tendencies and hurries to meet them. The same fashions would doubtless come, by slow development, without him; but he hastens their progress, is the first to acclaim them, and so is given the credit of originating them.

All this demands eternal vigilance. Your artist dressmaker must see all that is going on in the smart world, must miss no smallest hint concerning fashions current. Wherever fashionables congregate, there he is to be found, viewing the creations of his rivals, noting every novelty, planning new *tours de force*.

It is a shifting, kaleidoscopic thing, this French fashion show, and only for a short part of the year is it at its best in Paris. There are three places in which to study Parisiennes on their native heath—the restaurant, the Bois drives, and, above all, the races.

There is the theater, of course, but one sees the theater toilets at the restaurants, one dresses little for the *Opéra*, and the private social functions are, of course, a sealed book to the casual observer.

In the winter, the Ritz, the Café de Paris, and the other smart restaurants are the gathering places of fashion's clans. In hot weather, one goes to D'Armenonville, the Café Madrid, the Pavillon Royale, or some one of those restaurants in the Bois of which D'Armenonville is first and foremost.

But, as a matter of fact, in either very hot or very cold weather one does not find the cream of Paris fashion in Paris itself. The birds of gay plumage are out and away save in spring and autumn.

The spring season in Paris opens with the races at Auteuil. For that event smart folk come hurrying back from the Riviera, and Auteuil toilets sound the key-note of the new season's modes. The weather is probably bad. Auteuil weather late in March is proverbially bad, but spring hats and toilets will blossom then, even though accompanied by heavy furs. From Auteuil on, the gay world follows the races.

The courses near Paris have the spring season, with the Grand Prix in June as climax, and at all of these races one may see the most *chic* of Parisiennes and may study the latest triumphs of the dressmaker's art. It is a queer mixture—the feminine crowd at the French races; and the sight is an amusing one to the onlooker who knows his Paris. The Royalist Duchess, the Jew banker's wife, Fifi of the Casino, the great manufacturer's women folk, the famous actress, the stable boy's sweetheart, the notorious *cocotte*—all are there dressed in their best, gay, excited, betting eagerly, coquetting as eagerly, comparing tips, showing their own frocks and studying those of their neighbors. Verily on the turf and under the turf all women as well as all men are equal, and there's no other land where the feminine *mélange* in grand stand and paddock is as amazing as it is in France. Summer modes are all abloom at the Grand Prix. The Paris season is over and the fashionable elect rush to summer homes, chiefly in Normandy and Brittany.

When August comes, ho! for the Normandy circuit. Once more the pretty women and the good clothes are to be found on the race-

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tracks, and the crowd follows the horses to Caen, Cabourg, Trouville, Dieppe, etc., until September, each resort having its brief season of breathless gaiety before the fashionable tide sweeps on. At the track, the Casino, the beach, are shown all that is best in summer toilets from the great Paris houses; but with September the women are in Paris again, replenishing their wardrobes for the new season.

There is a short racing season round about Paris before the late autumn hunting and château parties. After December first Algiers and Cairo were formerly the correct thing; but the automobile has been interfering with tradition, and now many motor enthusiasts tour in southern Europe until the opening of the Monte Carlo season, when all the frivolous world sets its face toward the Riviera.

The great dressmaker has been in touch with all the mad whirl. Perhaps, like Paquin, he has a place at Trouville and a villa at Nice. At all events, he goes here and there upon the trail of the modes he has helped to make, and no floating fashion straw escapes his keen eyes. He watches the fate of his own creations, estimates the value of his rivals' ideas, accumulates a vast amount of material for future use, and between times he goes back to the Paris *atelier*, for, though he does not work with his hands there, he is the mainspring of the establishment and his personality is the secret of its success.

Long before Auteuil calls the pleasure seekers back to Paris he is settled down there and his busy season is at its height. Buyers from all countries where French frocks are the desire of woman, but chiefly from America, are flocking to Paris to see the new models and each house must be ready for them; Parisiennes are clamoring for spring frocks, the workrooms are kept running far into the night, pale-faced *ouvrières* toil through extra hours and fall asleep to dream of drowning in billows of mousseline and lace.

Fashion's wheels are spinning round madly, but the truly great men of France—Paquin and his peers—are serene. They are used to the stress and strain of fashion-making, and they smile at the hurly-burly—a smile of satisfaction, not of cynicism, for, as has been said before, the French take their fashions seriously—very seriously.

Moonrise

By HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN

THE fernbrake trembles in the lifting dark;
Pale spangles glance along the mellowing gray.
Above the ancient wood a rounded bark
Drops lily petals down a dusky bay,
And cornerwise, and all a-slip, between
The trees, soft shocks of raveled silver lean.

The cornfield chiefs make bold essay to break
The moon-spears, with their tawny, pointed shields;
From mullein tent and grassy camp awake
The moonlight pipers of the autumn fields;
And moist, delicious fragrances of night
Wind through the argent fleeces of the light.

A still, black stream inlaid with cameo,
Asleep in dim retreat of sycamore,
Awakes, with rills of laughter, just below
A curve, and from the crescent of the shore
An old mill rises in the yellow mist
And grinds, with silent wheel, a shadow-grist.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART III

Editor's Note.—Three strange and picturesque characters have the stage in this instalment of "Frenzied Finance." The author, reverting to a phase of his story omitted from the early chapters, takes up the copper war in Montana, introducing the striking personality of Fritz Augustus Heinze. How this young mining engineer realized the possibilities of the "apex law"; how he broke into the Boston & Montana mine, secured an injunction that prevented the owners from taking out their own ore, and finally obtained a receiver for the company are vividly set forth. The introduction of Senator William A. Clark and Clarence W. Barron, and the account of their alliance with Heinze in his fight against Amalgamated, complete an instalment of compelling interest.

CHAPTER XI

RED-LIGHT COPPER KINGS

EVEN the best regulated of historians must at times deviate from the course of his narrative to trace out tributary episodes and join them to the main channel of his chronicle. My story covers so long a period of time and so abounds in supplementary incidents which sooner or later influence the fortunes of its chief characters that an occasional harking back is essential to orderly procedure.

Thus far this record has been concerned with the actions of men of great initiative and power, the principal actors in the drama I am unfolding. Though the working out of their colossal ambitions has wrought incalculable misery and suffering to the people at large, in their own lives these men were scrupulously and irreproachably clean. In their daily comings and goings they never forgot the decent amenities of life, and at the close of each day's labor sought thankfully the quiet peace of homes where their wives and children abode. While the second section of Amalgamated is being made up seems a good time to introduce a set of subsidiary actors, who are the antitheses mentally and morally of those I have described, but whose interference at a critical juncture in our copper affairs caused us serious trouble, even threatening for a brief instant to wreck our venture. These men are not to be found in the pleasant suburbs of respectability amid green lawns and shady gardens, but must be sought in the red-light haunts of business, where the wantons and vultures of the made-dollar world conduct their nefarious trafficking. To portray in the sinister tints of actuality the characters of these persons is a task as disagreeable to me as it must prove disgusting to my readers, but hospital surgeons and plague doctors cannot from among the diseased select for treatment the dainty and pure of life and pass by the rips and trulls. A physician's task is the cure of the disease itself, and he must not, if he is to eradicate it, consult his sensibilities.

At the time of which I write, our plans for the consolidation of "Coppers" had made considerable headway and the world was aware that it had henceforth to reckon "Standard Oil" as a controlling factor in its copper affairs. Nowhere had this informa-

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tion aroused more interest than in the State of Montana, whose prosperity was largely based on her marvelous copper properties. Within her borders were the mines of Marcus Daly and associates, chief of which was the Anaconda; there, too, were the great shafts of Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston, the stocks of which we were fast accumulating. Though conditions of order and civilization prevail in Montana, the State is a great mining-camp, and is subject to those extremes of excitement and sentimentality characteristic of communities nourished on the wealth extracted from the bosom of mother earth. In an environment in which sudden changes of fortune are among the humdrum occurrences of life, prodigality and intemperance more often represent the celebration of success than the indulgence of appetite. In Montana he who plays a strong game and has a hard head is apt to find himself a hero with certain sections of his community, even if he defies law, order, and convention in carrying through his schemes.

These Montana standards are clear enough in the case of a young mining engineer named Fritz Augustus Heinze who, some time previous to our advent in Butte, arrived there looking for a job. Of magnificent physique, ardent, bold, ambitious, a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines, Heinze hired out at a meager salary to the Boston crowd who controlled the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston mines, and began to make the acquaintance of the community in which he was destined to play so ominous a rôle.

The man was a perfect fit for the eight-cornered hole he found awaiting him in this western Coney Island. He had ability akin to genius of the order that wins eminence in bunco and confidence operations; boundlessly ambitious, inordinately egotistic, he was totally devoid of moral perception; and, utterly heedless of the consequences of his actions, there was nothing he dared not attempt. Heinze had been but a short time in Butte before he had acquired throughout the State a reputation for absolute fearlessness. Among the keepers of gambling-hells and barrooms he was reckoned a prince of good fellows. Seven nights in the week he could drink under the table every man among the licentious company that frequented these gilded establishments, and then sit in at a faro game whose proprietor had never been known to put on a limit and make him "quit." Actresses of a certain order adored him, and to the ladies of the red-light district of Butte Fritz Heinze was the beau ideal of manly beauty and heroism. Even in those days, before he had made his first strike for fortune, Heinze's colossal egotism—which is of the I-must-be-in-the-lime-light-when-it-strikes-the-grand-stand order—had made itself felt; but while his admirers admitted it as a defect, it had not then acquired the proportions that it subsequently attained. This overweening vanity is the key-note of Heinze's make-up, for the courage he sets so much store by is absolutely its offspring. When the crowd turns its back this bold, bad man seeks a shell. Popularity is the breath of his nostrils, and he was cowardly enough to deny his Jewish origin because he imagined it would detract from his distinction.

Men of the Heinze type soon acquire all the underground secrets of the community in which they live, and it was not long before the young engineer knew about the queer relations between the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston properties. His attempt to capitalize this inside information for his personal benefit at a larger figure than the schemers whose game he had "dropped to" thought fair brought on a violent row, and the industrious and ambitious young gentile-plated Jew found himself scheming from the other side of the breastworks.

As soon as Heinze found himself at odds with the Boston crowd (this was before our advent into the copper-field, mind you), he proceeded to place himself on two vantage-points.

To understand them, one must know that in Montana, as in many Western States, the mining law provides that the owner of an outcrop is entitled to follow the vein that "apexes" on his land wherever it may lead. In some ways this is a good law, but it has everywhere provided a plentiful crop of litigation and is an ever-fertile source of blackmail and trouble wherever it prevails. According to the old regulation a man stakes out and acquires title to certain lots of ground and is entitled to mine all the ore beneath that surface, but in Montana and in California it is well within the possibilities for a man, by acquiring title to a sheep pasture adjoining a valuable mine, to prove that the ore within his neighbor's territory really belongs to him. In the close-crowded district around Butte the outcrop law had provided cause for endless warfare, but it remained for F. Au-

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gustus Heinze to utilize to the full its infinite capacities as a graft-producer.

First, he set up an offensive and defensive partnership with the two Butte judges before whom all mining litigation must come.

Then he bought property adjoining the rich mines of the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston, and at once "discovered" that nearly all the veins of these two companies from which millions each year were being taken "apexed," by a most remarkable coincidence, upon his land, and were therefore his property.

At once he began suits to prove his claim, and had no difficulty in establishing his contentions to the satisfaction of the judges before whom the proceedings were held. Had it not been for the United States courts, to which the Boston people went for protection, and for the fact that the Supreme Court of Montana was composed of honest judges who had no partnership with ligitants before their court, Heinze would have undoubtedly succeeded in his project of confiscating the bulk of all the valuable property owned by the Boston companies. As it was he caused them no end of trouble and expense of time and money, and though defeated for the nonce, he soon made it evident that he had by no means abandoned his plans to secure quick millions of other people's money without adequate *quid pro quo*.

An interval of quiet ensued, and then one morning the Boston capitalists were apprised by hurried messages from Butte that the shafts and underground workings of the Heinze properties had been opened into their richest territory, and before they recovered from the daze this startling intelligence had caused, an army of Heinze's miners had driven their employees out and were carrying off their choicest ores through the new tunnel. At once the Boston companies organized their miners to protect their property, but when they had driven out the brigands Heinze promptly haled them before one of his judges to show cause why they should not be estopped from stealing *his* ore. Further, he had the audacity to demand an accounting for that which they had already extracted during the years of the mine's operations. The summons was obeyed and to their consternation the Boston companies were formally enjoined from working their own properties, and then they realized what they were "up against." Appeals were at once taken to the upper courts, but in the mean time Heinze, with the consent of his judicial friends, continued to extract, smelt, and sell the Boston ore.

At the inception of Heinze's campaign it was bruited around State Street that the one way to end the incursions of the young engineer was to purchase from him the property he had acquired for a song, and the sum of three million dollars was mentioned as the price he intended to exact for his "rights." The Boston people refused to be blackmailed, and thus began that warfare which has astonished the world by its fierceness, cruelty, and destruction of property, which has made Montana justice a by-word and dragged her governmental institutions in the mire. Because of it, the State has been divided into two parties, and judges and lawyers, State officers and United States Senators have been bought and sold as openly as beer over a Butte bar. Already the fighting has cost the contending parties twelve millions of dollars, and, at writing, there seems little prospect of peace.

It was this foul mess we found on our hands when we took over the control of the two great Boston companies. Our predecessors had had so much of the fighting that they were relieved to have "Standard Oil" take up their burden; but Heinze, nothing daunted by the names of Rogers and Rockefeller, let it be known that the only change the transfer would make in his plans would be to intensify his attacks, unless, indeed, we turned over to him the three millions he demanded —and he sent us word it had to be in real money, too.

At that juncture Mr. Rogers agreed with me that we would not buckle down to the Heinze end of the problem until we had the more important ends buttoned up. Neither of us knew this young engineer other than as one of a very numerous breed who are "out for the other fellow's stuff and don't give a continental how they get it." A liberal experience of this gentry had taught us both that their power to damage can be measured by the loss of the dollars they insist upon having; in other words, we had no doubt about being able to "settle" with Heinze with money at any time we were ready. We canvassed the situation on all sides and concluded that Heinze had property which was worth, and which he knew was worth, not over three-quarters of a million of dollars, that he had bought it on credit, and that any time he seriously menaced our plans we could remove him by paying him a million profit.

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We had but little discussion about the matter, for at that time there had never entered into our calculations the idea that he would really hold out for much more than a million in the face of the alternative—a battle with "Standard Oil."

There finally came a day when we realized that Heinze was seriously interfering with our consolidation plans, and Mr. Rogers sent one of his "slickest" agents to close a deal with him on a basis we felt sure he would accept. We were astonished when the agent reported that it would actually take not a cent less than three million dollars to remove Heinze, and that in his (Rogers's agent's) opinion it was more than an even chance that Heinze would use the three millions in repeating the hold-up on a larger scale. This agent was one who seldom returned from an excursion without his game, but we were not discouraged, and Mr. Rogers said:

"Lawson, we have evidently a more difficult job than I had expected. I will have to turn it over to ———" naming one of the "Standard Oil" trappers in the blue-ribbon tier. This man took up the scent and after a while returned with the same report as his predecessor. One after another of the "Standard Oil" diplomats essayed the job, but without success, and then we had to make up our minds that Heinze was such an unusual proposition that it was "up to" Mr. Rogers or myself to tackle him first-hand. We talked over the matter and I urged that he take the contract, for I felt a strong antagonism toward Heinze, and knew that if he pushed his claims too high I should not be able to refrain from calling them blackmail, and that once we started to row it would be knife and ax to the finish. Finally, Mr. Rogers agreed, and I called the job completed, for the master of "Standard Oil" almost never returns from his dollar hunts without the fox on a chain, or his brush, which in this case would be just as good for our purposes as the animal alive. They met under very favorable conditions, and as we supposed Heinze's overwhelming egotism would be flattered by the "Standard Oil's" head stalking him direct, we called the battle half-won as soon as they faced each other; but as we agreed afterward, half-winning was of no account in this case, for it only made the other half impossible. By the time Heinze got through swelling up at Rogers's condescension, any sane trade was out of the question.

"Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, "that fellow is one of the few people on earth who are absolutely impossible. He sees nothing in all the world but himself. It is positively degrading for a man to be in his presence. I held myself in and smothered my self-respect for over an hour, and we can now make up our minds we must fight him to a finish. Never will I attempt to compromise with him again. I finally told him he could take his choice of accepting all that his property was honestly worth and an amount as large again for his ability to cause us trouble and loss, or we would fight him regardless of cost, and I left him."

At once those peculiar batteries which "Standard Oil" has grown so expert in pointing at all who stand in its path were opened on Heinze. In this case their use was not only justified, but absolutely necessary for the protection of our property against this new species of brigandage. Heinze, however, met us more than half-way. He was young and reckless, had nothing to lose in money or, what he valued even less, reputation, and as honor and decency were sealed books to him, his attacks were cyclonic.

In my long experience of fighters and fighting I have noticed that the adversaries most to be feared are those who never even in the heat of conflict forget the laws of the game. Such men hit hard, but above the belt, and having mothers, wives, and sisters of their own, remember as they fight that the other fellow has too, and that he must suffer as they themselves do. Ever dominated by principle, the born fighter never stops until he has won victory or been destroyed, whereas the vicious and reckless combatant, whose only incentive to battle is the intoxication of his own egotism and the applause of the grand stand, while he tussles like the devil at times, in the end will surely belly in the mud at his opponent's feet.

In certain ways Heinze's fighting was new and effective. Through his control of the Butte courts, "Standard Oil" was actually put on the defensive, and there was nothing for it but to dip into Montana politics ourselves if we were to play even with this dangerous combatant. Montana was stirred as never before, and as the sides lined up Heinze saw he must act quickly if he expected to hold his supremacy. To reelect his judges involved controlling the politics of the State, and this he could not do single-handed. He looked around for an ally and at the same time decided to carry the war into our end of the country. For this purpose he must have an

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organ of some kind or other to harass us in the field of finance. At just this time there was in Montana the one man of all men to fill Heinze's political wants, and in the East the man with the organ that seemed to have been whittled out by nature to fill the sixteen-sided hole Heinze's campaign created.

About the time Heinze discovered himself close pressed in his race for supremacy in Montana politics, the returns from the United Verde mine, one of the richest copper producers in the world, began to net William A. Clark an annual revenue of ten millions of dollars. When a man finds himself possessed of that much money it behooves him to decide on some fitting way to stamp his identity on the page of the world's history then open. So much gold as this income represents unlocks all the world's possibilities. With it a man can alleviate the poverty of a nation and by noble benefactions lease his name to the ages, or he can achieve a trumpery notoriety by grotesque profusion and, like Coal Oil Johnny, become the symbol of prodigality. The lessons of early thrift had sunk too deep into the chill soul of this Montana Midas to permit the latter, while in the austere joys of philanthropy he discerned neither gratification for his senses nor the satisfaction of a passion for prominence which had begun to burn within his breast. Without the physique, mentality, or experience to guide his footsteps, William A. Clark set out in a woodchuck way to express himself along three lines—pleasure, power, and notoriety. To absorb the first, he determined to "astronomize" women and to back into society. To secure the second, he would butt into the "System" and break into the United States Senate; and to corral the third, he would build, on Fifth Avenue, New York, the biggest, bulliest, and brassiest of all American castles.

His course in the pursuit of pleasure is not germane to my chronicle. His castle, a pastry-cook's nightmare in bronze and marble, adds a new horror to the architecture of New York. But his political career became an integral part of this story when he linked forces with Heinze in return for the latter's assistance in the contest he had just entered into for a seat in the great and sacred United States Senate. In Montana, Clark was not without influence, for he owned a copper-mine in Butte, and in his power campaign had laid in a daily newspaper or two. Animated by different ambitions, the egotism of the twain never clashed, and the partnership, during the brief time it lasted, proved a great success. Clark's money and Heinze's no-stop-at-a-red-hot-stove brassiness swept the State, and Heinze's judges and Clark's senatorship came in on the same wave that left the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston crowd high and dry on the rocks. Here I will leave them for a brief spell while I introduce Heinze's second ally and his newspaper equipment.

CHAPTER XII

AN EBON KNIGHT AND HIS EBON ADVENTURE

My readers will remember that in a previous chapter I explained the rôle of news bureaus in the "System's" mechanism for plundering the people, and mentioned one, Clarence W. Barron, of the "Boston News Bureau," as a prominent example of the type of journalistic parasite that infests the rotten undergrowth of the financial districts of Boston and New York. For fifteen years past this man has plied his nefarious trade, and if he did not fit into my story as one of its subordinate actors, his glutinous career would entitle him to mention in any work devoted to "Coppers." In painting this picture of Barron, I may excuse its length and vividness on the ground that, while his personality (measured by its mental or moral attributes) is unfit for publication, through this study of him my readers will obtain an insight into the methods of the vicious class he represents.

Like most of his compeers, Clarence W. Barron graduated from the financial columns of a daily paper and at once set up in business for himself under the sign, "Boston News Bureau. C. W. Barron, Manager." Soon the man and his organ began to make themselves felt on Wall and State streets. Reputable corporations and bankers were informed that while the merits of their goods would always be kept before the public by the "Boston News Bureau," it would accept no money for advertising because it had no advertising space for sale. However, it would cheerfully act as agent for advertisements to be published in the daily and weekly press of the country, and, being expert and having great influence, could command better service in return for the sums expended than financial institutions could possibly obtain for themselves. It was intimated that concerns and

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institutions using the "Boston News Bureau" as their medium in publicity not only insured themselves against attack in its columns, but would receive favorable mention therein and in the press of the country. For these valuable services only "good" advertising rates would be charged—a proposition fair enough on its face, but carrying due notice to all weak and shady enterprises, their promoters and their agents, that the way to safety was to turn over their advertising to the "Bureau." And in such cases the "Bureau" charged liberally for its services, generally demanding a lump sum, which was computed by a careful "sizing up" of how much the "gang" would stand.

As the "Boston News Bureau" grew, it became a more important factor in the affairs of the Street, and waxing bolder with every year of its existence perpetrated many extraordinary audacities. Much as I should enjoy setting forth the history of the shady enterprises it has fathered and fostered during its fifteen years of life, I shall confine myself to one episode which will afford a clew to its methods. There was great activity at one period in Chicago, Burlington & Quincy stock on both the New York and Boston exchanges on the ground of an expected increase of dividend. As the time for the directors' meeting approached, the "Boston News Bureau" advertised extensively that by special pull it had located direct wires from the door outside the directors' room to the floor of the Stock Exchange, and would therefore be the first to give the news. At the proper moment its "flimsy" appeared announcing a dividend of such proportions that the stock immediately became terrifically active at prices which rose by leaps and jumps. As the stock advanced, it was learned afterward, some mysterious person dealt it out in large quantities at the high figures. A short time afterward it became known that the reported dividend was a fake. The prices quickly dropped to a low level and—the conspirators netted enormous profits.

On a day, just at the close of the Stock Exchange, after particularly strenuous hours in Butte & Boston, I was balancing accounts at the office of my principal brokers, Brown, Riley & Co., when Barron entered the room. Up to this time, for some reasons of his own, this industrious individual had avoided me in his tribute-collecting rounds, but I had felt that, sooner or later, he would overstep the bounds of caution and I should be face to face with his "argument."

Some ancient said: "Every man to be a success in his life-work must be cut for it." Clarence W. Barron is mentally, morally, and physically cut for his chosen vocation. Very short—where he should weigh 150 to 160 pounds, he balances the scales at about 300—with two legs which look for all the world to be an extension of an enormous waist—a chest and neck that run into each other, over which, like an apron, spread bushy whiskers—the whole surmounted by a head and face of a jack-o'-lantern pattern such as those with which country boys adorn windows on Hallowe'en for the purpose of frightening women and children into early beds—Clarence W. Barron looks what he is—a live hogshead. As his size and shape preclude a normal walk, his gait is a cross between a roll and a lurch, accompanied by a puffy blow such as a blubber-back whale uses to advertise that he is partial to the porpoise family. When he has rounded to on his victim, the favorite attitude of this extraordinary person is—two pudgy thumbs in his waistcoat armpits, head cocked to larboard, with both his small eyes thrown up in the wind.

On the afternoon in question he hove to in my brokers' private office in front of the chair I was occupying, and proceeded to send home all his sails the moment he dropped anchor.

"Lawson," said he, "I will get right down to business. You have a big fight on in your Butte & Boston, and just at this particular time, when the other side is after your stock hammer and tongs, one good jolt might bring your finish. I have just come from the Sears Building [headquarters of my antagonists], and they have made me an offer of $5,000, and more to come, if I will slaughter you in the 'News Bureau,' but I would rather fight on your side, so if you will meet their price I am with you. I can put in good work, as you know."

I looked him in the eye and said:

"And if I don't, what then?"

"This to-morrow," and he handed me a vicious article headed, "The Goodale Report," purporting to expose defects in my Butte & Boston structure leaving hardly a shred of the facts to which I was educating my following. As I read it I saw it would perhaps be the missing link to topple over my organization. But confronting me was Barron at his work.

"Do I understand, Barron, that if I don't pay you $5,000 you will publish this story, which may ruin me; and if I do, you will keep

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it out of your 'News Bureau' and will take my side from now on?"

"That is just about it, only you put it unnecessarily harshly."

"All right, I will pay the $5,000," I answered. "When do you want it?"

"To-morrow."

"Very well, be here at half-past nine to-morrow and I will have it ready."

The next morning, prompt to the minute, Barron entered Brown, Riley & Co.'s private office.

"There you are," I said, and I laid down on the desk a check made to the order of "Clarence W. Barron, of the Boston News Bureau," for $5,000.

"I don't want a check; I want cash," he said.

"I think not, Barron," I answered. "You want a check, and the check is all you will get."

I said this in a way that could not be misunderstood.

"Oh, I see," he said, "you are setting a trap for me, but you must think I am a fool to do business that way."

I got up from the desk and faced him, first opening the door to the other offices, which were full of clerks and customers.

"You miserable blackmailing scoundrel," I said in a voice which could be heard by all, "I am setting no trap for you; I am simply carrying out a business bargain, and there is the receipt for you to sign when you take my money," and I put a typewritten sheet under his eyes which recited that whereas he was a professional blackmailer and had held me up for $5,000, in consideration of which he acknowledged himself a blackmailer, etc., etc.

For the first time in his nasty career Barron was cornered.

"For God's sake," he said, with much excitement, "cool yourself off. If you don't want to carry out that deal it will be all right. We'll call it off, and I'll do the fair thing."

But I was over the limit, and with one hand holding open the door into the corridor I yelled, "Do you take the blackmail and sign that paper or not?"

"No, I don't!" he answered.

I gave him one pull through the open door and into the corridor, telling him in loud and forcible language exactly what I thought he was and my opinion of his breed. It was one of those rare moments of excitement that come to any of us only at intervals. The clerks and customers looked on in wonder. I opened the street door.

"Now, you d—d scoundrel," I yelled, "jump!"

He jumped, and I kicked at him at the same moment. I walked into the back customers' office to cool off. This office was crowded. In about ten minutes the door opened and Barron entered. His rage had overcome him, and he had returned to try to do something to redeem himself in the eyes of those who had witnessed his discomfiture. I had regained my self-control. I said to Mr. Brown, the senior partner of the firm, who was in the room:

"This fellow has come into your office to kick up some kind of trouble. It is not for me to throw him out, but it is for you to protect honest men from such low-down scoundrels, and if this fellow is here three minutes from now I leave your place never again to enter it, and you know we have done business for a lifetime."

Mr. Brown asked Barron to get out. He refused. I, holding my watch, reminded Brown that the last minute was almost up. Seeing it was deadly earnest all around, Mr. Brown called to his clerks, and Barron, realizing that it was a case of retirement or forcible expulsion, chose the first.

From that moment Barron has let hardly a day pass without printing his hatred of me in some form or other of vile abuse. Nor has he stopped at my personality, but sedulously devoted himself to denunciation of all corporations or institutions I have had to do with. "Standard Oil" was the target for his worst vilifications during my connection with it, also all "Coppers" with which I happened to be associated.

Later, I publicly denounced the fellow at the State House, and he had no choice then but to bring suit against me for libel, which he did, with damage attachments against my property for $100,000. This was years ago. The suit is still pending, for I have never been able to get it tried,—perhaps I will now.

This was the man and this the organ made by nature for Heinze's dirty work, and as soon as Barron saw that, by linking up with Heinze, he was afforded a chance of getting even with me, he eagerly embraced the connection. The Boston "News Bureau" became the Eastern end of Heinze's campaign, and every day it printed the wildest and weirdest items of news, which it was careful to see got to the press of America and Europe the following morning.

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CHAPTER XIII

ON A BRIGAND'S TOASTER

THIS condition of affairs had been in existence for some time, and though we were putting in what would have been very effective work against any one differently situated, it was making no impression upon Heinze. He had no stock upon the market the price of which he must protect. The returns from the rich ore he "cribbed" from the Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana mines gave him plenty of pocket-money to splurge with, and our assaults upon his "honor" had about the same effect as pouring ink into a pot of lampblack would have—it thinned the whole mixture a little, but it had no appreciable effect upon its color.

In the mean time, inspired by the certainty of the profits they themselves would reap, many of the noted peacemakers of Wall Street tried their hands at bringing about a settlement between Heinze and the master of "Standard Oil," but to no purpose. Heinze absolutely refused to deal with any one but Mr. Rogers direct, and Mr. Rogers had sworn 26 Broadway's irrevocable "Never." Suddenly, one day, a vigorous selling of Boston & Montana appeared in the market, and in consequence the price of the stock began to decline to an extent that threatened to prove serious. The boldness of the sales and their apparent recklessness quickly convinced me that back of them was something more serious than an ordinary "short" movement. At the end of the second day of the attack on the stock I saw Mr. Rogers and impressed upon him my belief that Heinze was about to deal us some killing blow, and that, in view of such a contingency, it behooved him to make a last effort to land the enemy, even at the price of concession. Mr. Rogers acknowledged the importance of my diagnosis of the movement in the stock, and finally and most unwillingly consented to do what I had asked, and our old friend Samuel Untermyer was deputed to bring about a meeting between him and Heinze. Rogers insisted that in return for his concession in regard to an interview, Heinze must leave to him the choice of the place where that interview should occur. To this Heinze assented, and Mr. Rogers named his own office (and pledged himself to secrecy).

So long as memory's tablets remain unbroken will stand out clear and vivid thereon the hieroglyphics traced by the happenings of the day of that portentous meeting. Before Heinze's arrival I was hidden away in my little glass side-pen office off Mr. Rogers's room. From that point of vantage I watched the master of "Standard Oil," and saw that he was in fine fettle for the coming battle. I needed no further assurance than the sight of him that his efforts would be commensurate with the importance to us of victory.

At 11.30, just before Heinze was ushered in, I received word over the wire from my Boston office to the effect that a furious selling of Boston & Montana was under way. I gave instructions to my brokers to find out, if possible, what gossip accompanied it. The answer came back, "There is none."

The conference between Mr. Rogers and Heinze seemed interminable. After two hours of it I sent in a note to Mr. Rogers informing him that Boston & Montana had dropped $10 per share, and that the selling showed no signs of abatement. He came out to see me, eager to learn if I had any inkling as to the cause of the new attack on the stock.

"Lawson," he added, "I am making no headway. That man in my office is as cool and calm and aggravating as though we were discussing the weather and the morality of 'Standard Oil.' I can't make any impression on him. He is so full of himself that I can't even get him down to an intelligent argument on the subject at issue. I have been on the lookout for a single sign to show he is aware of the stock's action in Boston, but apparently he neither knows nor cares whether the market is down, up, or standing still."

I urged him to keep at it, and reluctantly he returned to the conference. At 2.15 I sent in word that the stock had dropped ten points more, and he at once came out. This time he was furious with rage at Heinze and wanted to give it up and figuratively kick the enemy down-stairs, but I again begged him to make a final effort, as it was now plainly evident that some blow was impending, and a settlement meant that we would avert it.

"I told you, Lawson, he is impossible. I have as good as shown him that we will come to his three millions even, but he now demands—think of it!—actually *demands* that in addition to what we pay him we must take him into partnership with us to show the world he has won against 'Standard Oil.' If you could only hear his arguments and see his

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brazen assurance, you would not hold off even as long as I have. A stranger would believe that my office was Heinze's, and that we were begging his favor. It is humiliating beyond anything I have gone through before."

I agreed that it was hard, and that Heinze ought to be kicked down-stairs, but there were the millions we had at stake and our business reputation as well. The clock pointed to 2.30 before he consented to go back, and I again took up the wire to Boston. The stock was coming fast and furious, and our friends were on the edge of becoming panic-stricken at our apparent inability to stay the decline or to offer any reason for it. After talking by wire with my principal brokers on the floor of the exchange I was as sorely puzzled as ever in my life. Just as the clock said three and I knew the damage for the day was over with the closing of the exchange, Mr. Rogers stalked in. He was white with anger and exhaustion.

"Well, I am through with that fellow!" he almost shouted. "I didn't make a bit of headway, and I dismissed him. Never again will I have anything to do with him but to do what I can to send him where he should have been long ago!"

His rage was not pleasant to witness, and to break the tension I turned to my Boston wire. My secretary was already on it. He did not wait for me to ask any questions.

"Montana closed in a panic at 28 points decline for the day," he shouted, "and just this minute the news has come out on the 'News Bureau' sheet that Heinze's judge, Clancy, appointed a receiver for the Boston & Montana Company last night at Heinze's request, but did not announce it until the hour of exchange closing."

Mr. Rogers sank into a chair in a dazed way. I was dumfounded.

"Lawson," he slowly said, "this is as cool a devil as one will ever meet in this life. He must have had that decision in his pocket through all the hours he was sitting in front of me, and he never showed it in look or act!"

For a few minutes we looked at each other much as two women who have suddenly discovered moths among their costly furs. I was the first one to break the silence

"There is no time to waste, Mr. Rogers. Something *must* be done before the stock exchange opens to-morrow, or——"

I stopped. It was not necessary to put in words what would happen. Montana had closed, even after its bad drop, at over 220. It could open off $100 per share when the world knew that its twenty-five to thirty-five millions of property were in the hands of one of Heinze's mercenaries, with one of Heinze's own courts behind him. A drop of $100 a share meant a direct loss of fifteen millions to State Street. After dropping $100 it could drop another $50, or $22,500,000 in all, and in one day. At the same time the other Boston "Coppers" would probably all go by the board.

CHAPTER XIV

PLAYING WITH CRUDE DYNAMITE

TERRIFYING as the complication was, we looked it in the pupil—here was dynamite enough to blow financial Boston to smithereens, reach over into Wall Street, and spread throughout the country. The possibilities—probabilities—of destruction were incalculable. Outside of hamstringing Heinze, only one influence could possibly avert the coming cyclone—if "Standard Oil" would throw itself into the gap it could turn the tide. It might require many millions. I knew "Standard Oil" and Mr. Rogers. However brave and fearless they were when winning cards were in their hands, I knew that they were veritable cowards when the game was in the open. However, I said:

"Mr. Rogers, are you and Mr. Rockefeller willing to stand in the breach to-morrow, stop the decline, and chase Heinze out of the market? It may take millions, but we can turn the tables if you will."

"Not for a dollar, Lawson. The man who starts to stop the decline to-morrow *must stop it*—he cannot try, change his mind if it is too dangerous, and quit. You know we never put ourselves in a position of that kind, and we will not begin now. Mr. Rockefeller would not listen to the idea for an instant, even if I thought favorably of it."

The world of finance, hypnotized by the great name of "Standard Oil," imagines it omnipotent in the stock-market. The truth is that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller, with all their millions, are the veriest cravens in an open stock gamble. "Standard Oil" is a "sure thing" operator. It never enters a deal on even terms. Its cards are always "stacked," its dice "cogged," and its boxes "fixed." I can put my hand on at least a score of traders in Wall Street, men not worth over a half to a single million, who, in

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a play in which the chances were even, would risk more and go farther than the whole coterie at 26 Broadway. I have seen men of the Rogers type turn pale at a calamitous issue of chance and meet it like the butcher's mongrel who, in full chase after a sheep, is confronted by the farm collie; and again I have observed the same individuals stand up smiling to a staggering loss when one of their own juggles had miscarried; so it cannot be the loss of money. My conclusion, after studying the symptoms, is that the crooked gambler who habitually eliminates adverse odds is mentally and morally unfitted to participate in plays where he *may* lose.

"Then there is but one hope," I said. "You have all tried Heinze—I'll now take a hack at him."

"It will do no good, Lawson," Mr. Rogers expostulated. "The man is impossible, and now that we know what he has behind him, he will be more insolent than ever."

"I can't help it. It's all there is left." And I bolted for Heinze's office a few blocks up the street.

Hitherto I had avoided Heinze, for I had taken a most violent dislike to the man and his methods. Though we had never even seen one another we had exchanged public lambastings, and it is a confirmed habit of mine under no circumstances to treat my enemies save as enemies. The fine Italian art of the cordial handshake and the pleasant smile for the man I hate is one I have never been able to learn, and I realized on my way to his office that if we got together it was ninety-nine chances in one hundred that our encounter would end in a quick knock-down and drag-out scrap rather than in a settlement. However, it was our one chance to save the day—a forlorn hope, indeed—and it behooved me to tackle it for all I was worth.

Thirty minutes after he had left the "Standard Oil" building, I was outside Heinze's big barn of an office. The man's career had been one bold, plate-glass bluff and his surroundings were in vociferous accord with his character. The door bore the pretentious names of enterprises loud-sounding but echoless. I entered a huge, barren waiting-room paneled in ground glass, from which other large offices opened, the largest marked, "F. Augustus Heinze, Private." A few queer-looking men stood about. Great, empty desks, portentous chairs, an over-thick carpet supplied all the familiar signs of a confidence outfit. One instinctively felt for one's watch. The contrast between this brazen grandeur and the cozy, bustling office, half the size, in which Mr. Rogers transacted his great business was striking. For all the world this looked like the drawing-room of a deserted roadhouse fitted-up for the purpose of pulling off some bunco game. What slight hope I had brought in with me slumped, as I took in the effect. Then from behind one of the desks stepped out a blear-eyed specimen, half quack doctor, half stool-pigeon for a fake picture auction, and inquired my business.

"Say to Mr. Heinze Mr. Lawson wants to see him."

The instant he reached the other side of the ground glass the sound of a bustle and a murmur reached me. Then there appeared from the "F. Augustus Heinze, Private" door a nice-looking young man who announced:

"I am Mr. Heinze. What can I do for you, Mr. Lawson?"

"You are not F. A. Heinze?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I am his brother. Did you want to see F. Augustus? Be seated." He disappeared, and in a moment the hero of a hundred battles, bars, and buncoes threw the door open.

"How are you, Lawson? What do you want with me? Come in."

In my mind's eye was a picture of this man conjured out of all the stories and descriptions I had ever heard of him, and as he stood before me I frankly looked him over, comparing the original with my imaginary portrait. He fitted its outlines to the edges. Years ago, I sat in a Boston theater spell-bound by Milton Noble in "The Phœnix," and the dark, romantic figure of this actor, the easy elegance of his dress, his air, half brigand and half poet, had remained with me as an ideal of picturesque distinction. But Heinze, in a loose black suit, Byronic tie, a soft felt hat rakishly tilted, both hands buried in the old-fashioned waistband pockets of his trousers, left Noble's image and make-up a melodramatic commonplace. I thought of Mr. John Hawkins of Calaveras County and the lordly gamblers of old Mississippi days as I scanned his points and noted the elaborate carelessness of the ensemble. Every detail of the pose, the angle of the hat, the hang of the trousers, the long dark eyelashes conceal-

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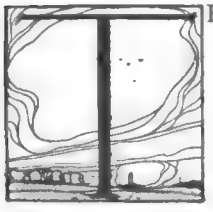
"Peasant Cattle"

What the Cossacks Think of the Peasants

By ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated with Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This grim tragedy of oppression and misunderstanding is the first of a series of studies which have been made in Russia during recent months by Ernest Poole, an able and conscientious writer, whose sketches of sociological conditions in America have attracted wide attention. Mr. Poole has gone into the heart of the Czar's empire, met his Russians face to face and has written down without embellishment or suppression their terrible life-story. The Cossacks' attitude to the peasant revolutionist as portrayed here throws a white light on the crisis within the world's most unhappy country.



"THESE peasants are anarchists—every one of 'em! Every stupid mountaineer thinks he has a right to babble about politics! The very child with lips still white from his mother's breast wakes up at night and bawls, 'Reform! Reform! Reform!'"

The speaker was a gray, burly old Cossack officer who sat with my interpreter and me in a crowded, swaying, second-class car; the train was rushing at night through a riot district in the Caucasian Mountains; above us and all around in double tiers of open bunks lay men, women, and children sleeping. It was nearly midnight.

"These damned reformers shout—'Reforms! We must have reforms to clear the air! We cannot breathe! Open the windows to Europe and give us air! For here the air is poisoned by Bureaucracy!'

"Well, they have air enough now and not through windows either; the Japs have smashed in whole gates. Now, let's see if this fine new wind can blow away me and the other poison. I'm an old man, but I never felt such shame before. Anarchists! Cattle!"

"Sir," cried my interpreter, Stepanoff, "we agree with you! Insolent cattle!"

"Now, you're a man after my heart." The old man beamed. "Let's talk this thing over."

"The good old days," sighed Stepanoff, "were good enough for me." At this the Cossack edged closer and now his gray, rugged face broke into a genial smile.

"It does me good to find two young men with such solid common sense. It's a mighty rare thing to find these days. The whole country is a big boiling soup of ideas—always boiling. Everything is going to the devil! All these fools are trying to dig under the throne of the Czar. What does this mean? Why, they are digging under the very throne of God! Doesn't the Holy Bible say that every king takes his power from God? Well, then, if you fight one don't you fight the other?

"Only we Cossacks have kept ourselves untainted by all this new science. It eats like a cancer into the power of our Czar. But we alone are just as our grandfathers were before us. And I think my young son—he is a bold, big fellow—I think he, too, will stick to the ways of his fathers. These propagandist devils never try to come to us, for they know we are safe against them; all their new, slushy ideas roll off our brains like water from the back of a goose. Not a drop of socialist slush sticks on.

"Why? Because from our cradles we were taught to obey; to obey without stopping to think it all out; to obey two fathers—our own father and the Czar. When the Czar commands, then I do. You see my young daughter asleep over there. Well, if the Czar said, 'Tear her in pieces!' then I should do it, though I might kill myself right afterward.

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That's what a Cossack means by loyalty! Now, before I tell you what I think of these anarchist peasants, let me tell you first how we Cossacks were trained to stay loyal.

"Those were good old days." His deep-set eyes gleamed with happy memories of childhood.

"I was a little pig," he chuckled. "My old father was always shouting: 'You young whelp! There are just two things for you to do! Fear God and be loyal to your Czar!' He used to flog this into me two or three times a week with his heavy black knout; and a devilish good thing it was! For now, old as I am, this fear of God and this loyalty to my Czar are the two big bones of my soul.

"I was born in a little village way out on the rolling steppe about eighty miles from the River Don. You could see nothing round the village but rolling steppe. Not a tree, not even a bush, only fields of corn and wild grass; the wind used to make it all move like the sea. Our village held the only spot of trees in sight.

"We lived in a snug white house of three or four rooms with little square windows, low ceiling, dirt floor, and white mud walls. Only the three richest houses had wood floors, for the wood had to be brought hundreds of miles from the Volga. But I tell you our four mud rooms were clean. My mother, my sisters, and even old Granny were always crawling about with cloths wiping off specks of dirt.

"What a fine cook Granny was! She made bright yellow cakes big as this big fur hat. It took a long time to bake the cake in the brick oven; it was so soft and delicate that even if you stamped on the floor and jarred the oven the big cake would fall into a lump of dough and be good only to feed the geese and the peacocks. So old Granny used to hobble up and down in front of the oven waving off all of us who tried to get close for a smell; and even if one of us little brats shouted or swore she would curse us soundly in a whisper for making a jar in the air. If you've ever heard a Cossack swear you will see that Granny was right, for a Cossack curse could stop a big locomotive running full speed down a mountain! Ha! Ha! Ha!" He leaned back and grew red with laughing.

"Well! well! And my good, fat mother—what *borsch* (soup) she used to make in the deep earthen bowl! When she poured it all splattering into the brown earthen basin, two or three feet across, then we brats used to stand around, each with his wooden spoon. We each dipped out a big chunk of meat; always fair play, each had his turn; if one of us took two pieces, how quick old Granny would beat him in the face with her spoon! And when the meat was all gone, then we dipped up the thick, red tomato soup—every spoonful, I can tell you! We young dogs were always hungry!

"Oh, those were good old days! Our little girl chums used to run about with us along the river, wading into the warm, muddy water for fish and crabs. Sometimes we boys and girls would throw off all our clothes, and in a crowd we would rush yelling down the hill and dive through the air into the water. Then up we would come splashing and grabbing each other and swearing.

"We used to have fine fun with the girls; more and more fun as they grew older. We had none of these damned manners and weaknesses about women. We just did what we pleased.

"And now when we try the same thing with these Georgian girls, what a howl they set up!

"Yes, yes, give me the steppe! What a lot of pleasure life has to give when these damned reformers will stop howling nonsense. We had lots of games to make us brave and hard as iron like our horses. The best game of all was this: Two of us youngsters would grab each other by the nose, and then with feet to feet we would jerk with all our might. Each nose got redder and redder and the pain made us shut our eyes. But the first one to let out a howl was beaten, and the other fellow had the right to lash him on the face. We used to rub our faces with tallow first so the skin would not be broken by the lash. How all the mothers and fathers and even the old grannies would crowd around and laugh and shout! How angry the parents of the beaten brat would be! He was sure to get a second beating at home for being a coward.

"Here again these Georgians get insulted. Just one good crack in the face and he thinks you have wronged him in his soul. He roars out that he will kill you. Why does he? Because he has been trained wrong ever since he was born. He had only stupid games. The game these Georgian children play makes me laugh whenever I see it. A crowd of youngsters just get together and one of them chases the others. When he touches another boy on the shoulder or another girl, then that girl has to chase the crowd until she touches somebody. That's it! I tell you I saw it with my

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own eyes! They teach their children just to touch each other.

"We knew enough, too, without all this new science. In our village there were two old men who could tell you all about the stars. They used to take us brats out on the steppe at night and point up and tell us how each star could do good or harm to a man's life. They knew about diseases, too. There was one old woman who when any one was sick could just look at him and then tell which saint he must pray to for help.

"But what fools these Georgians are! The minute any one is sick they run for a doctor. None of that for us. If the disease is not one of the big plagues that God meant to surely kill men, then the man will get well anyway. And if it *is* one of these plagues, then it is a sin against God to stand up before His wish. I tell you we have had this God-fear flogged into us from the cradle up. We want no devil's science!

"These Georgian pigs get sick just from thinking about it. Look at me. I never get sick. Old as I am, I have often slept all night right in the mud with rain pouring on me, and I have not even caught cold. That's what comes of not having doctors. You never see a doctor in a Cossack regiment—only a veterinary for our horses, because horses can't pray to God.

"I say we got along without these devil sciences. We never learned to read except just enough to get along with letters and military orders. We don't let our children get poisoned by all these books either. I let my little daughter here read sometimes, but every time I see her reading I always stop her for a minute just to remind her that all writers are sick dogs and ought to be flogged. By saying this I think I have kept her from being hurt by what she reads.

"Once a young Russian Jew was staying in our village. He used to yawn and cry: 'How dull it is without books to read or newspapers to look at!' Then we used to get mad and shout: 'If you are tired why don't you drink? Vodka will help you quite as quick as books.'

"For what more can a man want than vodka? To close the door of your room, to lie down on your bed with a big gallon bottle of vodka* lying across your stomach, and plenty of good cold meat and eggs on the chair by your pillow—that's living. Thank the good God, who only makes us stop meat and eggs in Lent, but lets us keep on with our vodka. We have a clever trick for these jolly bedroom hours. You put the candle in a little dish of water, so when you booze off the candle burns on and on till the flame strikes the water with a big splutter and goes out. This trick was found out hundreds of years ago, and now we all know it; so every one in the village can get drunk without danger of setting fire to anything.

"We have different ways of drinking. The poor man who can only have one bottle, he sucks it in through a straw, because by drinking it slower, it gives you the same feeling as if you had two bottles. But the rich Cossack who has three or four bottles—he can just pour it down in big glasses.

"Our women like it, too, but they have to be more modest—I mean, of course, the young girls. They keep it by their wash-basins, and when a girl is through washing she often dances out of her bedroom happy as a king.

"What beautiful girls our women are! Good broad faces and lips plenty big enough for kissing. They are strong, too. None of these weaklings for us! Fine strong muscles and splendid shining black hair often falling below the knees. I tell you I get homesick among these slender cats, and I'll be mighty glad to get back among our big, strong girls of the steppe. None of this tiptoeing for them. When they walk you can hear it. I say these are the women to bear us strong Cossack boys who will make good fighters.

"The best of all the girls was one near Kief. She was the daughter of a Cossack colonel and the most splendid girl in all the country round. The last time I saw her was at a big ball given by old General Dragomeèroff, who then commanded all the armies of the southwest. He was a fine big fellow. I can see him yet shoving his way through the crowd of dancers, grabbing this belle of the ball, and shouting: 'Here! Quit this prancing like a horse! Come on in with me and have some cognac!' I followed them in and saw her drink a whole half bottle [quart bottle] without losing her feet. Then back again to the dancing!

"Oh, I tell you we are a stout crowd! Why? Because we drink vodka. And don't forget this: We hardly ever touch this devil's poison—tobacco. We call it the root of the devil's grass. You never see a Cossack smoking.

"Our Czar is kind to us Cossacks, for he knows that we are his good stout wolves to protect him. Faithful to God and our Czar, and

* Vodka is about the same strength as whisky.

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THE PEASANT WOMEN OF ST. PETERSBURG.

trained to hit hard from our cradle up! He has given us all the land our hearts can wish. Even the poorest Cossack has his fifty acres of land and plenty of oxen and cows and chickens and peacocks. We don't have to do our own plowing either. Plowing is no work for a soldier.

"The dirty Russian peasants come over the steppe in the spring to do our plowing and then again for the harvest. He is very cheap—this peasant. All he needs is black bread to eat while he works, and the lash to keep him from going asleep, and then when the work is over—why the boot instead of the ruble. So home he plods like a stupid cow in the rain.

"Sometimes these cattle dare to go to our Cossack judge and complain when they get no pay. But our judge is a sly old fellow. He just smiles and asks them for the written contract. Of course the peasant has none. 'Then,' says the judge, 'perhaps in the verbal contract he promised you only sixteen lashes and twenty kicks for the harvest work. That's what he tells me, and I think he's more honest than you are. So stop your growling and go on home!' And if the peasant still stands on one foot scowling and scratching his head, then often the clerk jumps up and cries: 'Oh, don't be so selfish! Give him fifty kicks!' Then the peasant turns and gallops like an old lame cow out of the village.

AS SILENT AS IF THEIR MOUTHS WERE FULL OF WATER.

"But now things have changed. This damned peasant has suddenly become an anarchist. A hundred million peasants all snarling and ready to smash the Church and the Czar! Only we Cossacks are left. Only we are not spoiled by these books and papers. We are left. And we know just what we're here for. To defend our God and our Czar! How? I'll just give you a story. It happened last week right here in this valley.

"One morning, two months ago, I got orders to take troops A and D and E down into this Rioni valley. Off we started, four hundred of us, down the road on a trot, four abreast except where the road got narrow. Twelve days and nights with only a few hours now and then to sleep and drink and eat. At last we reached the village.

"What do you think we saw? Now remember, I'm going to tell you only the exact truth. Well—we saw peasants refusing to have anything to do with the Government! Big, stupid pigs who just grinned and refused to bring any of their quarrels to the Government court; who refused even to touch their caps to the village police; who stayed away from church and got married by themselves. A strike—that's what it was—a strike against God and the Czar.

"My old heart boiled. I went about our camp among our bold fellows and cried: 'Brothers, flog all these dirty dogs of peasants! From to-day, all their money, wives, and daughters are yours. Go ahead! Grab, beat,

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and rob! We will teach them what it is to be outlaws from the Czar and from Almighty God!

"Well—our fellows got to work. In a few days we had hammered them into silence. I can tell you they soon got sick of our *nagaikas*. [Whips of leather with wire inside and lead on the end.]

"But still they growled in whispers. My spies told me how they kept saying: 'Oh, these Cossacks can teach us nothing by their big whips.' When I heard this I decided to teach them by talking. I made up my mind to be kind and to speak to them just as if they were not outlaws, but still good faithful subjects of our Czar.

"I told my Cossacks to call a meeting. They did it quickly. They herded the whole crowd together with their *nagaikas*. And then I came to the place.

"About five hundred peasants, men, women, and children, stood on the village green, surrounded by a good thick chain of our Cossack fellows, who kept them in the ring and would not let one of them get out.

"'Well,' I thought to myself, 'you stupid cattle, you say our *nagaikas* are no use against your burning thoughts. I will give you burning thoughts, and quick, too!'

"'Good day to you, my brave peasants,' I began with a very kind smile.

"All just stared. Their big faces were as silent as if their mouths were full of water.

"Once more I tried to be kind to them. 'Good day to you—you curs!' I shouted, almost laughing, their faces were so stupid.

"But, no. Not a sign of good feeling or fairness—only obstinate, pig-headed stares.

"I began to warm up. I wanted to get out the leaders. 'You! Propagandists and agitators! Leaders of rebellion! Step out of the crowd. Be quick! I want you! I will try for the last time to rouse up what little conscience you have left! Come out here!'

"Not a move. The whole five hundred men and women and children gazed up at me just like a flock of sheep and goats and kids on the mountainside when you fire a gun off near them. Five hundred faces all stupidly staring and trying to guess what I would say next. You see these propagandist devils had never told them that I was a man to treat them so kindly.

"'Well, you snakes,' I continued, trying to speak calmly, 'you are very fond of spreading all your poison among these ignorant cattle, but you are not very fond of standing up like men before your master, are you?'

"Still not a peasant moved.

"In spite of myself I grew a little angry. 'You! You say you don't need God! You say you don't even need the Czar! You hell's breed! You—' I stopped suddenly. The big faces looked so lost and bewildered and completely stupid that I burst out laughing. 'Why don't you look gay, when your master speaks to you? Go on, now. Look gay and be quick about it!' I began to get sick of all

A PEASANT'S CABIN IN THE WILDERNESS.

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WORKMEN IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICT OF ST. PETERSBURG.

this. I shouted to my brave fellows: 'Here, Cossacks, tell everybody to look gay! You're a nice crowd of God's children. You always whine for freedom to speak. Well! here's your chance. Speak up if you have any thoughts. Hey, you old graybeard, crawl up. I want you.'

"I pointed my sword at a clumsy old peasant with bow legs, wide shoulders, a long gray beard, and a face like a goat or a cow, whichever is more stupid. He had a long brown cloak which fell to his feet and an old red cloth tied round his gray hair. You could see his knees shake through the dress, but he never budged!

"'Well, Cossacks, grab him and bring him up!' Two of my fellows ran over and pulled him out of the crowd. His old bow legs wabbled along, but his face was still and stupid as ever.

"'You're an agitator,' I began, trying to speak quietly.

"'No, my sir, I'm a tailor.' His eyes showed not one trace of a thought, his big beard wagged like a machine, and he stood like a stick of wood.

"'Well, well,' I said kindly. 'Now let us speak together. Speak.'

"The skin on his high forehead got a little whiter, and a few drops of sweat stood up. But not one word.

"'Well,' I cried, 'if he won't speak, warm him up a little!' My fellows raised their *nagaikas* and gave him ten sound blows on the back and two or three side cuts on the hips. Now, any Cossack would have taken this little touch-up as I meant it. But this old fool got scared to death. He began to cry and beg. 'Give me just a minute,' he sobbed, 'to pray to God before I die.'

"'Good,' I cried, smiling at him to show it was nothing serious. 'You speak at last. I see now you have a nice clear voice. Now let's talk like men. But before we begin'—I cried, looking over his head at the crowd, 'just notice—you pigs—that I have not picked out a Government spy to talk to. Your agitators are always telling you that when we call you together we select spies to step forward and talk for you. Now please notice that all this is a lie. You don't call this old pig a spy, do you? Well, I have chosen him to speak. Now we'll begin.' I turned back to the old peasant.

"'You think you're going to get along here without our Government, judges, and police. You think you're going to do without God or the Czar. How I pity you.' I could not help pitying them. I spoke kindly and quietly. 'You poor peasants. You think you can just stamp your big feet, and at once God and the Czar will fall off the earth. But please think this over carefully before it's too late. You listen to these wicked propagandists. They tell you that God and the Czar don't fit you any more. But did you never think that perhaps just the opposite is true? Did you never think that perhaps you peasants don't fit God and the Czar? Listen now. I warn

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you to think solemnly! It's your last chance. Now listen.' I spoke even more calmly.

"'Did you make yourselves or did God

REVOLUTIONISTS IN EMBRYO.

make you? Wait. Let me ask you another question. Can you make your ears grow higher than your head?' At this my good

A STREET IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

Cossacks simply roared with laughter, but the stupid peasants only looked more amazed and stupid than ever. 'Now, a third question. Why do your oxen live? To work for you

peasants. Then why do you live if not to work for your masters? Well? What do you think of that? Perhaps you are thinking a little harder now. Oh, you poor sheep without a shepherd!' I could not help it, though I saw some of our bold fellows grin at me for getting so soft. 'You poor sheep,' I said. 'You will soon see what life is without us. No one to guide you. No one to keep down your wild passions. No one to use your taxes

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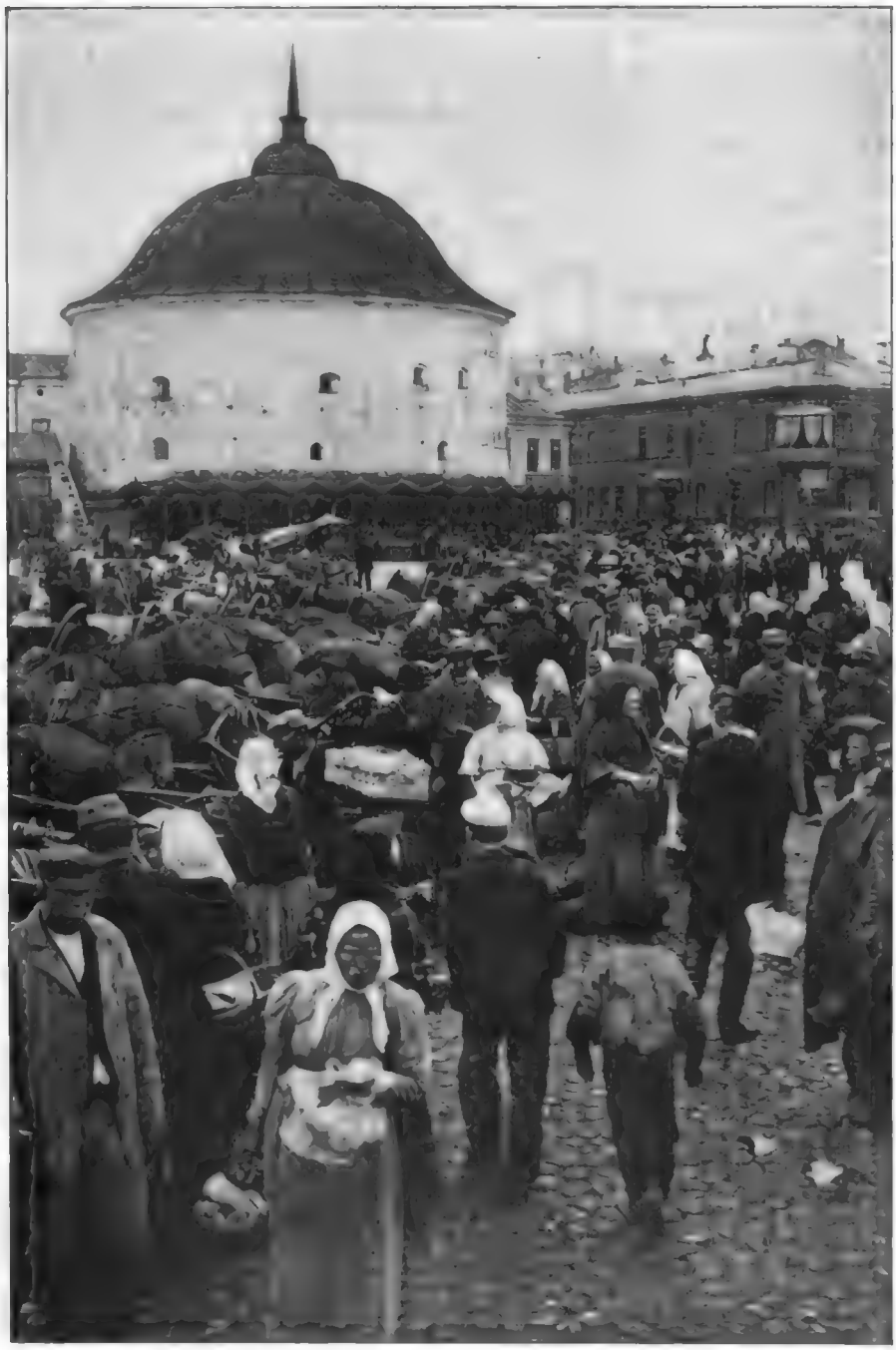

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A MARKET-DAY CROWD OF PEASANTS AT VIBORG.

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RUSSIAN OFFICIALS DISTRIBUTING ALMS TO BEGGARS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

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rightly. Your taxes will all be wasted by these wicked agitators. You will be like young children whose mother is dead. Have you punish them when necessary is gone forever. And so it will be with you when you need us. We will be far off across the sea.

PEASANT LABORERS WITH THEIR OX-TEAMS.

ever seen such sad little children—little orphan girls who have done wrong and then suddenly found there was no longer a wise

"'You cry always for freedom. But where will this wild dream lead you? To the destruction of the honor of your country's Czar,

AN OLD PEASANT AND HIS HOME.

mother to make them stand in the corner and repent? I have seen such children. I have seen them cry as though their hearts would break because the good mother who used to

to the upheaval of all society, to the deadly poisoning of all morals—only to this. I say to the poisoning of morals. Already you become man and wife without a wedding, with-

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out the agreement of Almighty God. What vile wickedness! Aren't you ashamed?

"'And tell me, can you give your little children freedom? No. If you let them run loose they would stay out at night and catch cold; they would fall off a cliff and get killed. No, you must watch them and guide them.

"'Oh, this is bad, Mr. Agitator. This is shameful, Mr. Deputy. This is infamous, Mr. Member of some wild future Parliament!' I could not help growing angry. 'You stay away from church! Do you know what you will get in hell? You will lick red-hot irons—that's what!' Here I quite lost patience. 'But we won't wait for that! No, I say now at once you shall get what you need!' I was so exasperated I could speak no longer. 'Beat the old devil!' I shouted to my Cossacks. 'Beat him! Beat him!' I had no time to wink before half his old hide was ripped open red. 'Now, Cossacks, bring him here!' Even then I was resolved to give him one more chance. I held myself in and spoke again kindly. 'Now, do you understand? I hope you do.'

"'Yes, my sir, I understand,' he gasped. I looked carefully into his old eyes. They flamed like the eyes of a devil. I pretended not to notice this, in order that I might not be obliged to punish him more.

"'Now,' I said, looking up at the crowd and speaking still quietly, 'I hope you all understand that the master punishes the servant only when it is absolutely necessary, only when the servant is obstinate and refuses even to speak out like a man. Remember the words of our father the Czar when he said, "My heart always feels for my children." You must kiss the kind, wise hand even when it punishes you, for this hand of the Czar is always raising you up toward the good heaven of our God. Be faithful and humble. So you will win favor of your masters, and only so can you win the gracious favor of God! There is no power but from God and the Czar! And now, three cheers!' I shouted, waving my cap. 'Three cheers for the Czar!' All my brave Cossacks cheered lustily.

"But the people—those damned stupid sheep, they stood there, not a hand waving, arms lying straight down, and faces like stone. It was too much! In spite of all my kind words! I could not hold in an instant more.

"'Lash all these dogs and cattle,' I shouted. 'You! You dare not to cheer! You dare to use your stupid brains on politics! May your souls be damned a thousand times!' I could speak no longer. I simply went away and left our fellows to give them what they needed.

"So my attempt to be liberal was a failure. What can you ever do with such people? Neither by kind words nor by lashing can you bring them to their senses. All Russia against God and the Czar! A herd of cattle at full speed! And only we Cossacks to stop them!"

Epigrams

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

Hall and hovel are equidistant from the stars.

Courtesy is kingly; but a sycophant is a slave.

The difficulties you conquer will be counted the girth of your greatness.

Cleverness may open the door, but only efficiency can keep the stronghold.

Bank the fires of temper with the ashes of self-control.

Cynicism is the cloak of conceit.

Audacity is the engine of achievement.

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"SAFE!" HE SAYS. "YES—SAFETY!"

Mike Grady's Safety

By WILL E. LEWIS

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

A COUPLE of years ago, I had a baseball team at Cleveland, called the "All-Stars." It was the usual barn-storming outfit, a couple of cast-off major leaguers, a few college boys earning their board through the summer vacation, and the rest star performers from various cross-roads towns, who were willing to work hard all summer for ten a week, so as to go home in the fall and swell around town as "professionals."

We had a fair season. I had made enough to pay the boys, and put a little by besides. We'd played town teams all over the State, and won our share of the games, especially when we had a little coin up on the side.

About the middle of September, we decided it was time to disband. The town teams were about all through for the season, and my college boys were due back for their book-stunts.

I had arranged a final game with a team at Valeria for the last Saturday, but on Wednesday I got a letter canceling the game because of the lateness of the season. I was pretty sore about it, knowing I should have to pay the boys for the week, whether we played or not. So I chased right over to the *Plaindealer* office, and had them put this notice in the sporting columns:

> The All-Stars want game, Cleveland or vicinity, Saturday, this week. Address Grady, care this paper.

Friday morning I got this letter:

> SHADRON, O., September — , 190–
>
> MR. GRADY, "All-Stars."
>
> *Dear Sir:* I notice in the *Plaindealer* that you want a game Saturday. We will play you at Shadron at 2.30 P.M. Will give you half of the gate receipts, and guarantee $25. If you want to come, wire at once, and bring umpire with your team.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> GUSTAVE ADOLPHUS ANDERSON, *Manager*.

I didn't know Gustave Adolphus Anderson, but I wanted a game bad; so, in spite of the small guarantee, I decided to take a

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"AND HE CERTAINLY LOOKED NEW, BRAND-NEW."

chance. But I worried quite a bit over the umpire business. This was the first time I had ever run up against a local manager who wasn't anxious to supply a dozen umpires from town, if any were wanted. I decided that Gustave must be new at the game.

And he certainly looked new, brand-new, when I got off the two-o'clock car at Shadron Saturday, with the team, Sully, the utility, and Connors, whom I brought to umpire. A slim young kid, all glasses and freckles and patent-leather shoes and pink shirt, came out from the crowd. He spotted me right away, because I wasn't in uniform.

"Mister Grady," he says, in a bold, hesitating sort of tone, like one who wants to speak up because the crowd's listening, but who's scared at the sound of his own voice.

"That's me," I replied.

"I'm Gustave Anderson, manager of the Shadron team."

"Glad to meet you," says I, and he led the way to the grounds.

The kid manager made several attempts to start a talk, but was too flustered to get much beyond the weather. Then he happened to notice Biddy Murphy, my catcher, who was walking just in front of us, carrying his mask over his shoulder.

"What did you bring a catching-mask for?" asked Gustave.

Biddy heard him and looked around.

"Ter play marbles wit'—see!" he growled with his chin stuck out, startling the kid so that he shut up tight until we reached the grounds. Then he got nerve enough to ask:

"Did you bring an umpire?"

"Yep," I says. "Mr. Connors over there will officiate."

"I'm glad you brought him," said Gustave. "You'll have no objections to our Mr. Smiley as referee, will you?"

For a moment I didn't know whether the kid was guying me or not. I looked at him hard; he dropped his eyes and blushed.

"Referee?" I asked.

"Yes—Referee—Mr. Smiley—of Sweetwater College, you know."

"What in blazes do you think this is, my boy, a prize-fight?"

Gustave grew paler, but made a big try to put on a bold front.

"I don't think our boys will be rough," he says, "if yours aren't."

I stopped and caught him by the shoulder. "What in Blue Maria are you talking about?"

He squirmed and tried to break away. "Why—" he says, but couldn't get no farther. Just then I heard a thump, and saw a big brown oval go zigzagging into the air. Then something came over me.

"Young man!" I says, real stern, "what do you suppose we came out here to play?"

"Why—football," says he, "of course!"

I threw up my hands. My lips worked hard for about a minute before the words began to come, then I let out a few choice sentiments that brought the "All-Stars" around me on the jump.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"Matter?" says I. "Matter? Nothing at all! This begoggled young specimen of a pink-shirted fudge-eater has got us out here to play football! That's all."

For a minute there was a thick silence. Then the boys all began to talk at once. Some wanted to take the next car back, others insisted on staying and cleaning up the town. Finally young Wally Brown, my college pitcher, spoke up. Wally was the nerviest little player that ever faced a batter. Brown wasn't his right name either. You'd know his real one if I should tell you.

"Say, fellows," he says, "why not play 'em? There's four of us here that have been in the game at college, and three more that have played it on town teams. We can get together and make a showing anyhow. It's too early in the season for them to be much good."

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"I guess we won't," I said.

"Oh, please do, Mr. Grady!" piped up Gustave Adolphus, almost crying. "I don't know what I'll do if you don't play. Just see the crowd! They'll half kill me if there isn't a game."

I looked over at the grand stand, and sized up the crowd. There was about four hundred there already, and more coming. At a quarter per, that meant over fifty dollars for Mike. I turned to the boy.

"Anderson," I says, "you've got us out here on false pretenses. You've insulted the 'All-Stars' by not knowing what game they play, and you've insulted me personally by thinking I'd concern myself with such a willy-boy proposition as football. Under the circumstances, we'll take the next car back."

"Oh, please, Mister Grady! I'll—I'll be—ruined!" sobbed Gussie.

I stopped for a moment, and thought. "Maybe if you'd give me seventy-five per cent. of the receipts I'd consider swallowing my pride, and asking the team to swallow theirs."

"Yes! Yes!" cried the kid. "I'll give you what you want, if you'll only play!"

I'd liked to kick myself for not making it a hundred per cent. I could have got it easy. I turned to the boys:

"Do you want to play 'em?"

Most of them were on their toes to get in the game. Bid Murphy and Wally Brown were the most anxious, and soon had everybody persuaded. Just as they'd all agreed, the kid manager spoke up again:

"How many men have you got?"

"Nine, of course, and the utility makes ten. How many do you need for this fool game?"

"Eleven." Gussie looked glum.

"Ain't you got anybody in town that'll play with us?"

"We got 'em all—I mean—No! There isn't any one but the butcher's boy."

"Well, get him!"

"But he won't play because he's got a boil on the back of his neck."

I groaned. It looked as if I'd have to lose the money anyhow. Then I thought of Connors, who came to umpire.

"Here's Connors. He'll play!"

"Not on your life!" he yelled. "What d'ye take me for!"

Then Wally spoke up and says: "We'd better have Connors umpire anyway, so if any one should be rough, our interests will be looked after."

"Aw!" says Bid, "if they start getting funny, we don't need no one ter look after us."

"That's just it," said Wally. "We can't afford to have a town umpire rule any one of us out of the game."

So Connors had to umpire.

"But who'll play, then?" I asked.

They all stood around and looked at me without saying a word.

"Who'll we get for the eleventh man?" I asked again.

Still they looked at me. Something began to dawn on me.

"You don't think," I says—"you don't imagine for a minute, that I'd—say, Goggles, when does that next car go back?"

Then they all spoke up. "You've got to play, Grady." "Come on, old horse." "Don't be a quitter!" I waved them away.

Then Wally Brown came up close to me, and looking over at the grand stand, says, sort of careless like: "Gee, that's a big crowd! Must be about a hundred and fifty dollars there. And look at 'em come!"

The darned rascal! I looked at the crowd going through the gate, and couldn't think of anything else but my share of the quarters they were laying down.

"All right," I says; "I'll play."

"TER PLAY MARBLES WIT'—SEE!"

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I didn't have any togs with me; not even the baseball uniform which the team wore, and Gustave couldn't rake up anything that would fit me. So the boys made me turn my coat wrong side out, to keep the right side clean, and the buttons from catching. Then they rolled my pants up to the knee, so that I could have free leg action. It was cold that morning when I got up, and I had put on my red flannels for the first time that year, and I must have looked like a red-booted hullabaloo.

We made Wally Brown captain, and he started to place the men. He asked me where I'd like to play. I told him it was so long since I'd played that I'd forgotten the names, and asked him to mention a few.

He started: "Tackle, guard, center."

"Center!" I says. "That's me!" You see, I thought that the center would have nothing to do but stand way out with his hands on his knees like in baseball.

Wally looked me over. "All right," he says. "You're good and heavy, and not too tall."

"HE WON'T PLAY—HE'S GOT A BOIL."

So I went at center. The first thing Wally did, after placing the men, was to learn 'em some sort of signal business with numbers. Says he: "Second digit, first number, gives the play—odd to the right—even to the left, cipher to center, doublets kick. Understand?" I said I didn't quite. He says never mind, it would come to me.

Then we lined up, and they showed me how to shove the ball back between my legs to the fellow they called quarter. He threw it to Wally, or one of the others, and then they all ran together. All I had to do was to throw the ball back, and then stand up and watch the others do the work.

Pretty soon it was time to start the game, and both teams spread out over the field, the Shadron High School team on one side and we on the other. One of the locals gave the ball a kick, and Wally caught it and ran back, and everybody piled on him and brought him down. It was great! I just stood there and watched them and decided that football wasn't such a bad game after all.

In a few seconds they lined up on each side of the ball. I stayed where I was, a hundred feet away from the bunch, with my hands on my knees in correct center-field form. Then Wally stood up and looked around. "Grady!" he yells, "what're you doing there? Come over and play your position."

Then I remembered about passing the ball back and trotted over to the bunch. I thought it was a fool notion, that passing-back business. The quarter could have picked the thing up himself easy enough.

Well, I stood where they told me and squatted over the ball. Then, what do you think—just as the "two-bit" man gives me the high sign to pitch her back, the fellow facing me grabs my back hair and gives me a yank. I wasn't prepared for anything of that kind, so I lost my balance and fell flat on my face. But I threw the blame ball as I went over. I guess it was what we'd call a wild pitch in baseball, because it went about five feet over the catcher's head.

A little duck from the Shadron side jumped on it, and they claimed it was their innings. I put up a holler to Connors, who was umpiring, and he backed me up. Said that there were no outs yet on either side. We started to have a row about it, Connors and me and the referee, with the whole Shadron team shaking their fists in our faces. Wally Brown hushed us up and said it was all right, so we quit. But Connors called time, and went and got his chest-protector and mask, and wore 'em all through the rest of the game,

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in spite of the holler that Wally put up. I guess Connors was wise all right.

On the first play after we lined up again, I laid out to get even. Just as the other center shoved the ball back I grabbed at his hair, and, what do you think, when his dinky cap came off in my hand, he was as bald as a post. on me. I was kicked all the way from my ears to my big toe. After walking around on my stomach for a while, they all fell in a heap on my head and a whistle blew. I picked myself up and leaned against Wally.

"What's the matter?" I asked, sort of dazed.

"BUT THAT BALD MAN—IT WASN'T SPORTSMANLIKE!"

Now, you know Mike Grady isn't any stickler for what they call "Purity in Athletics." He hasn't any use for the gum-shoe man with the double-barreled, smokeless, hair-trigger fountain-pen, who bellyaches in his sporting magazine every time he snoops around and catches a young college sport accepting a meal-ticket for playing summer ball. But it's going pretty darned far when a high-school team, supposed to be made up of students in good standing, plays a man who has no hair to hang on to. There was another schoolboy on the team who was no tender youth. Every time he'd get the ball and run with it, a little kid on the front row of the grand stand would jump up and down and yell: "Papa! Papa!" But that was all right. I've no kick on him. He might be a *bona-fide* student in the law department for all I know. But that bald man—it wasn't sportsmanlike!

I was standing there watching the next play when, all of a sudden, the hairless wonder butts into me and knocks me down. Then everybody on both teams runs up and steps

"Matter?" he calls out. "They just made four yards through you."

"No," I says, "they went *over* me."

"Never mind that," snaps Wally; "buck up and hold your man."

Buck up and hold my man! My Golly! The next play I decided to stand up and see what was doing. I looked around and saw Wally about ten yards back of the bunch, squatting with his hands on his knees and watching us.

"Time!" I yells. "Time!"

They all stopped and the referee blew his whistle. "What's up?" he asks.

I turned to Wally. "What're *you* playing?"

"Never mind! Shut up and play the game!"

"But I will mind!" I yells. "What're you playing?"

"Full-back," he growls.

"That's mine!" I says. "I made a mistake the first time! It's full-back I want to play, not center."

Wally came up, hot as blazes, but calmed

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down and started to argue with me. He told me that the full-back had to work hard when the side was at bat; had to dig holes in the line with his head, and kick curves with the ball. We finally compromised by my playing tackle, and Bid Murphy going to center.

Tackle wasn't very much better. I was standing there watching the first play, and the fellow opposite me steps aside, and some duck from behind comes tearing through with the ball. His head caught me full in the bread-basket, and I was carried back about ten feet. When I got up Wally calls something at me I didn't quite catch.

"What's that?" I asks. "'Lay low,' did you say? Sure—I'm trying to!"

"Play low, I said! Duck 'way down, so they can't shove you back!"

The next time I bent 'way over. When the play started, the other tackle ups and sits on the back of my neck, and then eight or ten of 'em scrambled over me. After that I began to get wise. When I saw the bunch coming my way, I'd step back and give 'em room. Then I'd dance around the edge pulling hair.

On the quiet, that's the way to play foot-ball. Just keep away from the fellow with the ball, when he comes at you, and when the others stop him and commence to pile up and the whistle blows, just lie down on the edge of the heap. Then they'll all pile off, but don't you get up till after everybody else does, and then real slow and painful like, as if your neck was broke. Limp around for a few seconds, and then take your position, dancing up and down and shaking your hair back from your eyes.

The game went on. Neither side did much, because everybody kept muffing the ball. By and by the referee blows his dinky whistle and calls time. We all trot off the field. I asked Wally if that was all.

"No," he said. "Just the first half."

"Did they beat us?" I asked.

"No score either side."

"Say, Wally," I said real low, "tell me one thing. What's the object of this game, anyway?"

He stopped and looked at me. "Don't you know?"

"Nary an idea."

He turned around and pointed to a couple of poles with a cross-piece tied to 'em.

"If we'd got the ball back of that goal, it would have counted five points."

I was mighty glad to know what we were trying to do.

In a few minutes they started again. The second half was about the same as the first; neither side did much. They would go like the dickens for a little while, and then some one would throw wild or muff the ball, and the other side would get it. I played the same wise game, acting busy, but keeping out of it, and pulling all the hair in reach.

"I WAS CARRIED BACK ABOUT TEN FEET."

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"THEN I DANCED AROUND THE EDGE PULLING HAIR."

After quite a spell of this sort of business, just as I was going to lie down on the edge of a play, I noticed the ball come shooting out and bounce twenty feet from the crowd. I remembered what Wally told me, and saw my chance. Quick as a wink I ran and picked it up, and went tearing down the field for the posts Wally had pointed out to me. A big yell went up from the crowd, sudden and sharp, and then died down. Then it broke out again, louder and louder at every step I took. Out of the corner of my eye I could see them pouring out of the grand stand for the side-lines, screaming and throwing up their hats. Then I heard my name called in the midst of the other yelling; first by a few, then by more, until at last everybody was shouting: "Grady! Grady! Grady!"

I tell you it's a fine warm feeling that comes over you when you're doing yourself proud and the crowd starts to yell your name! I felt light and eager; all puffed up over winning the game, just as I used to feel when, ten years back, I'd lined out a homer for the old town team at Coshocton.

My breath began to give out—it was a lot farther than between bases. I cursed my fat and the shortness of my legs. Then I heard foot-beats behind me. That put fresh ginger into me; I forgot my fat and breathlessness—everything but those green posts coming nearer at every jump! I didn't look behind—that would lose time—I simply ran—ran—ran to the limit of my strength.

As I made my spurt the people went wild. They yelled that high, frantic screech that a crowd always let out when it's gone plumb crazy over a game. I could see 'em hugging each other on the edge of the field; jumping on each other's shoulders and turning somersets. Just as I was about fifteen feet from the posts, some fool on the side-lines calls out, loud and clear above the noise of the crowd:

"Slide! Slide!"

I threw myself headlong and slid over the ground to the nearest post. Just as I touched it, I felt a hand on my ankle and knew that the fellow who had been chasing me had caught me, just too late!

I lay there panting, listening to the yells of the crowd. The players came running up with Connors in the lead. The umpire was patting the air down with outstretched hand and yelling: "Safe! Runner's Safe!"

Then the fellow who had caught my ankle dragged himself to his feet.

"Safe?" he says. "Yes—Safety!"

I raised my head and looked at him. It was Wally Brown.

"What'd you say?" I panted. I was surprised. His tone showed clearly that he didn't appreciate my great play.

He wouldn't answer me, just walked away with his head down on his chest. He looked all broke up. I turned to the others.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't my run count?"

"Yer bet it does!" said Bid. "Two points for de udder side! Yer ran de wrong way, see?"

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Jimmy Jester

By ELEANOR A. HALLOWELL

Illustrations by Fred Richardson

YOU may criticize Jimmy Jester all you want to and call him names according to your caste and kind, but you ought not to overlook the big extenuating circumstance that he was the only nephew of his aunt.

Take such a youngster as Jimmy Jester must have been, all racket and rumpus and rah-rahs, bring him up in a lap of luxury so large that forty youngsters couldn't have wriggled out of it—tons of candy, seas of soda, whole tin factories running to keep him in soldiers—everything on that scale; and then suddenly at twenty-one snatch it all away from him!

'Way up to the very tick of twenty-one that aunt devoted all her millions to making the boy riotously happy. Then in a flash, just as he was glorying in his years and puffing out his chest and wondering what to do next, the old lady sourly decided that he was getting altogether too much pleasure out of existence. But instead of telling him frankly what she thought of him, what did she do but go off on the sly and make a new will. That was bad enough, but might have been atoned for later, if she hadn't proceeded almost immediately to die in an apoplectic ecstasy of self-righteousness. She was a tricky old aunt.

Now no one pretends for a second that Jimmy Jester was a saint at twenty-one. He was overflowing with animal spirits, and people overflowing with animal spirits are scarcely more accountable than people overflowing with any other kind. He wasn't at all eligible for the superintendency of a Sunday-school, or the chaperonage of a young ladies' seminary, but the fact remains that a really tactful aunt might have made a very good bad-boy out of him. Instead of that, she foolishly tried to force him into being an exceedingly bad good-boy.

The aunt's biggest mistake was in assailing Jmmy's character. Good heavens! Jimmy was only traveling at twenty-one. Character, like home, is the place a fellow comes back to. Is a man a Frenchman because he's been to Paris? Or a Chinaman because he patronizes a laundry? Or a cannibal because he knows the taste of blood? Bah! But the aunt persisted nevertheless in practically disinheriting him, and claimed exemption on the boast that she'd *always* done what *she* thought was best. A mighty poor boast, by the way, for any one.

But Jimmy Jester, all in ignorance of his aunt's perfidy, went into blackest mourning for a whole week after her death, and moped around the gorgeously bright house looking for all the world as incongruous as an undertaker at a picnic. He hadn't smiled for seven long days when the lawyer came to him in the smoking-room and calmly announced the fearful news concerning the future.

You don't for a second think that Jimmy Jester winced or whimpered or crossed his fingers or shirked the game in any possible way? Not much! He just stopped rolling cigarettes and gave a grinny little gasp.

"You mean," he questfoned, "you mean that my aunt has left me nothing in the world except this hundred-dollar bill which you have just handed me, and the life-use of a single room in the poorest office building she owned in New York?"

"Yes," admitted the lawyer, "that's just what I mean, with the one redeeming feature that when you are thirty years old the estate will have a slightly more interesting statement to make to you——"

The lawyer looked as though he would like to tell more but was choked by his professionalism.

"O—h!" exclaimed Jimmy, "I see! It is to be a long reforming famine between two feasts—" and he put back his head and laughed and laughed and laughed, and there were lips in the laugh, and teeth, and the tip of a tongue—but none of the real ingredients of amusement.

Then—the lawyer didn't tell this to every one—Jimmy Jester proceeded very quietly

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to take off his black clothes. One by one he stripped them from him—his coat, his vest, his tie, his trousers, folded them neatly in a somber pile on the couch, and continued the interview in his cheerful white underclothes.

You see the news was so sudden that he didn't really have time to work up a great solemn anger. He got no immediate sensation at all except a quiver of petulant outrage, chagrin, discomfort, absurdity—such as you feel, for instance, when your own dog bites you.

These incidents are not particularly noteworthy except as they show you the horrid impetus with which the boy was hurled into a life of absolutely inexperienced poverty. Every possible comfort and luxury was snatched away from him and nothing left at all but that miserly bill and the dingy room in New York. He took the room because he simply had to have a roof, and he took the bill because in all reason he couldn't stop spending at such short notice—but he spent it for every paltry thing he could think of that his aunt especially despised—jar after jar of quince preserves, and edition after edition of Byron's poems, and two plush rocking-chairs that made even himself sick to sit in—and sent them all over to New York.

He hadn't a thing to keep house with except a cot bed and the quince preserves and the two rockers; and that room of his—the dingiest ark of a fifth-story room that you ever dreamed of—was a mile square if it was an inch.

Worn with two weeks' stress of recklessness and worry, he sat there one night poking viciously at the dying fire and wondering what the future could possibly hold that was worse than the present. There is no telling just what would have happened eventually to Jimmy Jester if something rather droll hadn't occurred just then.

Into the surly atmosphere of his room, without the preliminary courtesy of a knock, walked suddenly a little girl decked out in a most absurdly shabby satin gown with a shimmery tail as long as a crocodile. In one small hand she clutched the front of her skirt and in the other she dragged a faded doll and a battered doll's bedstead.

"Well, *who* are you?" exclaimed Jimmy Jester.

"I'm Posie-dear," said the little girl.

"Now that's all very intimate and pleasant," Jimmy grinned, "but what do strangers call you?"

"Why—*Miss* Posie-dear, of course," said the child gravely.

"O—h!" laughed Jimmy Jester. "But what do you want?"

"Nothing," said his visitor, settling herself comfortably on the foot of his bed.

"Well, but why did you come up here?" prodded Jimmy a trifle impatiently.

"Because you're the only other child in the building," she asserted, perplexed at his dulness.

"The only other *child?*" shouted Jimmy. "Well, I like that," and he walked over to the glass and inspected his wan face rather skeptically.

When he turned round again, the child was poking at the fire.

"It's cold in here," she shivered. "Get some more wood."

"Great Scott!" cried Jimmy, "do you take this for a lumber camp? Do I look as though I had wood or anything else 'to burn'? That stick has got to last me for nine years. Meanwhile I'm freezing to death."

"Freezing to death?" quizzed the little girl. Then very solemnly and deliberately she took her doll's bedstead, broke it across her knee, and threw in on the fire, where it blazed up brightly with a pungent smell of varnish.

Jimmy drew a quick breath of surprise. "Aren't you rather extravagant?"

"But I like you 'stravagantly," she confessed, and calmly proceeded to climb up in his lap.

"Oh, very well," laughed Jimmy Jester, "if you *insist*—only"—as he shifted his knees into the semblance of a chair—"only—you are an extraordinarily pretty little girl, and I am going to live in this building for nine years—and it seems to me rather like establishing a dangerous precedent—however," and he pinched her ear excruciatingly, "no matter what happens you won't ever forget that you began it, will you?"

But the little girl made no answer except to fumble desperately in the blouse of her gown, from which she finally tugged forth a small red stocking knotted just above the ankle. It jingled pleasantly to the ear as she forced it into Jimmy's astonished hand.

"Here's a whole dollar you can have," she stammered tremulously. "Mother says you're awful poor—but course she doesn't know I brought you this. It's all my secret forever."

How do you think Jimmy Jester felt then?

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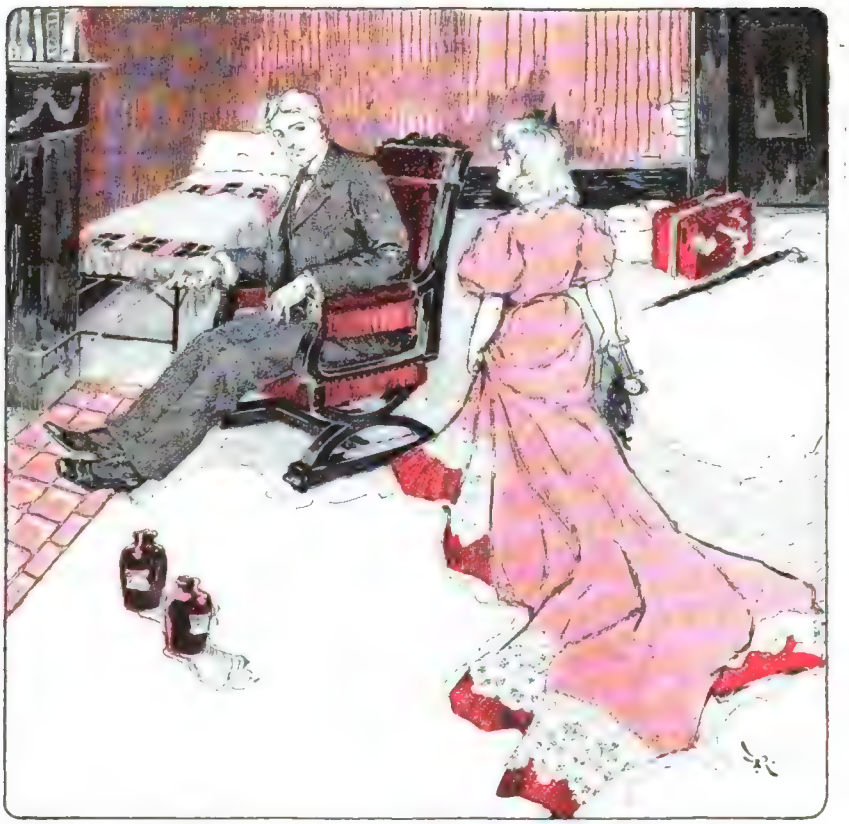

"I'M POSIE-DEAR," SAID THE LITTLE GIRL.

He jumped up so quickly that the little girl fell with a whack to the floor.

"When did you ever see me before?" he cried out.

"Twice on the stairs you stepped on me," said the youngster, "and once you smiled at me through the shop window, and once you kicked my kitty off the curbstone."

"Well, I'll be darned," quoth Jimmy Jester. Then because the dollar was nothing more than a quaint token to him, he accepted the whole gift casually, and tucked it away in his pocket as he took the child again in his arms; but she, poor thing, began to sob softly to herself as everybody feels like doing with the pent-up emotion of even a very willing sacrifice.

"I *am* pretty poor," Jimmy finally volunteered, "and I'm going to be lots poorer before I'm any richer. In fact I've got to sit down for nine long years and fold my hands and feet and wait for my fortune. But when I get that fortune, little girl, I won't forget *you*. What are you crying about?"

"Nothing," said the little girl.

"Great heavens, then!" cried Jimmy, jumping up with a glance at the clock, "in five minutes I'm expecting some men here and you must scoot, or they might get an erroneous impression of kindergarten principles; but—" He paused a minute and crinkled up his forehead, while the absurd little satin girl lingered on the threshold.

"Posie-dear," said Jimmy Jester, "we haven't known each other more than a few moments, but I like you very much, and"—jingling the little red stocking in his hand—"I don't quite see how I can go absolutely broke body or soul as long as I have *you*."

That was the beginning of Jimmy Jester *and* Posie-dear. It was quite a partnership.

Indeed Jimmy Jester needed every friend he could get, but he didn't get very many. Lots of people will cleave to you through thick and thin, trusting to the general average, but Jimmy's fortunes assumed such alarming proportions of permanent thinness that he was

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POSIE IN A MARVELOUS CONCOCTION OF FANTASY AND FACT.

driven of necessity to seek new haunts and acquaintances. He was a proud youngster as well as a fiendishly balky one. A few of his rich friends offered him profitable work, but his spiritual ears fell back flat on his head at the very thought.

"Moreover," said Jimmy Jester, and he said it very hard, "moreover, if my fortune is to be put away for nine years at compound interest, I will put away my extravagance for nine years, likewise, at compound interest, and when my thirtieth birthday comes I'll take that compound fortune and that compound extravagance and have the compoundedest big blowout that this world ever saw."

Of course Jimmy Jester had to live for nine years and he had to have money in order to live, but it must be confessed that he made money much oftener than he earned it. There was no faintest trace of faithful work-horse quality about him, but he did possess a certain flashing talent for adventure that made him always seem like a winner rather than an earner. You couldn't exactly call him a "ne'er-do-well," but he was surely a "ne'er-do-much-for-very-long."

You see, he hadn't an object in life except to kill time till his thirtieth birthday. He played at soldiering. He played at newspaper work. He bound himself out as companion to a semi-insane millionaire. He risked his blond head in desperate efforts to force patent medicines on the unwilling heathen. He did any kind of paying stunt, in fact, that could be done with a grin and was worth telling about afterward. And once in just about so often he turned up in New York with a fast flattening pocketbook, and one or two trunks full of more or less valuable souvenirs.

His room became a rendezvous for his Bohemian friends on these occasions of his return, and by the second day after his arrival all the fellows in the crowd knew of the event and rallied around and fought for seats in the plush rockers, sampled the Byron, scoffed at the stale preserves, cursed the heat or the cold according to season, and reveled in Jimmy's new stories, treasures, and

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HE WAS APT TO SNATCH POSIE-DEAR AND DANCE AROUND WITH HER.

refreshments till dawn and Jimmy were equally "broke."

The room was, of course, the only place in the whole wide world that Jimmy Jester really possessed, yet neither himself nor any of his chums ever dignified the apartment by calling it "home." Two or three of his mathematical friends called it "Jimmy's Eighths," as being a more ironical name than "quarters." One much betraveled acquaintance always referred to it as the "Arizona Desert," not so much for its size as its dust. But high or low, east or west, everybody knew what you meant if you simply said "The Dump." Navajo blankets and rusty old bowie-knives, Labrador pottery and South American mattings, cowboy's sombreros and Chinese embroideries rioted together in appalling confusion.

Posie-dear thought it was the most wonderful room that ever existed. To her mind it was full of tangible tokens of things that couldn't possibly be true. She was a fanciful youngster.

Posie's father and mother kept a dingy little shop of theatrical supplies, and Posie herself, as time went on, sewed and served in an alluring atmosphere of pompadour curls, gay satin petticoats, and general Oriental gorgeousness. As she grew older, Jimmy Jester gave her the keys to his room, so that at the first telegraphic inkling of his return she could scurry up and light the fire or open the windows and give a certain semblance of homecoming to the event. At these times Posie thought it was the lark-of-the-world to filch some splendid costume from her father's stock, and appear in Jimmy's room in a marvelous concoction of fantasy and fact. Jimmy never knew when he returned from a two or six or twelve months' absence whether he would find his room possessed by a proud and distant Colonial dame in bulky satins and great snowy pompadour, or a slim little silken page with a delicious tendency toward humility and blushes, and a cozy head that burrowed in his shoulder. He always asserted,

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"JIMMY JESTER, JIMMY JESTER—I *LOVE* YOU!"

however, that he couldn't speak a civil word to any one in New York until after he had kissed Posie-dear, which accounts perhaps for the fact that none of the fellows ever saw him until the second day of his return.

When he had money, he brought her wonderful presents; and when he didn't have any, as happened uncomfortably often, he made her write out whatever she wanted most in the world, and they tucked the slip of paper into the little red-stocking-bank, with its dollar's worth of jingling silver, and saved it to be cashed on the "thirtieth birthday."

That "thirtieth birthday" became more and more the goal of conversation. As time went on, Jimmy Jester almost forgave the past and forgot the present, so eager was he concerning the future. He made Posie's eyes stick out of her head with tales of houses and horses and automobiles, yachts and bungalows, travels and triumphs. And when he was through talking he was apt, just as likely as not, to snatch Posie-dear right up in his arms and dance around with her like a crazy person.

"And I won't forget *y-o-u*, Little Chum," he used to swear, "I won't forget *y-o-u*."

Of course in nine years some slight tinges of formality crept into their friendship, but Posie-dear hadn't retreated much farther than the arm of the chair when she was eighteen and Jimmy Jester was almost thirty.

Jimmy Jester was old at thirty—haggard and worn with uncertain living—but Posie at eighteen was in the full bloom of the making.

Posie was a darling, fine and fair—the only really lovely thing in her somewhat shoddy surroundings. Moreover she was made in just the proportions that women were originally intended to be—one-third beauty, one-third mischief, one-third shyness. She wasn't clever or shrewd or anything tiresome of that sort. She hadn't a single talent in the world except the one supreme talent of being lovable. There wasn't one single trait about

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Posie that didn't make you think of just herself. It's a great gift!

You wouldn't understand how Jimmy Jester ever left her at all, he was so fond of her when he was with her. But as I said before, Jimmy Jester was very busy trying to *kill time*. Why, when he got to be twenty-nine he thought he'd die because he had to wait a whole year longer, and in his restlessness he galloped off to Africa and was gone fifty weeks collecting freak animals for some fool circus. Nice occupation for the heir to the fifth biggest fortune in the country.

But when he got back at last, and found the long official envelope from his lawyer already awaiting him, do you know that that crazy fellow refused to open it until his thirtieth birthday actually arrived? With his own hands he took it and put it up in plain sight on the mantelpiece where all the fellows could see it and revile him for his balkiness, and for two whole weeks he sat and gazed at it while he smoked, or else, with the vision of it bright in his mind, went rollicking up and down the stairs singing like a schoolboy.

Of course Posie was wild with excitement over Jimmy's fortune and future, but to save her life she couldn't help feeling a little wistful and scary concerning her own. She wasn't very worldly-wise, but she knew that Jimmy's enormous property and splurging social possibilities would probably bring her fairy story to the very unwonted end of *un*-happy ever after. Yet being of womankind, with a great loving curiosity forever unsatisfied, she wanted to see the end, whatever it was, with her own eyes; so she clapped her little hands with ecstatic delight when Jimmy Jester came down-stairs to the shop on the morning of his birthday and declared that she and none other should be with him when he got his good news.

"We will have the finest banquet to-night you ever dreamed of, Posie-dear," said Jimmy, "with a gold-embroidered table-cloth from Syria, and two Dresden plates and one cup from Napoleon's own dinner service, and a knife or fork or spoon from every State in the Union, and things to eat and drink that would make a king feel humble, and—fun—Oh, Posie-dear!— And you shall come stealing in at seven o'clock in a spangly gown all black and silver, with a red rose over one ear, and shimmery black silk feet to dance with, and——"

But Posie flew off in the middle of it to get ready for the extraordinary, eventful evening. Only instead of a spangly gown all black and silver, she finally hunted out toward night a prim little Puritan costume, gray and soft, like a dove, with a white mull kerchief that folded peacefully over her breast, and little, soft, pliant gray shoes that a man could take very pleasantly in his two hands. And she parted her bright hair sternly in the middle and tried to brush it down so smooth that it wouldn't tickle her ears.

"I don't want to look too nice," she reasoned quiveringly. "I don't want Jimmy Jester to do anything impulsive to-night that's against his better judgment."

But just to look nice *enough* she ran back at the last and stuck a great full-blown pink rose into her kerchief, where it made the sweetest sort of pink shadow against her throat. Then she donned a spunky little white muslin cap, and, dodging her mother as best she could, ran up the barren, creaking stairs to play with Jimmy Jester.

Jimmy was lighting the banquet candles when she arrived. There were two of them—one was in an empty beer bottle, the other in an exquisite silver stick from a Spanish convent. Jimmy's hand was fairly steady, but five matches went out in quick succession as Posie threw off her disguising cloak and stood up white-capped and demure to be kissed.

"I think," said Jimmy, when the kissing was quite done and the candles still unlighted, "I think that every man I know has been in this evening to help me celebrate, noticed the supper-table, said how glad he was to find something doing, settled himself down for a comfortable feed, and then, having suddenly discovered that there were flower-decorations and other girl-signs, bolted for the door with perspiring apologies. But lest any others should make the same original blunder, I'm going to put a sign on the door."

So he straightway proceeded to chalk in large letters a statement which read: "My Sunday-school Teacher Has Just Arrived. Please go away very softly." Then he took little Posie and rumpled her hair a great deal more than was necessary, till she looked like nine-eighths Posie, and no part Puritan at all.

Then, and only then, with the candles lighted, the supper served, and Posie-dear flushing and blushing with excitement, in her plush rocking-chair, did he go and get the long official envelope from the mantelpiece. He held it for a moment and flapped it noisily against his fingers—and then—

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dropped it down into the heart of the huge pink-rose bouquet that garnished the table.

"We'll read it for dessert," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

Then he rummaged in his bureau for the little red-stocking-bank, and brought it over to the table and turned its paper memorandums flutteringly out on the cloth.

"Now, at last, we're ready to eat," said Jimmy Jester, with a prodigiously happy sigh.

It was a fine supper, marvelously served in silver and china souvenirs from all over the world, and as far as food went—you can well imagine that Jimmy was a great cook. But the big room was fearfully like a cavern where bears might lurk, with just two little candles to light it, and the hearth-fire going out as fast as it could because no one would stop to poke it, so Posie-dear had to go round pretty often to sit on the arm of Jimmy Jester's chair for comfort, and they put their heads together and sorted out the paper memorandums of Posie's desires.

"Here's 'a doll,'" said Jimmy Jester, stooping low over the blurred pencil scrawl. "Well, that's nonsense now," and he held the little paper to the end of his cigarette and giggled when it curled and scorched his fingers. "Here's 'a pony.' You shall have a Kentucky saddle-horse. Here's 'a blue silk dress.' You shall have *ten*. Here's 'an Indian wigwam'—why, Posie-dear, you shall have a *house!* Oh, *Posie-dear*—" and he swept the scraps of paper out of his way and jumped up, gave a regular war-whoop, and ran around the room.

"Let's open the long envelope, *now*," whispered Posie, her little body quivering with excitement and half-happy fright.

"No," said Jimmy Jester, "not till dessert."

But even when dessert came and the ice-cream hearts were melting on the plates, he went and got his banjo and persisted in drawling out a dozen foolish little songs about sweethearts and things, and half the songs in foreign languages too.

Why, all of a sudden—just the teasing suspense of it—Posie was in tears, catching her breath on a cruel sob, and Jimmy Jester's face went in a flash very serious and white, and he jumped up and gathered her into his arms, snatched at the long envelope, tipped over the roses, tore open the letter, and held it out for her to read. But Posie's eyes were too full of tears, so after all Jimmy Jester had to tackle his news alone.

Posie could feel his big heart thumping as he read. Then suddenly that heart seemed to reverse like an engine and plunge and whir and stop altogether, and he turned on her very queerly, and buried his face on her shoulder, and began to chuckle mawkishly like a lunatic, till Posie struggled free and pounded him furiously with her little fists.

But when she saw his face, she stopped pounding and clutched the letter out of his hand and read it over twice to herself. The first time she got no meaning whatsoever. The second time each word burned like a brand. This was what it said:

MR. JAMES JESTER.

Dear Sir: As the surviving partner of the firm of Blank & Blank, I have the duty of informing you that by the codicil of your late aunt's will, her entire estate goes now to the endowment of a home in India for indigent women and children to be known as the James Jester Asylum for Widows and Orphans.

In case you should care to visit this asylum during the first year of its incorporation, the estate provides a sum of five hundred dollars to further said desire, and a subsequent annuity of that sum for the remainder of your life.

I should be pleased to consult with you at your earliest convenience concerning the matter, and beg to remain,

Yours, etc.

With an awful gasp for breath Posie looked at Jimmy Jester, and Jimmy stopped chuckling as abruptly as though he had run into a barbed wire fence and found blood in his eyes. His face was old and drawn, but he drew his lips into a veritable skull's grin and faced Posie squarely.

For a second the old spunky humor flickered in his eyes. "You won't get even a second-hand china doll out of the little red stocking." His throat caught, but he plunged on: "I'd rather have a corset named after me—than an orphan asylum——"

Then his heart broke, and he dropped his head on the table, right down among the dishes and the wet cloth and the spilled roses, and cried like a child—cried as he had never cried since the doctor slapped him into breath at his birth.

And Posie slid out of his arms and snatched at the roses and rushed over to the mirror with her cheeks flaming.

"A woman *can't* look 'too pretty' *enough!*" she panted as she stuck the roses frantically in her hair, in her belt, in the soft white mull of her kerchief. Then she ran back to Jimmy Jester and knelt down beside him and took his hands tight in her own.

"Jimmy Jester," she whispered, right there on her knees, "Jimmy Jester—I love you."

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"I can't help it," said Jimmy Jester.

"Jimmy Jester," she whispered again, "Jimmy Jester—I *love* you!"

"I don't care," said Jimmy Jester.

Then Posie took her little right hand that had never been harsh before to anything in its life, and she struck Jimmy Jester a stinging blow across his half-buried face, so that he jumped to his feet as if he had been shot, and pulled her with him, gripping her hands like a vise. And Posie stood and faced him and laughed.

"Jimmy Jester," she whispered, and her breath came sharp and short, "Jimmy Jester, a lady is telling you that she loves you. Is it good to say that you 'can't help it,' when you *taught* her? Is it good to say that you 'don't care,' when it is—I? Look at me!"

And as Jimmy Jester looked through his dazed and bloodshot eyes, he saw a young girl flame into a woman, like the miracle of the water and the wine, and she seemed to him like a vision on the edge of a very deep blackness. Flushed, trembling, exultant, all pink and sweet with blushes and rose-leaves, she stood before him—all woman and all love. And her little hands lay without a struggle or protest in the cruel grasp which he could not seem to relax.

"I have wrecked my life," said Jimmy Jester. "I have wasted my years. I have played the immortal fool. It is cheaper now to die."

"It is dearer to live," said Posie.

"I have no fortune," said Jimmy Jester.

"*I* am your fortune," said Posie.

"I have never really earned anything in all my life," said Jimmy Jester.

"You have earned my love," said Posie. "Do you call that nothing?"

"What do you mean?" said Jimmy Jester wearily, releasing her hands at last and sinking back into his place at the table.

Posie knelt down again beside him. "What do I mean?" she whispered with her eyes like stars. "I mean that you took me when I was a little child and taught me everything gentle that I know. I mean that you have taught me everything that I know about friendship and comradeship and trust. Jimmy Jester"—and she was all pleading child again—"Jimmy Jester—I'd like to go to India with you."

"On five hundred dollars?" quizzed Jimmy grimly.

"On five hundred cents," said Posie, rubbing her cheek against his hand.

"We'll *never* go to India!" Jimmy Jester hurled the words out like a curse, then bit his lips and almost smiled. "We'd make a nice pair," he continued, "out at the elbow, down at the heels, faint with hunger, dying with thirst. Oh, we'd make a fine pair to inspect a gold-lined, marble-tiled, silver-trimmed orphan asylum, with the officials kowtowing to us one second and the next complaining that they hadn't quite money enough to put diamond buttons on the children's petticoats."

"We could play I was your sister," murmured Posie irrelevantly.

"Sister?" cried Jimmy Jester. "*Sister?*" He swallowed the word as though it were starch, and straightened up and grabbed Posie by the shoulders and shook her quite ferociously. "Great Scott! Do you think in my circumstances that I could afford to travel with a *sister* and double all my expenses? If it was a *wife*—now—? Why, with a wife, you know, one order of anything will do for two!"

"O—h!" said Posie-dear.

"Oh yourself!" said Jimmy Jester.

Then Posie, with no reason whatsoever, jumped up in a panic, and snatched her cloak and fled precipitously out of the room and down the creaky, barren stairs to her home.

And Jimmy Jester's eyes fell on the little red stocking with its humpy foot of dimes and nickels and pennies.

"It would be funny," he thought, "to use that particular dollar for a marriage license."

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THE PLAYERS

MRS FISKE.
AS
LEAH KLESCHNA

IT would seem that frivolity and satire, with occasional opportunity for relaxation in a classic, are to amble along in cheerful harmony in the dramatic season that is now fairly under way. Nonsense shows pursued their usual jingly, active way through the hot summer, and the success of two that defied extremely high temperatures in New York exemplifies the uncertainty of public taste. Visitors to the metropolis are the chief supporters of the summer theater, for the resident prefers roof-gardens or beaches.

The run of "Fantana" has been astonishing. It is true that Jefferson De Angelis, who has been on the stage since he was a baby, is one of the genuinely funny men of the stage, a real low comedian, a trifle too low for delicately refined souls to appreciate perhaps, while

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FRANK DANIELS MAKING FACES.

Katie Barry, his co-star, is one of the drollest human beings that ever stood before the footlights. And Julia Sanderson, now the prima donna, is one of the prettiest girls whose beauty ever lifted her out of the chorus. But the musical comedy itself is a flimsy, conventional affair. It was brought into New York with the hope that it might run a month or so. At the end of its first week it looked very much as if it would fail. But active tinkering with lines, the infusion of new songs that struck popular fancy, and a quickening of the action turned the tide, and it has swept along triumphantly until, at this writing, it is approaching its three hundredth performance in New York, with the end not yet in sight.

"The Rollicking Girl" is another show without substance or form which has had a really big success. Produced at the beginning of the summer, it romped along gladsomely and promises to last until the holidays. And this success is all the stranger in view of the fact that the comedy is a revamped version of "The Dangerous Maid," a failure of several years ago. It was rewritten to please Sam Bernard, who had longed to play the chief comedy rôle ever since he saw the original production. It is a typical Sam Bernard part, from the make-up—variegated clothing, blond wig with a big curl on top, expression of inspired idiocy—to the dialect, a pulverizing of English and German such as no human being save Bernard ever spoke. Some German dialect fun-makers play with English as a cat does with a mouse, delicately, gracefully, artistically; others smash sentences in sledge-hammer style and hastily gather the remains. Sam Bernard feeds eccentricities into a verbal quartz-mill, grinding them so fine as to obscure the original components, and then dusts stage and audience with a prodigality that smothers intelligent consideration but provokes roars of laughter. The part of the Viennese wig-maker in "The Rollicking Girl" is not nearly so clever nor so interesting a character study as *Hoggenheimer* in "The Girl from Kay's," a rôle in which the comedian was almost human; but I fancy that his thousands of admirers—few players have so large a personal following—prefer him as he is in "The Rollicking Girl"; that is, as Sam Bernard.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

MARIE DORO, WHO WILL PLAY THE TITLE-RÔLE IN WILLIAM GILLETTE'S NEW PLAY.

He has the assistance of a large and admirable company, including Hattie Williams, who has humor, keen intelligence, and a suggestion of careless irresponsibility that laughs at the finer things and makes her audiences

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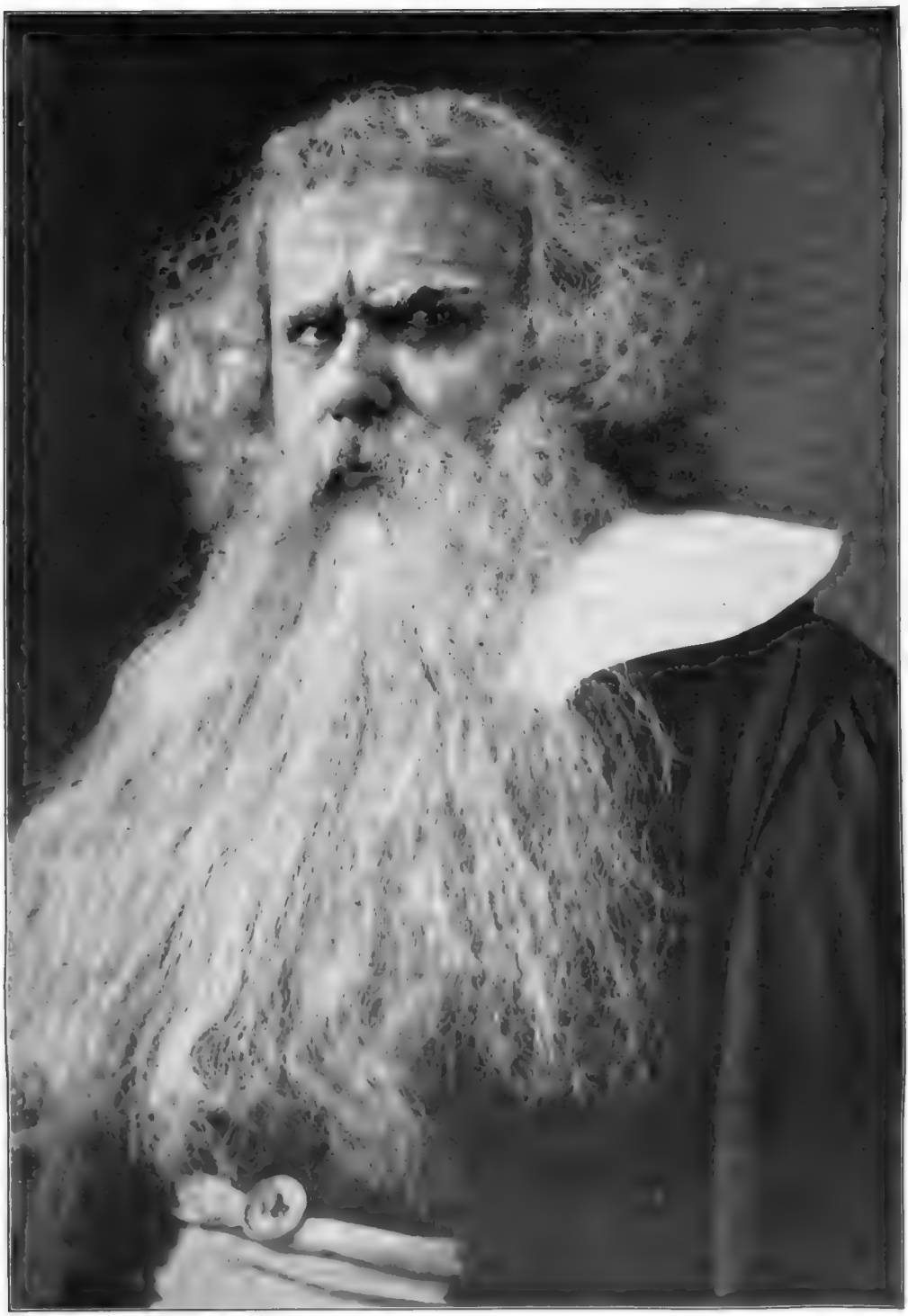

Photograph by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

CHARLES B. HANFORD AS *SHYLOCK.*

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W. H. CRANE'S FIRST READING OF HIS NEW PLAY, "AN AMERICAN LORD," ON BOARD THE S.S. *REPUBLIC*.

laugh with her. She has a delicious topical song, "Friends that are Good and True," of substance so elastic that she has sung nearly a hundred different verses of it. Joseph Coyne forgets his everlasting drawl and butler-imitation of an English "Johnny" long enough to show that he really has comedy skill, but his lapses into sane art are short and few. Yet none has received greater favor than Aimée Angelis, beauty and dancer, whose skill is not all in her twinkling toes.

Were it not for Frank Daniels and interpolated songs and scenes, "Sergeant Brue" would, I fear, be hopelessly dull to American audiences, for we are not sufficiently familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the London police system in general and the "bobby" in particular to grasp the humor in the situations. But for most people it is enough to have Frank Daniels on the stage. If he hasn't been provided with funny sayings he can originate them; if there is no humor in a song, he will inject it; if he has neither words to speak nor ditties to warble, he can wigwag those eloquent eyebrows of his and the message of fun is as easily understood as an articulate one. Mr. Daniels is pretty much the same in everything he does, and yet his marvelous expression, his grotesque gestures, his droll speech always have the freshness of spontaneity to me. There are enough clever people in the company to give Mr. Daniels a little rest and time to change costumes during the performance, and very likely the farce could have continued prosperously straight through the summer

Photograph by Miner, New York.

ELFIE FAY, WHO IS STARRING IN "THE BELLE OF AVENUE A."

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From a drawing in color by J. N. Marchand.

W. S. HART AS *CASH JENKINS* IN "THE SQUAW MAN."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

RAYMOND CHASE AS *BUB HICKS*, THE FRESHMAN, IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

had not the star elected to rest during July. Blanche Ring, that charming actress who always seems to be bubbling over with fun on the stage and who really can sing, plays *Lady Bickenhall*. This is the first time she has been seen on Broadway, except in vaudeville, since the failure of "The Jersey Lily," in which she started the popularity of "Bedelia." In "Sergeant Brue" Miss Ring has a ballad, "Dearie," by Claire Kummer, who wrote "Egypt," and the words are astonishingly near poetry.

Modern writers of lyrics often manifest a crisp, sententious humor in writing lines for comic songs, but when they attempt the sentimental the result is a sticky "goo" that only the melody makes palatable. Of course Harry B. Smith isn't of this school. As a writer of lyrics there isn't any one in this country who compares with him. He has turned out thousands of them and apparently without the slightest effort. He seems to have a largesse of ideas that grows when fed upon, and lines flow from him so easily and so correctly that he will write a song, and a very good one, too, on a typewriter while a manager waits. He has said that in starting to write a song he never yet has had to stop and think. I once knew a man who was formerly a "human pincushion" in a dime museum, and I asked him one day how he did it.

"I'll tell you," he said, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper; "it's a gift."

Mr. Smith certainly has a gift and it has made him rich.

There is promise of more musical productions, and of more elaborate ones, than were heard last season. While initial cost and running expenses of this form of show are greater than those of dramatic presentations, there is really less risk. Producers can more accurately gage what will attract people, and there are able tinkers and song-writers who can whip a show of this character into a form that will enable it to pay its way in New York for a few weeks. In addition there is the resource of introducing a fun-maker with specialties and a large following, and with this prestige the production is pretty sure to pay on the road. When a musical comedy is

Photograph by Savony, New York.

PAUL GILMORE IN THE NAME-PART OF "CAPTAIN DEBONNAIRE."

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

JULIA SANDERSON AS *FANNY EVERETT* IN "FANTANA."

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MILDRED HOLLAND AS *OCHIPPEE* IN THE JAPANESE PLAY, "LOTUS BLOSSOM."

once established, it is reasonably certain to bring in a large income for years.

So far as plays are concerned, the paradoxical George Bernard Shaw, most brilliant and caustic of satirists as well as most fascinating of egoists, promises to eclipse even the prolific Clyde Fitch and the hard-working, clever Augustus Thomas. Mr. Shaw's proud boast that no manager would produce his plays because they are too good stood as simple truth for many years. The punishment that usually overcomes truth-tellers now oppresses him, for his comedies promise to become epidemic and Shaw has become a fad—that is to say, commonplace—and according to his postulate, that is the most horrible fate that could assail him.

Arnold Daly is chiefly responsible for it. Those experimental matinées of "Candida" are having a far-reaching effect. They lifted the young actor into a commanding place, giving him much money and a large fame, a triumph deserved by his skill as a player, his insight into public taste, and his pluck, which was proof against all the croaking of constituted authorities. His success in "The Man of Destiny" and "How He Lied to Her Husband" was scarcely less, and then came the little comedy "You Never Can Tell," which won greater success than the other productions. Mr. Daly will reappear in these now familiar rôles while he is preparing "John Bull's Other Island," Mr. Shaw's latest comedy. It is said that Mr. Daly is bent upon producing "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and if he does it is likely to make something of a row, for the real profession of the lady was that which Kipling has called "the oldest in the world." It is said that Mr. Shaw advised against producing the comedy, but in case Mr. Daly should see fit to attempt it, insisted that it be played as it was written, without the elimination of a single line.

Ada Rehan has forsaken classical comedy to enroll in the Shaw cult. She is starring in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and it should be a delight to hear her repeat the

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, WHO IS STARRING IN THE ONE-ACT PLAY, "PANTALOON."

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satirist's brilliant lines. So strongly has managerial sentiment set in favor of Shaw that even "Man and Superman," which was published last year, is to be produced, although it contains extraordinarily difficult obstacles. Those who have read the comedy know that Mr. Shaw has set about rehabilitating the character of the wicked *Don Juan* by proving, in his cheerful, satiric fashion that instead of being a careless, heartless betrayer of women, *Don Juan* was really a victim of their wiles. Robert Lorraine is the star of "Man and Superman," and why that beautiful matinée idol should desire to play a part in which he is made to say unflattering things about women is beyond me.

At first thought it seems highly incongruous for a former heavy-weight champion pugilist of the world to star in the work of the subtlest of modern satirists; for James J. Corbett is to brave a verdict of theater-goers in "Cashel Byron's Profession," which Shaw wrote as a story and not as a play. But it will be remembered that this particular *Byron* was a pugilist, and in real life Corbett is as near to being *Cashel* as is possible in this topsyturvy world. The Shaw pugilist took his profession seriously, but when not actually engaged in its arduous exactions, conducted himself with due regard for the amenities of life. Was not Corbett known as "Gentleman Jim" when he was champion, and is he not as carefully dressed as any society man who strolls up and down Fifth Avenue? Really, the rôle should fit him admirably, for Corbett is truly an actor. He has the temperament that makes a good player, and this is supplemented by something like ten years' experience on the stage. He would have won success as a light comedian if he had not had to sustain the reputation of past performances in the prize-ring. He had the best education of any man who ever won fame as a pugilist, and was a bank clerk before he became a professional fighter.

All the surviving Barrymores are to be seen in conjunction this season. Ethel, who is to marry Captain Harry Graham, Lord Rosebery's secretary, and John are to play together in the Barrie comedy, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," while Lionel will hold the center of the stage in a one-act play, "Pantaloon," by the same author. Each has a stage individuality so pronounced that one would not suspect their relationship when they are apart, although it may be suggested when they are seen at the same time. It is small wonder that they should have made such great progress in their youth. On their father's side they have a heritage of scholarship and on their mother's they are the fifth generation of players. "We fairly reek of the stage," said Ethel Barrymore on one occasion, and it is true. They have been familiar with the theater since they can remember, as their grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, who brought them up, took them to her theater in Philadelphia as soon as they were old enough to sit up in the family box. As children, they absorbed unconsciously that which it takes most players years to learn. And this explains why "Jack" Barrymore, who is the youngest of the three and whose actual experience was limited to a few appearances with his father in a vaudeville sketch and to a couple of weeks in "Glad of It," was able to score so brilliantly as the telegraph operator in "The Dictator." Even in comparison with the veteran William Collier, young Barrymore shone as a finished light comedian. While Lionel Barrymore has the making of a character actor of unusual versatility, his brother should take the place, on the American stage, of John Drew, his uncle. By the way, John Drew really "created" a part for the first time in many years, this season, that is, unless his fiasco in that travesty of a play, "Richard Carvel," be considered. Ever since he became an individual star he has presented London successes, and his appearance in an original comedy, written for him by Augustus Thomas, is an innovation.

After all, William Gillette will produce his new play, "Clarice," in London, and it is not at all certain when he will be seen in this country. It has been many years since Mr. Gillette has written a failure, and his latest effort is likely to have a long run in England, where he established a large following in "Sherlock Holmes." He has been working on "Clarice" ever since he finished the dramatization of the detective stories four years ago, although not continuously, for he is far from robust, and is obliged to safeguard his strength in order to meet his engagements. Although he is distinguished for his naturalness — it is frequently asserted that Mr. Gillette merely plays himself—he suffers painfully from nervous strain. He also works prodigiously hard on his plays. His leading lady this season is the lovely Marie Doro, who has made rapid strides on the stage. Two seasons ago she was a chorus girl in "The

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Girl from Kay's," where her beauty commanded attention. She was given a small part and a song, and proved that she had talent. Then she had the opportunity to play an important part in Barrie's "Little Mary," that delightful, brilliantly acted satire which American audiences couldn't understand. The girl did so well that Charles Frohman made her the star of a very bad adaptation from the French "Friquet"; she was sweet and charming in the stupid setting, but the character proved rather beyond her. It was shown that while she had been too rapidly advanced, she only needed experience to make a real success.

Elfie Fay, who also forced her way out of the chorus—she sprang into fame in a single night when she appeared with Marie Dressler in "Miss Prinnt"—is to be a star at last. She is a daughter of the late Hugh Fay, who was the partner of "Billy" Barry, and they became known from one end of the country to the other in "Irish Aristocracy" and "Muldoon's Picnic," after they had firmly established themselves as a variety team. It was her dancing and her droll facial expression that first attracted attention to Elfie Fay. Like Marie Dressler, she can do nothing at rehearsal, and until this idiosyncrasy was recognized she made little progress. But she made opportunities when they were not given her. It is necessary only for her to be on the stage to attract attention to herself. She rarely plays twice in the same key, depending upon an inspiration that seldom fails her. For years she has had an established place in musical comedies and in vaudeville, and now she goes forth in "The Belle of Avenue A."

It may surprise those unfamiliar with the ways of managers to know they are extremely particular about the personal appearance and characteristics of the players. Applicants whose personality is unknown to a manager are required to set forth their weight, height, coloring, and other details, which are baldly entered in a book kept for that purpose. It often happens that an individual's physical characteristics go a long way toward making him score in a part. It was not Raymond Chase's previous experience, although he has had a fair amount of it, that gained him opportunity to play *"Bub" Hicks*, the freshman, in "The College Widow," but the fact that he looked as if he might be "Bub." There are to be two companies presenting the George Ade comedy this season, with some of the original players in each.

There was presented at one of the gambols of the Lambs' Club in New York a one-act play by Edwin Milton Royle, a player, who has produced many excellent things and who has the unique distinction of having written a play which was an utter failure for four weeks in New York and then became one of those great successes of its season—"Friends." The one-act play was "The Squaw Man," and Edward Morgan straightway urged the author to expand it into a big play. This was done, but Mr. Morgan was slated for "The Prodigal Son" and William Faversham went starring in the Royle play. One of the chief characters is *Cash Jenkins*, a cowboy, played by W. S. Hart, an actor of much experience, who attracted attention as *Messala* in "Ben Hur," and who made a big hit as *Patrick Henry* in "Hearts Courageous." Mr. Hart comes as near to being the real thing as a cowboy as one is likely to find on the stage. His life until he was fifteen was passed on the plains among "rustlers" and Indians.

The Solace of Remembrance

By VIRGINIA BIOREN HARRISON

THINK not the brown leaves, whirled by breath of fall,
Are but evangels of the Winter drear:
'Mid Autumn's minor music they recall,
In happier strains, that Summer has been here.
And so, when Memory's drifting leaves of thought
Float 'round the darkening portals of the heart,
Gray skies with gold and crimson shall be fraught
In dreams of joys that came but to depart.

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"NOT SO SLAB-SIDED AS SHE LOOKS FROM HERE."

The Widder's Corner Lot

By G. W. OGDEN

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THOUSANDS of feet had powdered the surface of the red soil, thousands of vehicles had wheeled it into clouds, and with the stillness of evening the dust had settled again, branding everything on which it fell with the mark of the new empire of the Southwest. The great stampede into Oklahoma was over, save for the rear-guard of hopeless stragglers; and the second night in the life of the raw territory had fallen upon the fagged and thirsty throng that swirled and eddied through the streets of the Coming City.

Pete and Wallace had finished their supper, a mess meal, prepared from the common stock over a fire exactly on the line between their lots, and eaten by Pete on his side, Wallace on his. They had undergone too much hardship and worry, and had staked too much on the venture, to risk leaving their claims open to the menace of "jumpers" by deserting them for an instant. They had agreed that, when it should become necessary to file on them, one should go to the land office and the other should remain behind, one foot on Pete's lot, the other on Wallace's, to dispute possession with all comers. Pete and Wallace were not long on law, but they knew that possession was nine points in a man's favor. They reasoned that a large, well-charged navy revolver, carried by their father when he rode behind Quantrell, would supply the other point and make a complete case.

"Wisht I'd 'a' got here five minutes sooner'n I did," said Pete, "an' I'd 'a' had that corner lot."

"Well, you come in one of it," Wallace consoled, "an' 'at ain't so bad. It's a wommern 'at's got it, anyway, an' I wouldn't shove a-past no wommern in a race like that for no lot. Reckon she must need it, an' need it bad, or she never would 'a' took up the run hotfoot-an'-alone like she done."

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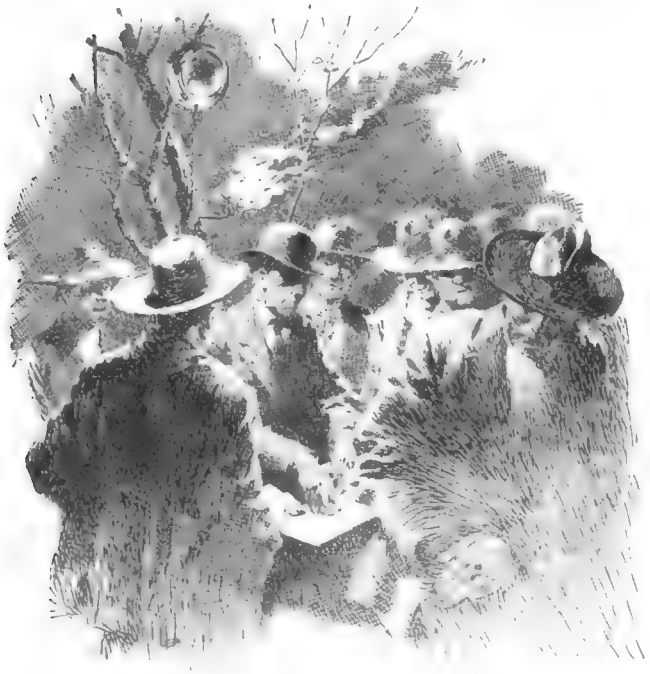
They had found her driving her stakes when they arrived, her horse lying gasping its last breath in the middle of the corner lot she had chosen near the center of the Coming City. The carcass of the animal remained where it had fallen, and the woman often went and stood by it, like a sailor viewing the wreck of the vessel that had failed him on the coast of an untried land. She had huddled near it on the first night, beneath a shelter made by stretching a blanket on sticks.

"Don't seem to have no tent, Pete," said Wallace, looking slantingly across at her. "I was a-wonderin' if we hadn't better offer her one of ourn? We could put the other'n up on the line, you know, an' you could sleep in one end an' me in the other."

"It is sort o' scan'lous for a wommern to have to camp out in the open," Pete assented, "an' it'd be tough if it rained. I'll go over an' ast her if she'll let us put up the tent for her."

He came back shortly with his report. "It took some argyin'," said he, "but she give in."



"I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY, FRIEND," SAID THE PEA MAN.

"What kind of a wommern is she?" Wallace queried; "kind o' slab-sided an' old?"

"N-o-o," Pete replied thoughtfully, as if carefully weighing the matter so that Wallace, who was near-sighted, would not be cheated, "not to say old, an' not to say slab-sided. Anyway, not so slab-sided as she looks from here."

While Pete was removing his tent to the woman's lot, Wallace stood guard, legs apart, one foot on his land, one on Pete's. He was not armed with the revolver. That ancient weapon was at the bottom of Pete's pack, where it had been placed when the adventurous brothers saw the peaceful nature of the vast multitude assembled at the starting-point to begin the race for homes. The brothers worked jointly in raising the tent for themselves, Pete on his end, Wallace on his, eying guardedly every man, woman, or child who, in passing, trespassed on their domain.

It was dark and hot. The irritating dust chafed the skin like fine sandpaper and set the fires of thirst raging. Crowds of water-carriers, going to and from the near-by stream, tramped heavy-footed and fatigued past the brothers' tent. Here and there, in the streets of the city of tents and wagons, flares of light were surrounded by throngs of men. Pete and Wallace wondered what was going on, but would not risk losing their lots to go to see.

Presently a man came by, carrying a gasoline torch, which he hung in the branches of the little scrub-oak that grew precisely on the dividing line between Pete's and Wallace's lots. They had blazed it, and written their names on it, and already spoke of it as the "witness tree." The man unfolded a little table with jointed legs, which he had carried under his arm, and soon had a crowd packed around him. The excitement being so near at hand, and the man being so stationed that Pete could walk down the line on his lot, and Wallace on his, and look on, they determined to investigate.

The man had before him on the table what appeared to be three halves of walnut shells. He was saying nothing, but was sliding them silently about, changing them from place to place, as if intent upon some strange game of solitaire. Every little while he would cautiously lift a shell and

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suddenly clap it down, and sometimes Pete, whose eyes were sharp, caught a glimpse of a little black pill, first under this shell, then under that. After playing his game several minutes without taking any apparent notice of the crowd, the man raised his head, smiled, rubbed his hands together over the table, and said:

"Friends, I have here a little puzzle, known as the Egyptian pea. It is a puzzle that no man has ever been able to solve. I've been trying to work it for fifteen years, but I confess to you that I am no nearer the solution to-night than I was when it came into my possession. I've landed on a good corner lot here, and I'm going to settle down and grow up with this town. I want to be neighborly, and so I've come out to-night just to entertain you boys. I knew it was likely to be a little dull down here, so I brought my puzzle with me when I made the run. Made it on a bicycle, with my pack on my back.

"The mystery of this puzzle is to locate the little pea. I've never been able to do it with any degree of certainty, in spite of my years of study and work. By some mysterious force it glides from one shell to another, unseen by the human eye."

Some in the crowd, who had seen like puzzles before, grinned wisely, while others, to whom it was new, pressed closer, among the latter Pete, on his side of the line, and Wallace on his. The man lifted a shell and disclosed the little black pea.

"There it is, friends," said he, "lying there as innocent as a babe under that shell. You would naturally think it would remain there indefinitely unless moved by some mechanical agency. But, I place the shell down over it once more, and—where is it?"

The crowd was interested, but silent. Some, who had in times past guessed the location of a similar pea, and backed their judgment by cash, now edged away from temptation. A man leaned forward and placed a finger on the shell.

"It's under this one, of course," said he. "That's where it was, and I don't believe it's got out, unless you took it out."

The man who owned the puzzle smiled and rubbed his hands above the shells again. "According to all the laws of nature," he said, "it should be under that shell yet. But it ain't there. I'll show you." He lifted the shell. The pea was there. The pea man sighed. "That's the way it goes," he said.

HE STAMPED HIS RIGHT FOOT DOWN HARD ON PETE'S SOIL, HIS LEFT FOOT UPON HIS OWN.

"Can't never tell about this puzzle. I've been trying for fifteen years to figure it out, but I can't. Now, friend, where would you judge that pea to be by this time?"

"Under the same shell," said the man who had guessed right; "it ain't never moved."

"No, friend," the pea man protested mildly, "it ain't there."

"I'll bet you it is," the other challenged.

"How much, friend?" asked the pea man wearily.

"Ten dollars."

"I don't want your money, friend," said the pea man, matching the bill the other placed on the table, "but it ain't there." Again he lifted the shell. The pea was there. The winner laughed, pocketed the money and elbowed his way out of the crowd. Pete, on his side

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of the line, came a little nearer; Wallace, on his property, approached a step or two. The pea man moved the shells, switching them from place to place, shaking his head sadly.

"Now, nobody knows where that there pea is," he said. "Let's investigate, friends, and find out." It was under the middle shell. He covered it up again gently. "I reckon it's gone now," he ventured.

"AIN'T PETE A WONDER?"

"Gone!" said Pete, "course it ain't gone. It's right there where it was at. I'll bet you money it's there."

"How much, friend?"

"Five dollars."

"You win," said the pea man, as he covered the lure again. "I orto have more sense than to waste my hard-earned money bettin' on this fool game, money I earned workin' on the railroad up in Missoury. Reckon you don't want to give me a chance to get even, do you, friend?"

"I ain't a carin'," Pete replied, with a recklessness stimulated by the feel between his fingers of the easiest five dollars he had ever made, "I ain't a carin' a dang. If you're a eachin' to git even, come on. But you better learn how to work your own puzzle before you bet money on it."

"Live and learn, friend," the pea man sighed, "and the longer you live the more you learn, unless you're an eternal fool at the beginning. Do you go me twenty dollars that the pea is still under the middle shell?"

Pete's face was flushed, and his eyes bugged out like a horse-fly's. He fumbled in an inside pocket, brought out a small roll of money, clumsily selected a twenty-dollar bill, and placed it on the table under the pea man's eyes.

"There's your ole twenty," said Pete, with an air of insolent opulence, "an' if you want any more, let me knows."

"You might make it fifty or a hunderd, friend, if you've got as much as a hunderd about you," the pea man mildly suggested, pinning the twenty down with a long forefinger.

The man who had won the ten dollars on the first bet had worked his way around behind Pete. He was examining the pea man's gasoline burner as if he had never before seen such a contrivance, screwing at the valve that cut off the gas, and winking at the onlookers as if to apprise them of some joke he was about to spring on the guileless owner of the Egyptian pea.

"Reckon I have got a hun'red," said Pete, once more producing his wad. "Dig up your own money if you want to see the color of mine."

The pea man felt in his vest pocket, tucked Pete's twenty-dollar bill safely away there, and turned to Pete, who stood with his wad in his hand, open-mouthed and dazed at the prospect of sudden wealth.

The light went out just as the pea man's long arm reached toward Pete, just as his nimble fingers snapped the little bunch of money from the stupid victim's hand. There followed a shuffling of feet, a shoving of shoulders, the sound of men running, and above all the sudden confusion the clamor of Pete's voice.

"I'm robbed, Wall'ce; he's got my money," he yelled. "Git me the 'volver, Wall'ce; git me the 'volver!"

The crowd, hearing the call for arms, scattered and blended into the night. When Wallace returned with the pistol there was nothing to shoot, save the little table with folding legs, and the gasoline lamp, which the pea man had left behind him in his hurry to get away.

"They's a hun'red an' ten in that roll, 'sides

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the twenty he got offen the table," said Pete, wiping the streaming sweat from his face, "an' it took me two years to save it up. If I can ketch that feller I'll shore salt his hide."

Wallace said nothing. His mind was like his sight, somewhat shallow, and the blow had driven it so far back into his seat of reasoning that it refused to do anything but shrink and tremble, like a frightened dog. He opened his mouth and gasped, and Pete took the pistol from his hands.

PETE FOLLOWED, SHOOTING AS HE RAN.

"Oh, the scoundrel!" said the occupant of the corner lot, who had come over to offer condolences; "if you can catch him, Mr. Pete, shootin' 'll be too good for him. He orto be hung."

"If I can ketch him, by gannies, I'll salt *his* hide," Pete repeated, posting away like a locoed bull. He returned hours later, worn out and disheartened, to find Wallace leaning patiently against the witness tree, one foot on his own lot, the other on Pete's. They entered the tent and went to sleep, each on his own territory. During the hours that he sprawled on his back snoring, Wallace's mind came out of the knot-hole in his brain. As it emerged, an idea budded, swelled, burst, and woke him with a jump.

"Pete, Pete!" he called; "O Pete!"

Pete grunted. "Say," said Wallace, "don't you know I b'leeve that feller 'at was monkeyin' with the light was his pardner?"

"Say, by gannies," Pete answered, "I jist bet he was, dad burn 'im!" The thought was so stirring that it banished sleep from the brothers' eyes, so they made a fire and cooked their breakfast. A little ribbon of light was showing in the east as they squatted and drank their coffee, and the new city was rustling and stirring with a sound strange to the solitudes.

"We got to git that dead hoss offen that widder's lot to-day," said Pete.

"Widder," echoed Wallace, "which widder?"

"'Jinin'," said Pete.

"How d' y' know she's a widder wommern?" Wallace grinned.

"She told me she was," Pete replied. "A real widder, not a 'vorce one."

Pete left early on his quest of the man who had robbed him. With the five-pound navy revolver in the belt around his waist he mingled with the crowds all day. But the pea man appeared to have made a hole in the universe and pulled it in after him. Pete returned at sundown and found Wallace guarding the line. The widow was there, and the air was full of trouble. Wallace's narrow face was perplexed, and the widow had been crying.

"Man jumped her claim while you was gone," said Wallace. "He's over there behind the tent now."

The widow had gone to the land office to file on her claim, and had found a man in possession of the same when she returned. He laughed at the certificates she displayed and assured her that they amounted to nothing at all. Possession, he said, was everything. He showed her two ways out of the difficulty. One was to abandon the claim, the other to buy him off at a good, stiff price. The widow, not knowing what else to do, had appealed to Wallace, and Wallace had advised that she wait and see Pete. Pete, he said, was a sharp man, and as good as any lawyer when it came to land.

"Looks like they's a mighty lot o' skalleywags in this here country," said Pete, when they had laid the matter before him. "You two stay here an' I'll go over an' have a talk with that feller."

Pete crossed the line of the widow's lot, ex-

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pecting trouble, and he loosened the pistol in his belt as he tiptoed around the end of the tent. The interloper was sitting on the ground with his hands clasped before his knees, smoking complacently. He nodded at Pete and eyed him questioningly, stroking his big mustache with the stem of his pipe.

"Well, I see you've hopped the widder's lot, pardner," said Pete. "Ain't that purty low-down business f'r a feller o' your size?"

"Friend, I don't know you, and so I have no desire to harm you," the claim-jumper answered, speaking slowly, seriously, and placing his pipe on the ground beside him as if preparing to open hostilities. "You go back to the place you came from, and don't meddle in other people's affairs. Or, if you *are* bound to meddle, you must make up your mind to take—" He looked up at Pete and his voice ceased as suddenly as if his tongue had been nailed down. Pete was bending toward him, holding the old navy revolver in both hands, aiming along the ten-inch barrel with considerable facial contortion, but unquestionable precision. The pistol pointed steadily toward the claim-jumper's right ear, and the size of the weapon, together with the determined manner of the man who held it, drove the blood down into the stranger's heart and almost gorged it.

"Git up, friend," said Pete mockingly, "an' take that false an' bogus murstash offen your face. I been a-huntin' high an' low for you all day. It's mighty good of you to come an' settle down right under a feller's nose. Git up, I say, 'r I'll blow a hole in you as big as a warsh tub. Now, yank off that there murstash."

The claim-jumper was reluctant to obey, and Pete, advancing a step or two, thrust the muzzle of the pistol into his face and brushed the disguising ornament away. The pea man stood smiling indulgently, as one who humors the forward, unwelcome pranks of an ill-bred child.

"Live and learn, friend," said he. "I'm learning something every day. You're a smarter man than I thought you were. Come on, now, let's compromise this case." The pea man moved as if to thrust his hand into his pocket, and Pete, gathering himself up as if he had forgotten something, lunged at him with the revolver.

"Han's up," Pete commanded, "han's up, 'r by gannies I'll split you wide open. Now, you turn aroun' an' march over to that other tent." The pea man, his long arms lifted as if in supplication, marched.

"This feller," said Pete, addressing the widow, "is the feller 'at grabbed my money las' night. I shaved 'im minute ago. Reckon I've walked twenty miles to-day a-lookin' f'r him."

Wallace was sitting on a box directly above the line. He felt that, in the presence of such a dangerous character, a better defense could be made standing, and as he arose he stamped his right foot down hard on Pete's soil, his left foot upon his own, as if defying all the pea men and claim-jumpers in the territory.

"Feller," continued Pete, pushing the pistol toward his prisoner and aiming carefully at his chest, slewing the left corner of his mouth over to balance his right eye, the other being tightly closed, "what claim have you got agin this here wommern's lot?"

"None," said the widow, shaking her fist so near the prisoner's nose that he batted his eyes and dodged; "he's a thief and a robber, that's what he is!"

"You speak for yourself, feller," Pete admonished, "an' don't lose no time, neither, 'cause my arms is a-gittin' a cramp in 'em an' they may pull my finger down agin this here trigger any minute. What claim have you got agin this here wommern's lot?"

"No claim, nothing but a bluff," the pea man replied.

"'N 'en you agree to ab-squat-u-late offen it, do you?"

"Certainly, under the circumstances, certainly."

"All right. Now, I got a little bill f'r a hun'red an' thirty dollars agin you, an' I'm here to collect it. Wall'ce, you go through this feller's duds an' see what you can find. Never mind about the line. I reckon nobody ain't a-goin' to jump airy 'nother claim around here soon."

The outside pockets of the prisoner's alpaca coat yielded three halves of walnut shells, one small black pill, a pack of cards, and a sack of cheap tobacco; the inside pocket, a roll of money; the vest pockets, several bills of large denomination and a dollar watch. Pete stopped the search there.

"See if you've got my hun'red an' thirty, Wall'ce," he said, "an' if you have he can keep the rest."

After much heavy breathing and chewing of his tongue as he fingered the money, Wallace announced that he had, and some over. "Give 'im back what's over," commanded

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Pete, "though I orto keep it f'r damages. The law 'lows me damages if 'm a mind to collect 'em. Pat 'im aroun' the britches, Wall'ce, an' see if he's got airy gun."

"Friend, if I'd had a gun, you'd not have been here now," said the pea man severely.

"Don't git sassy," cautioned Pete, "'cause you might git a hole tored through you yit if you don't look out. Now, let your han's down. All right. Now, face to-ward the Kansas line. Wall'ce, you count ten. When he says 'ten,' feller, you run. You run like you did las' night when you grabbed my money, an' you keep on a-runnin' 's long 's you can draw your wind. Hear me? All right. An' don't you never show your soft-soap-an'-'lasses face in this here town no more. Now, Wall'ce, count—er, hol' on a minute. I forgot 'at I had a dose of liver reg'later f'r this feller. Where's that there great E-gyp-shian pea? All right. Open up your jaw, feller. Slap 'er in, Wall'ce. Now, feller, you swaller. Swaller, I tell you, an' no puttin' on. Is it down? All right. Now, Wall'ce."

At "ten" the pea man started. When he reached the witness tree Pete let the old navy go, yelling triumphantly as its roar went booming among the tents. On went the pea man, running as if a rich prize awaited him at the Kansas line. Pete followed, shooting as he ran.

"Ain't Pete a wonder?" shouted Wallace to the widow, who stood with her hands clasped tightly over her ears.

"He's the bravest man, an' the noblest man, in this world," she answered fervently.

"Reckon it's jist as well I didn't git 'at corner lot in the first place, Wall'ce," said Pete as they sat at supper several weeks later. Wallace looked at him blankly. "I said I reckoned it was jist as well I *didn't* git 'at corner lot in the first place," Pete repeated.

Wallace gulped down a bite, drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and looked at his brother again.

"Why not?" said he.

"'Cause I'm a-goin' to git it, anyway."

"Buy it from the widder?"

"Nope. Goin' t' jist nacherly take it."

"Gosh, Pete, 'at wouldn't be right."

"Don't see what's wrong about it, seein' as I'm goin' to take the widder too."

Wallace made no reply. After he had put the dishes away and had settled himself with his back comfortably against the tent-pole to smoke, he realized the drift of Pete's broad hint. He looked up at the moon and laughed loudly. "Say," he said argumentatively, "that Pete's a wonder, ain't he?"

The Childless

By EMERY POTTLE

WHEN the green tide of summer flows,
She waits beside the frail pink rose,
And looks with eyes of Paradise
On the dear world that childhood knows.

The evening lilies, pale and sweet,
Stay for an hour her little feet;
Wistful she stands with pleading hands,
Hands that my lips so yearn to greet.

When the white blooms of winter fall,
She lingers by the garden wall,
So small and still in the gray chill—
O child, could you but hear my call!

When the great night falls full and deep,
And all home-children lie asleep,
Could she but rest upon my breast—
O child, what wondrous watch I'd keep!

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The Terror of the Pit

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by Sigurd Schau

JANKO went on his way to the pit-mouth, night after night, bearing with a sullen stubbornness the weight of his predestined toil. Time, in all its round of years, wrought him nothing new in the task; the days were as unchanging in their monotony as the scenes that lay around the mine.

There was the tipple, gaunt and decrepit on its stilts above the track, lifting its unlovely structure in a grimy silhouette against the sky; and there were the engine-house and the shops built on a step in the hillside. On high, the sheave-wheels of the head-gear sighed painfully under the stress of the hoisting cables; the steel cages, gleaming with the mine wet, whirred up and down the guides, and over all arose the hoarse coughing of the exhaust-pipes as the great engines laid down to their work. Strength and energy were there, but no beauty—it was Toil alone shown in a somber presentation, a monument uplifted to the uncompromising demands of Trade.

To Janko it stood for even less—for a place of labor only, the one means of attaining that Utopia of leisure always in his mind. He worked, not because of a consciousness of place in the social system that requires work from all, but because it was the only way he knew toward the goal of his lazy ambition. Toward Toil, itself, he felt only a sensation of hate—the fury of the bond-slave. Self was the one and only thing before him—in time, after many trips to the pit-mouth, he would have saved enough from his earnings to keep him to the end of life in idle sloth. And yet, in a sense, it was with a certain homely bravery that the man went every day to his work in the galleries among the coal.

For the mine, to many, was a place of terrors. Men may learn to love the sea, even though they fear it; in the mine, the one feeling that grows upon its workers—beyond the hate of work—is terror. Janko laughed at the thought. He was strong; he threw out his chest and squared himself—should he fear? His feeling was the one that comes to the hardy: Where there were so many, should he be the one to fall—so strong, so self-capable in his brawn? And reenforcing this childish philosophy was the Slav's usual fatalism.

But there were men about the top as strong as Janko that had come to fear the mine. Neither love for God nor man nor the lust for money—greatest power of all with some—could drive them below. They drew back from the pit-mouth as if from an open grave. One such was that shattered Hun in the lamp-house, crippled by a fall of slate from the roof many years before. He was a weakling, to be sure—no longer a man of strength to be considered in the doings of the mine. Then, again, there was Halushka, the giant top-cager, one whose imagination feasted in horror upon the thought of the accident five years before, when a blown-out shot in the new workings had set off the gas, and he was one of the very few that had come up on the cages alive. Once on top, he had drunk in the blessed light of day, loughing, sobbing at the marvel of his escape; and from that day on could neither be bribed nor driven to tempt the blackness of the pit below. Even now, years after his adventure in the mine, he would start to flee like a frightened cat at any unwonted noise.

Janko turned the corner of the lamp-house, and shuffled up to the lighted window. He was a swart, under-sized creature, heavily molded, as square as a mine timber, with deep brows under which his eyes gleamed with a quick cunning that offset his physical slowness. His was a figure of raw strength personified—strength only, because the quick cunning of the man went no further than a crafty greed of gain. There was his limitation—Janko would always be a machine-runner and nothing more. But he was a good one, at that, for experience had driven deep into him a rule-o'-thumb knowledge of his work that was warped by no imagination for experiments. This, with the further fact

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JANKO LEAPED BACKWARD, HIS LAMP READY TO SWING DOWN ON THE CAGER'S HEAD.

that he got drunk only on holidays gave him a rating as a first-class man.

Halushka, the big top-cager, stood by the lamp-house window when Janko drew his lamp; and the machine-runner looked at him with a grin.

"Hey, you, Halushka!" he jested. "Mebbe you come by peets I give you a good chobs—hey—vat?"

Halushka felt the sneer half-hidden under Janko's laughing words, and growled ominously. Yet it was not so much a jest, after all—Halushka was a giant for work, and before that calamity in the mine, had been accounted by far the best of the helpers with the machine. Janko had thought of it often.

Between them, running the chain-cutter together, he knew they could break all pay-roll records. Time and again, filled with this thought, he had passed Halushka to return

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to the mine; and there were few men about the pit who would not have been glad to go with him.

"Mebbe you come bin mine buddy? You work mit me?" he demanded eagerly, and Halushka, cursing roundly, raised his hand to strike him. Janko leaped backward and bared his teeth like a dog, his lamp ready to swing down on the cager's head. Halushka, mumbling in his rage, went off into the darkness, while Janko, lowering the lamp, turned the other way.

"That damn Halushka," he cried to his buddy, waiting at the shaft-gate; "mebbe I grows so strong as heem I grows reech soon. He's no goods—that Halushka. He makes him 'fraid from the peet. It is like womans he's afraid."

"Sure—Halushka bin damn cowards," Janko's buddy assented, and stepped aboard the cage.

A gush of warm vapor spumed from the shaft as the cage dropped away from the landing, the confined air roaring, in its descent, as if under the beating of heavy wings. Black darkness succeeded the dusk on top; the spray of the damp shaft splashed upon their faces, and the reek of the mine—the stench of stale water—rose up from the sump-hole at the bottom. Janko clung stolidly to the cage-frame—it was all so old to him—and when the cage came softly to a halt in the flare of the bottom lights, stepped off heavily into the lighted lane of the main haulage, and still grunting, went on his way through the gloom.

Their work was to under-cut the room coal so that it might be more easily blasted down by the loaders that followed after the machine. It was no child's play, this labor, but work for strong men. The machine lay upon a flat pit-wagon drawn close to the face of the coal, and with bars they worked it to the ground, and inch by inch into place. Its cutting teeth—bits set upon a flat-linked chain—faced the foot of the seam; compressed air drove the machine, and stretching away from its intake valve, a long rubber coupling reached along the flooring to where the main feed pipe lay half-hidden in the dirt. Janko, with a bar, was screwing up the turn-brace that wedged the bed-plate firmly to the floor, when his buddy arose and tapped the overhead slate. "Unh!" he grunted, striking it a blow here and there with his sledge. Janko looked up from his work.

"Hunh—what's matter—hey—vat?" he demanded, gruffly.

The man threw down the sledge, and turned away. "Nudding," he answered after a moment's hesitation. "Mebbe that roofs—she ain't so good—hey?"

Janko spat contemptuously, and uncrimping the hand-valve, shot air into the cylinders. Overhead, the greasy slate lay flat and unbroken, and seemingly as solid as the floor on which they stood. One look had satisfied Janko as to its safety; there was not even a blister or a crack to mar its surface—when the roof spoke, creaking under the weight upon it, there would be time enough to put a prop or so in place.

With a roar that beat back in wild reverberations from wall to wall, the chain machine walked into the solid breast of coal. White vapor spurted from the exhausts, the powdered cuttings arose in a cloud from the head of the revolving gear, and rapidly and noisily the dead-plate and idlers of the roaring mechanism ate their way out of sight. Once, as the chain teeth struck the flint-like hardness of a sulphur-ball, the machine gagged and stuck—then with a clatter and a renewed roaring, raced on as Janko reversed and vengefully shot it forward. Before him, his buddy, bending close to the floor, scraped away the fine coal that the chain threw behind it like a burrowing gopher; and so, racketing, tearing, biting, grinding at the coal, the chain-cutter bored its appointed way, five and a half feet into and under the vein.

Janko had reversed the machine, drawing its cutting gear back upon the frame, when his buddy arose and again uneasily eyed the slate overhead. Once more he tried it, tapping the roof with the wrench, and looked down at Janko stupidly.

"Me no like," he grumbled, hunching up his shoulders.

Janko arose and snatched the tool from his hand. With angry force, he struck the slate heavy blows here and there, in the end contemptuously tossing the spanner clanging against the machine's metal framework.

"Hey—vat!" he cried angrily; "mebbe you git scart from the mine—hey? You no like heem. I gets me, Janko, a new buddy from to-morrow."

He picked up his bar from the ground and with another angry gesture bade this helper assist him to pry the machine into place for the next run.

"Mebbe you gets for a 'fraid I makes me mine old womans for a buddy—hey—vat?"

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Janko's contempt, in the face of his buddy's timidity, had arisen to the point of rage.

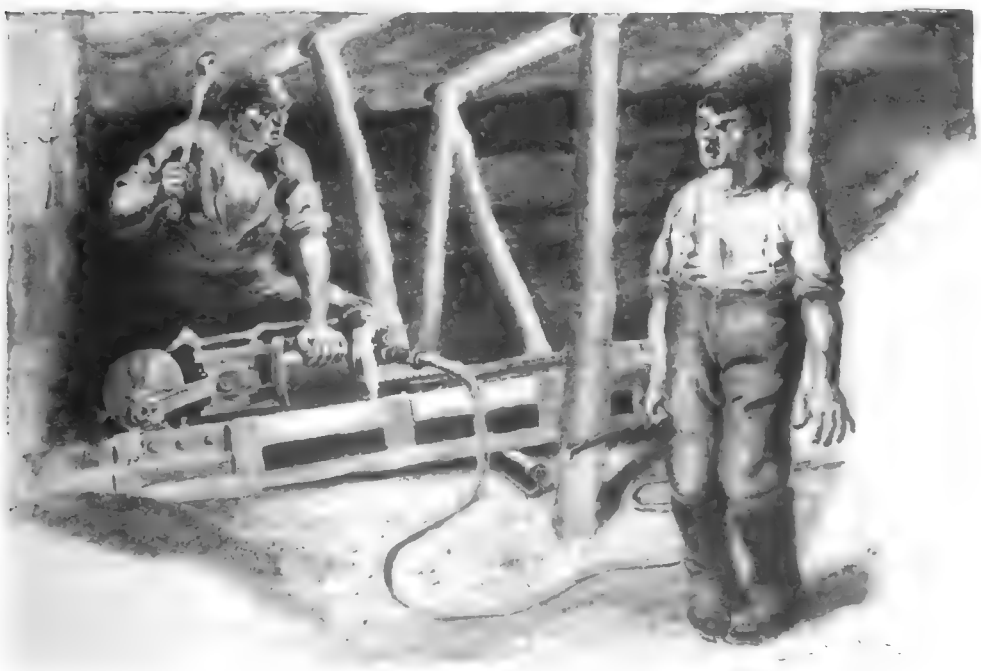
Cut by cut, the machine edged along the face of the coal, and was set for its last run beside the rib when the overstrained roof began to speak. In the pause when the two men were prying over the cutter's bed frame, they heard the rock begin to sound, and at this warning Janko's buddy leaped to his feet. He was frightened now, and plainly beyond all sense of shame. The peril that he had realized by intuition was too imminent a reality to be put to flight by scorn. Janko, with his stupid bravery, laughed aloud. Should a little creaking of the slate frighten him from his work and the dollars that came in its train? Anger followed; it was his boast never to be fearful—he cursed his helper roundly as Halushka had cursed him on top, and, still cursing, raised a pit-post into place and with a few sure strokes set the prop standing under the treacherous roof. By all rules of safety, the two should have left that last cut unrun—it was no work to be at with a chain-machine while the loosened slate lay overhead ready like a deadfall. But Janko, strong in his sullen obstinacy, drove the scraper to his work, and only a disaster might stay him.

In the dim light of the safety-lamps the black vault was filled with uncanny shadows flitting before the terrified worker like portents of disaster. His eyes, fixed in fascination upon the roof, in imagination saw the slate slowly bulging downward; in every roaring note of the crowding machine, he heard the crash of the impending fall. Janko's face, sneering and malevolent, held him when he would have fled; he crouched away from the coal. Once he leaped away, and Janko, halting the chain-cutter, menaced him with a wrench.

"By damn!" cursed Janko, "mebbe for to-morrow I makes me Halushka mine buddy —you no good—hey—vat?"

His stronger personality told. The man left the comparative safety of the gob-heap whose stacked-up wall of slate upheld the roof, and crept back to the machine. Janko drove him to his place, and once more threw air into the machine.

Again with a shriek of straining gears, the chain-cutter sank its teeth into the coal. Around them the air grew thick with the condensing vapor; their lights gleamed half-drowned in the murk, and under the stress of labor, the helper for an instant forgot



"BY DAMN!" CURSED JANKO, "YOU NO GOOD—HEY—VAT?"

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A BLUE FLAME CAPPED THE WICK IN THE SAFETY LIGHT.

his fears of the threatening peril overhead. Uncrimping the valve still further, Janko crowded the cutter forward; the machine fairly lifted itself from the floor, and with all the power moving it, howled in a strident key. "Unh!" the runner grunted, as the machine gagged, jammed, and flew on again. "Runch!" it screamed—cried again—and shocked to a standstill, hard and fast. Janko arose, cursing in his rage, and struck it a heavy blow with a bar. A crash—a deafening roar followed! The slate had fallen, and under it lay Janko's helpless buddy, pinned to the floor with a great slab of rock across his back.

So far from profiting by the disaster, Janko grew even more boastful of his immunity from harm, for the imminence of his peril had not touched him. If another had been half-killed at his elbow, was that a reason he should fear? Others might fall, but not he. The night following, stolidly as ever, he reported at the pit-mouth for work.

"Ye'll no be drunk and takin' a wee bit holiday?" the pit-boss inquired cautiously. It was his belief, acquired after many years' acquaintance with the Slav, that in this manner all events were celebrated. But Janko shook his head; he was there for work, and in his train was a new buddy. The pit-boss looked at the pair, wondering.

"It's like there'd be no whits the deefrence," he ventured finally, "were it yer own mither the one t'was hipped the night agone."

Janko hunched up his shoulders in protest. "Me no 'stan'," he mumbled, and lurched off through the gloom of the haulage.

It was soon after this that the pit began making gas. The fan was tuned up to a higher speed, the brattice-cloths changed about, and new break-throughs were cut to clear the workings of this danger. But the gas kept creeping further in toward the shaft. Day by day, the fire-boss, testing the safety of the mine, put boards across new sections of the workings where the gas had become too dense for safety, and every hand was warned against the peril.

"It's working fast," said the pit-boss, more uneasy day by day. "She'll be drivin' us to the shaft yet, I misdoubt. There's hardly entry or room off the main air courses, now, where the gas won't go dizzying like a peacock's feather over the tip o' yer lamp-wick."

He held up his lamp to the roof to make good these words; and as if in answer, a blue flame, flickering like the fire from a witch's oils, capped the wick in the safety light. "Along o' the gas wit' these damned Hunkies," he cried, "there's no tellin' what. It's like they'll be up to some feckless lunacy before yer back be turnt."

He spoke from the experience of a man who had seen disaster often; and of these calamities, nearly all had been traceable to gross stupidity or carelessness. But finally, after a rearrangement of the air courses, the gas began dying off; and once more the mine grew fairly clear.

"I'm afeart—sore afeart," the pit-boss muttered, then. "They'll no be so gyte to make careless when she's fetchin' the gas strong. It's when she's lettin' up—then's when they'll grow chancy."

The man was Scotch, and so spoke caution by the book.

Janko came to his labor as serene as if he were working in the broad gleam of day. He plodded away into the mine, working along the underground channels and onward to his place at the breast; and at his heels slouched his new buddy, a man of his own type—one Andy Roscavitch—a flat-faced

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Slav, a counterpart of Janko in all his selfish surliness.

They were a raw pair, these two—a brace of half-finished creatures barely above the savage. Centuries of oppression and wrong had developed a quick suspicion as their first and most reasonable impulse; and in their fight for existence they had gained nothing of the nobleness that sometimes comes from struggle, but only craft, greed, and a variety of other unexpected meannesses. The rule of the mine was that personality counted for nothing—work was the key-note upon which the whole harmony of the organization depended, and as a superintendent once fitly observed, "table manners never grew a scale of wages." In other words, it was the work animal only that was important; and of this species, Janko and his buddy were typical.

Shuffling down the dim aisles of the mine, the two made their way into the recesses of its farthest galleries and rooms. Like all their kind, they went silently; for it was one thing about the mine, that in the end its slow quiet worked fitly upon the manners of its army. Day had gone, and the entries were deserted, save for the two that plodded along in the gloom. For a half mile they kept on; then turned abruptly down a cross-entry that led into the newest working.

The two had passed but a few rods along this way when they were halted by a shout. They stopped and looked back; the one dot of light from a safety-lamp came bobbing up toward them, and then they were hailed again. "You see fire-boss, mebbe—no—chess?"

The man was another Slav machine-runner, and a colloquy in the lingo followed. The man's working had begun filling up with gas; there was a long pocket hanging where the roof arched, and until it was blown out it would be unsafe to work there longer.

"You git scart—hey—vat?" gibed Janko. It was his own great glee in life to flay the timorous. "Mebbe you shall go on top soons. I come cut your coal."

Roscavitch took another tack. "You bin

WITH ESCAPE CUT OFF AND THE MURDERING AFTER-DAMP LEAKING IN THROUGH EVERY CREVICE

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dams fool," he volunteered. "Mebbe you like I fixes hims for you."

He left Janko standing in the road, and walked back to the other's room. Striding down the long rib, he followed the iron pipe that led the compressed air from the main-feed to the machine lying at the face of the coal. "So," said he; and with that unscrewed the valve, so that the air, with a splitting roar, gushed out at full head. In brief time the gas was gone, its whole body forced out into the current sweeping along the entry. "You fix him so," said Roscavitch. "You go to tell peet-boss, I makes me to break you damn head."

It was a plain violation of the rules of the mine, but Roscavitch and others like him cared little for that so long as they escaped detection. To wait and hunt up the fire-boss meant waste of time; and time, when they were in the mood to work, meant money. By and by, the gas would come creeping down from the roof, the room would fill again, and the safety-lamps on the floor would go *cap—cap—cap* with a thin flame above the wicks. If the workers saw the warning, all well and good. If it escaped them——

"Ninety oot of a verra hunnert of calamity," the pit-boss had declared, "is idjeecy; and it's no a bad observe that the tin ither will be criminal careless."

Janko and his buddy went on. Behind, in the room with the gas creeping along the roof again, two men worked over an ill-mannered chain-machine that balked and pounded at every turn. Their lamps stood upon the floor, burning clearly, and inch by inch the gas, seeping from every crack and fissure in the coal, crept down toward them. Bending over the crazy machine, the men forgot their peril. One, with a wrench, was striving clumsily to tauten its bolts; the other, peeping over his shoulder, saw nothing else. A fitful luminescence began playing back and forth in the lamps; had they looked then, they would have seen the warning. Hotter and hotter grew the gauze netting above the lamp-glass; the flame in the lamp rose higher. The man standing over the machine turned with a sudden start, and a cry escaped him. With a fatal gesture, he snatched up the lamp; and at that, the calamity, with all its horror, descended upon the pit.

THE TERROR OF THE PIT WAS ON HIM.

Janko had set his machine against the face, and was turning up the hand-screw on the ground-brace. A year or two now, and he would work no more—a year or two— What were they when many years were to come when he need go no more to his toil, but might sit, instead, in the sunshine and fill his skin with wine. Easy with this pleasant reflection, he leaned down to the valve, drew his lamp a little nearer to the coal, and then turned on the air. At full speed, the machine ground into the breast, savagely biting out the hardened under-coal with its rapidly revolving bits. Foot by foot the sliding frame slipped in under the vein, crying with a voice alive as the cutting edge took hold. Janko crowded on the air; the machine was running at its best, and with a louder snarling note drove on faster till the cloud of vapor rising from the exhausts swam from wall to wall. With one hand on the valve, he followed the sliding mechanism; the coal was clear; there was no gagging of the gears, and invincibly it drove on.

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"Seven!" said Janko, counting the run; and with that came the killing thunders of the calamity!

The explosion, touched off in a distant quarter of the mine, traveled hard against the air-currents. Here, the workers were beyond the reach of its flame, but not beyond its zone of force; the shock hurled them from their feet, and left them wallowing together in a drowning darkness. Crash after crash followed with the falling of loosened slate, until the echoing voice of the disaster filled every corner of the mine. Then came a halt—the explosion, recoiling from their quarter of the pit, turned back along its path, feeding on the carbonic-oxid gas set free by its own forward flash. A lull succeeded; there sounded another greater crash, the ground trembled, and a cloud of fine dust blew at them from the stacked-up slate of the gob-heap. After that was a deep stillness, so tense that they heard each other's whistling breath.

Janko was the first to speak. "Buddy—Roscavitch!" he cried, his voice rising in a thin whimper on the stillness. "Roscavitch!"

A slow rustling; then a loud sigh answered: "Chess—Janko—I am here."

Janko drew in his breath with a half-choked sob. A palsy had fallen upon him, and he lay upon the ground, half-rising upon his hands, striving to pierce the gloom. Both lights had gone out at the first crash of the explosion, and the darkness was absolute. Janko arose to his knees, and, crouching, listened. The last echoes had died away; he heard only the drip—drip—drip of the mine water falling from the roof—then again a slow rustling as Roscavitch moved upon the floor—after that a groan.

A great agony seized upon the man. He leaped to his feet, and ran. Three steps forward, he smashed against the left-hand rib, and fell with a clatter of fine slate and coal to the floor. Leaping up, he turned and ran the other way—the stretched-out frame of the machine, lying at the breast, tripped him sprawling. Half-stunned, but still impelled by his frenzy, he turned about, and raced the length of the room.

"Janko—Janko!" his helper screamed. "It is a slate on mine legs—I cannot move him." Janko gave no heed; and Roscavitch, dropping back, heard a sudden thud, a clatter of sliding stone, a deep groan—then stillness. "Janko!" he cried, and a deep sobbing answered. There was no other sound for a while; then again the slate clattered, and Janko ran about beating at the walls and crying out for help. Once again Roscavitch called, but grew still when Janko gave no answer. A half-hour—an eternity passed; Roscavitch, lying on the floor, felt a dull stupor creeping over him. For a while, he lay back and closed his eyes, content, and willing to forget in sleep the binding pain of the slate crimping him across the legs. He was nearly gone when the thought of what this creeping coma meant flashed upon his mind. "Janko!" he screamed, struggling to arise. "Janko—help!"

A hollow voice of despair replied: "We are soon deads, Roscavitch. The after-damp she is coming through to us."

"The lights—you find him!" screamed the man pinned to the mine floor.

Janko crept wearily along the rib, feeling his way painfully, and at last found the safety-lamp lying beside the machine. Numbed by despair, the man's mind was not working fitly in its accustomed groove; but, at length, the force of daily habit mechanically reasserted itself. He felt the lamp over with his clumsy fingers, and, grunting in disgust, heaved it against the coal. Its glass was broken; its usefulness at end. But— "Lights—you find him the lights?" cried Roscavitch; and Janko groped about till he found the other. There was no sense of joy when his fingers told him it was intact—no relief in his sullen helplessness. He plucked at the snapper-key—it was a Wolf lamp, lighting in the globe with a percussion cap—and presently a thin spark showed inside the glass.

Janko, with a quick breath, puffed off the smoke from the cap until the wick blazed out; and then held up the light at arm's length. Roscavitch lay pinned down to the floor by a great slab of slate, his white face staring up intently at the lamp, and beyond was a gray shadow, an impenetrable wall of fallen rock, blocking the way to the entry. Overhead, the roof had arched, and, at a glance, Janko saw that the last of the slate had fallen. Yet if the roof should fall, what was the difference? —they were as dead men now, with escape cut off and the murdering after-damp leaking in through every crevice. He snuffed the air—there was no scent of burning, and he knew then that the mine was not afire. Short mercy—a little longer to live; and wearily he picked up the bar beside the machine, and pried off the slate lying on his helper's legs.

The man, by a miracle, had escaped with

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little injury. The slate, in falling, had been blocked by the wooden tracks laid for the passage of the pit-wagons; and so had only held him fast without damage to the bones. Painfully, he dragged himself closer to the lamp, stared sighing at its feeble light a moment, and after that lay still. Janko guessed the reason for his stillness—the man was succumbing to the noxious gas; and with an oath, he leaned forward and struck him brutally. "Wake up!" he said roughly. "Pretty soons you wake up no more—hey—vat?"

Presently he arose and walked to the wall of fallen slate. A great slice of the roof had fallen out and blocked up the entrance to the room-turning. He saw at a glance that no one man could move it; and what avail if he could? Outside, the after-damp was working; they would be dead before they had gone a hundred yards. He came back in sullen silence to where Roscavitch leaned against the machine, and once more beat the man into wakefulness. The gas lay thickest close to the floor; Janko, lifting Roscavitch to his feet, for a while stood there holding him pinned against the rib. He knew that Roscavitch would die the instant his lungs filled up with the deadly vapor, so there in that dim chamber, with its countless suggestions of the horror, the battle of life against death went on desperately, hopelessly.

"Roscavitch!" screamed Janko, a sudden inspiration flashing upon his mind. "Roscavitch!" He dropped the man's inert body to the floor and leaped to the rib where the iron air-pipe leading from the main-feed lay half-hidden in the dirt. Roscavitch dreamily looked on. The stupor of despair had come upon him. He saw Janko working with frenzied fingers at the wire-bound rubber coupling stretching to the chain-machine; the hose writhed and twisted like a thing alive; then Janko paused and looked back. All the agonies of a dreadful uncertainty transformed his heavy features; he shook like a terrified child, and with a weak hand went at the hose again.

The screaming blast of escaping air roared upon the quiet; the power was still running through the pipes. It swept up the powdered coal and dirt from the floor, and sent it whirling in a heavy cloud about them. Once more the vitiated atmosphere quickened under its breath, and Janko, falling upon his breast before it, filled his lungs to their depths.

"The air—the air!" he yelled in a transport of relief. "The air—the pumps she work—there is the air!" He dragged Roscavitch toward the pipe, and ducked him again and again in the blast that blew from the vent its ninety pounds of pressure. So long as the condensers ran, they were safe; providing, of course, that a rescue party reached their prison before starvation came to claim them. Janko's slow mind took up the probabilities, and turned them over one by one. It was a God's mercy that the pipes had withstood the explosion, for along the main pathway of the disaster even the twenty-four-pound steel rails of the haulage-way had been torn up from their bed. What saved the air-pipes was, no doubt, the fact that they had been laid in the shelter of the ditch. The keg-pumps set in the entries to clear out the draining mine-water—they, too, had escaped—Janko, shutting off the valve, held his ear to the pipe, and heard the thudding of one that stood in a near-by passage. Yes—they would not shut off the air-condensers now, for while the keg-pumps still worked they would need the pressure to run them. He leaned back with a heavy sigh, gave a half-turn to the valve-wheel of the feed-pipe, and, fixing his back against the rib, folded his arms across his knees and rested.

Neither moved for hours. The reaction from their agony had left them weak; Roscavitch lay on his side with his knees drawn up toward his chin; Janko still leaned against the coal, and neither spoke. How long before the rescuers would reach them?—it might be days. He still had his mind fixed upon this point when a light scratching, a half-heard crepitation among the fallen slate, broke upon the stillness. "Janko!" cried Roscavitch, with a shout. "Listen!" The noise ceased—a long silence followed; they held their breaths till their heads rang with the strain. Again the noise—a fine scratching and scuffling among the fragments of fallen rock. "Janko—Janko!" whispered the other; "it is the—mebbe you hear from him, the—" He dared not utter the hope upon his lips.

The tension grew too much; Janko arose and picked up a piece of slate. He harkened a moment; then hurled it with all his force through the darkness toward the gray shadow of the bulkhead barring their way. A sharp squeak answered.

Janko turned wearily to his place against the coal. "It is a rat from the gob-heap," he said wearily; "she is live from the explo-

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sion, alzo." Bending his head upon his knees, he was silent; and only the sound of Roscavitch's gagging sobs broke the stillness of the chamber.

An hour later, Janko arose and with a quick gesture jerked out the light of the safety-lamp.

"Mebbe we makes to need heem—some time," he said, in answer to Roscavitch's whimper of protest. The engulfing silence of their tomb sank upon them, then; neither moved, and the weary hours dragged their way along. Nothing they could do would avail; they must wait until help came to them from on top. Once Roscavitch, fighting madly against his despair, dragged himself about the room, beating with wild hands against the coal and storming at the pile of slate that blocked the way to the entry. Janko idly listened, moving neither hand nor foot, nor speaking while his frenzied mate worked himself into exhaustion. When Roscavitch crept back to the pipe, weeping, he grunted once in scorn; and after that the long hours again wore on in stillness.

That night—as nearly as he could guess at the passing of time—Janko awoke out of his torpor, startled by a sound. He heard a rattle of tin and a rustling in the dark as Roscavitch moved. A moment's silence followed; the tin rattled again, and Janko, leaning forward, snatched blindly in the darkness. His hand fell true; Roscavitch had his dinner bucket, and was wolfing down its store of food. "By damn!" he cried, striking again and again at Roscavitch, till the man released his hold; "bimeby we need him so much that grub—you bin crazy fools—hey—vat?" With the bucket clutched fast, he scrambled about in the dark until he had found his own, and stowing the two behind him, once more sat down to wait.

"By hell—you try him for once more," he warned, a dire threat in his voice, "I fix you good!"

It must have been the morning of the day after when Janko arose, and stumbling toward the machine, returned with the heavy wrench to his place beside the pipe. "You keeps him still!" he ordered Roscavitch roughly; and with that began striking at the air-pipe—*tap-tap—tap-tap-tap*—like a drummer beating a march step. *Tap-tap—tap-tap-tap;* he kept at it for a half-hour or more, pausing at intervals to listen. There came no answer to the signal; two hours later, he tried it again with the same result; and so on through the day until at last in utter weariness he dropped the tool and rested.

Hunger had begun with its sharp pangs to assail him, but the reckoning of how little there was in the dinner pails fought down the craving to eat. Many hours afterward, when he had forgotten all in sleep, Roscavitch awakened him by an incautious movement. The man had been trying to lift one of the dinner pails from the corner where they were hedged in by Janko's body; and Janko, with all his wits awake, sensed the other's purpose. He had determined to portion out a mouthful that night—he could stand the craving no longer; and indeed in a man of his nature—the nature of the Slav at all times—the self-denial was astonishing. Roscavitch, if left alone, would have finished all the food at a single meal.

"You try him for that, once more," swore Janko, striking him across the legs with the wrench; "I keel you for sures—me—Janko—you hears me what I says to tells you?"

He set the pail securely behind him, resolved to hold off longer before Roscavitch should eat, and once more went at the pipe with his tool. *Tap-tap—tap-tap-tap!* At times he stopped to listen, or again to squeeze more air from the valve; for, although the after-damp was no longer seeping through the crevices of the fall, their own breathing rapidly vitiated the foul, dense atmosphere of their cell.

Roscavitch's cowardly stealth had filled him with wrath, and this Janko put into the strength of the blows he beat upon the pipe. *Tap-tap—tap-tap-tap*—the patient, incessant signal kept at its pitiful call. *Tap—tap*—Janko struck half-heartedly, his arm grown weary with the work. *Tap—tap*—he had raised the wrench for the following stroke when a new sound broke volleying like thunder upon the stillness of their tomb. *Clank—click—click—click-click*— He paused, the wrench uplifted, and in that pause the two lived a lifetime. Then again it came! Roscavitch dragged himself to his feet, gave a scream of joy, and, with one hand at his throat, fell forward on the floor. *Tap—tap—tap-tap-tap* answered Janko with the wrench, stroke by stroke answering to the call—*tap-tap*—no haste, no crowding of the long-beaten staccato time. Then—CLANG! He struck the pipe one terrific blow, and grabbing a dinner bucket, crowded handfuls of the food upon his slavering jaws.

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It was noon of the fourth day. In the entry outside there were many falls of slate to block the rescue party, but still they made way fast. The explosion, at that quarter of the mine, had been turned back by a shift of cold air that had lowered the heat of its flame. A layer of soot showed the line where it had halted; but the shock, light as it was, had been enough to break down the weakened slate of the roof. A great pile of rock congested the twelve-foot entry, and this, piece by piece, had to be removed. By working it from the main entry, foot by foot, as the ventilation grew better, the rescuers forced their way into the heart of the pit, setting up their brattices before them to lead the unwilling air-current into the gas-filled galleries. Overhead, the fan was speeded to the limit; the air roared through the intake, and before it fled the poisonous after-damp, the choke-damp, and the other gases that they feared.

"She's growing clear—sweet as a babby's breath," the pit-boss was crying, when he stopped with uplifted finger. *Tap—tap—tap-tap-tap!* A pause—then *tap-tap* again! "Listen, men!" he yelled. "There's a body leevin' in the peet!" He bent down over the main-feed harking to that call—again the signal sounded. "A meeracle!" he cried, and with a slate-wedge in his hand, beat back upon the pipe.

They won their way at last to the great fall of slate at the room-turning, and the pit-boss was the first to tear away the rock at its crest. Lifting up his lamp to peer before him, there he saw outlined a gaunt visage whose eyes blinked in the feeble glare.

"Be ye the quick or the dead?" the pit-boss demanded hoarsely, though little need for that. Roscavitch had been crying and shouting at them the hour past; again, they had heard the crash of slate as Janko, on the other side, threw the *débris* behind him. "Be ye quick or dead?"

Janko shaded his eyes from the lamp. "Me bin Janko—mine buddy—he is Roscavitch—alzo, he is here!"

On his way to the pit-bottom, Janko walked alone. His stolid face, cloaked with the grime of the coal, was fixed ahead; he gave no heed to the others carrying Roscavitch between them, but hurried on toward the shaft. Scrambling over the falls of slate, worming in and out of the brattices set along the passage, he walked along alone, his teeth set, and silent. Near the shaft the way was clear, and, to the astonishment of all, he ran. There was the waiting cage, reset after the explosion, and running clear. The little crowd at the pit-bottom stared at him curiously, then crowded close about. He heard his name called by a dozen men, but gave no heed. His feet tottered as he stepped aboard. "You ring up for the cage—hey—vat?" he demanded hoarsely; and some one struck the signals to the top. Up went the cage a foot—halted the half-moment it always halted before the upward flight; an eternity, it seemed to Janko—then shot away on the slides. The air roared in his ears, a splash of cold water drenched his burning face; he looked up past the cage's hood, and there was a patch of light. Clutching tighter to the metal frame, he stared upward at that heaven-given gleam, his teeth set and his knees weak beneath him. Into the open shot the cage, and the cold air struck him like a blow. Around lay the world he had never hoped to see, the green fields, the rounded breasts of the hills, and far away the deep, blue sky.

A roar of human voices greeted him. There was the waiting crowd, all the men of his own and the adjoining collieries, the women from the "blocks," some impassive, stolid as ever—others crying loudly. In a dream, he stared for a moment upon them. Then he staggered from the cage and looked up into the sky. A signal rang, the cage dropped away behind him, and at the muffled roar Janko looked back and saw the yawning maw of the pit. Dashing a hand to his brow, he ran along the slope, away—away from that cursed hole; and with the crowd flocking at his heels, ran till his knees gave way beneath him.

Halushka, the giant cager, stood over the fallen man and looked down with a knowing grin.

"You bin scart—hey—vat?" he cried.

Janko threw up both arms to the sky, dropped back and hid his face in his hands. From behind arose the painful sighing of the head-gear, straining under the stress of the hoisting cables, and again the hoarse, coughing exhaust of the great engines sounded as they lay down to their work.

Janko arose with a loud cry and ran. The terror of the pit was on him.

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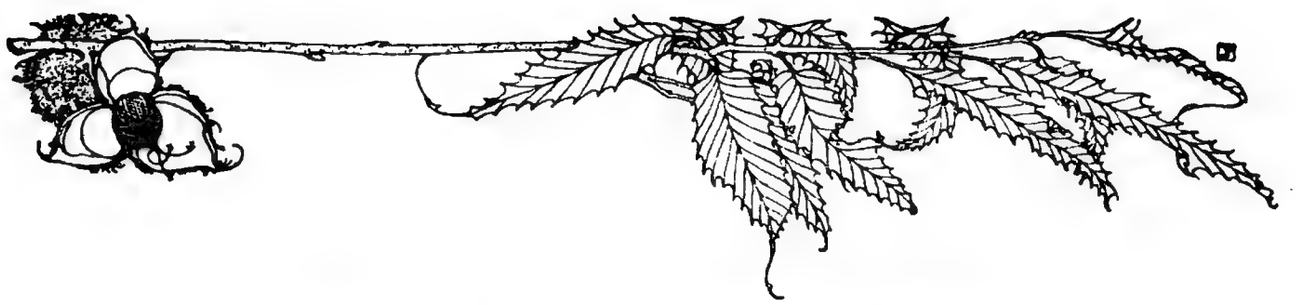

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones.

HENRY GUY CARLETON, wit, journalist, and playwright, has an impediment in his speech about which he is not in the least sensitive. Meeting Nat Goodwin one day he asked:

"G-g-goodwin, c-c-can you g-g-give m-m-me f-f-fifteen m-m-minutes?"

"Certainly," replied the comedian, "what is it?"

"I w-w-want to have f-f-five m-m-minutes' c-c-conversation with you."

Several years ago, when the Fifth Avenue Theatre burned, Mr. Carleton appeared in the New York *World* office, where he was then employed, and the usual Saturday night confusion was increased by the late fire. The late Ballard Smith, then managing editor of the newspaper, was bellowing his orders with all his wonderful vigor in the effort to get to press on time.

"M-m-mister Smith," began Mr. Carleton, "I've a g-g-great s-s-story about the F-f-fifth Avenue Theatre f-f-fire."

"Great Heavens, man," roared Mr. Smith, "don't stop to talk to me about it! Don't you know this is Saturday night and we go to press in fifteen minutes? Get to work and write it and write as fast as you know how. I want copy, not conversation. Don't you know that every minute is precious?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," said the journalist with an insistent effort to hold the editor's attention, "I w-w-wanted to k-k-know if you w-w-would lend m-m-me your s-s-stenographer."

The relationship between Mr. Gladstone and his wife was one of the most beautiful the world has known, and of all the millions who looked up to him, she was his greatest admirer. On an occasion when Mrs. Gladstone was entertaining visitors, conversation turned on the Bible, and there was a lively argument on the meaning of a certain passage. Presently one of the callers, hoping to end the discussion, remarked devoutly:

"There is One alone who knows all."

The cloud vanished from Mrs. Gladstone's face and she smiled sunnily as she said:

"Yes, and William will be down in a few moments."

It is fitting that there should be coupled with this a story that the late F. W. Rhinelander, who was president of the Museum of Art in New York, was fond of telling. A miniature painter made a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone in her old age that pleased her immensely. One day a young relative who was looking at the miniature, said to Mr. Gladstone:

"It is admirably executed, but don't you think it rather flatters the old lady?"

"My boy," said Mr. Gladstone, placing his hand on the other's shoulder and speaking in his mellowest deep tone, "it is the truth beautifully told."

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A clergyman's small son, who had been very strictly reared, went to visit his aunt, a woman of wealth. In the morning the youngster came down-stairs and saw, for the first time in his life, a nude statue. After a few minutes of thought he hurried to his room. When he was called for breakfast he replied:

"Please excuse me for a few minutes, auntie, and don't bother me, this is very important."

Later, when his aunt entered the library, she found her beautiful statue awkwardly swathed in articles which the boy had taken from his own slender wardrobe, supplemented by some garments he had fashioned himself, and pinned on them was a placard on which he had printed:

"I was naked and ye clothed me."

Dr. Arthur William White, professor of experimental physics in Yale University, delights in telling of his experience with an inventor of the "unlettered-genius" type who came to the professor with a model of a perpetual-motion machine.

"H'm, looks plausible," observed Dr. White, "but it won't work. What are you going to do about gravity?"

"Gravity!" said the visitor scornfully, "t'll wit' gravity; we'll use plenty o' grease."

The late Baron de Hirsch, celebrated the world over as a financier and philanthropist, was dining in a nobleman's house in Germany in company with a prince who openly proclaimed his vindictiveness toward the Jews and whose rudeness reached its greatest height, when he said, after describing a tour he recently had made through Turkey:

"Two of the customs of that country impressed me very favorably: all Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed."

Whereupon Baron de Hirsch looked smilingly at his insulter and remarked blandly:

"How fortunate that you and I don't live there!"

Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, the head of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has an eight-year-old nephew, who has had a very careful religious training One day Professor Mendenhall asked the boy what he was going to be when he grew up. The youngster studied a moment and then, glancing up confidingly, he remarked in a perfectly matter-of-fact way:

"Uncle Tom, I've thought it all over and I have made up my mind that when I grow up I am going to be a Christian hack driver."

"A Christian hack driver!" repeated the amazed uncle; and he added feelingly: "Your ambition is a truly noble one, but if you stick to it I am afraid you will travel a pretty lonely road through life!"

The profession of a distinguished Southern lawyer was determined upon when he was a very small boy. He had a prodigious appetite, even for a youngster, and more than once, when he was visiting, he had deeply mortified his mother by demanding something to eat. Scolding did not avail; and finally his mother promised that if ever again he asked for food when he was visiting, she would whip him soundly. Not long afterward he was in a home where they were not accustomed to small boys and their ways, and he suffered abominably. He endured the pangs of hunger as long as he could, and then, in an ingenuously impersonal tone, he remarked:

"There is plenty of bread and butter in this house, but what is that to me?"

A man in Montclair, New Jersey, recently bought a bull pup whose list of recommendations was as long as the pedigree received from the dog-fancier. The pup was lonesome in his new surroundings and raised a melancholy howling to make it generally understood. Four times during the night the owner was roused from his sweet suburban sleep to quiet and console that bull pup. He had come to believe that the animal was reconciled, and the pup did behave very well the following day, until his owner—who really can sing—started to entertain some guests with a solo. The pup promptly began to howl most dismally.

"Say," said the man with intense disgust, "I bought you for a dog, not an obligato."

Sam P. Jones, the revivalist, about whom revolve a legion of anecdotes, was preaching in Dallas, Texas, on the rarity of a perfect life. He suddenly interrupted his discourse with the query:

"How many of you have ever known a perfec' man, entirely perfec' without any fault at all?"

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He glanced fiercely at his silent audience that made no sign. Then evidently to show his fairness he asked:

"Well, who's ever seen a perfec' woman? Any one's ever seen a perfec' woman please rise."

To the evangelist's utter amazement a tall, middle-aged woman, whose big dark eyes set in her sallow face were fixed upon the preacher, arose from her seat on the front bench.

"Madam," he thundered, "do you mean to tell me you've seen a perfec' woman that never did no wrong at all?"

"Wal," she said slowly, gazing at her interlocutor with the air of one who feels that she has the basic truth on her side and who is solemnly conscious that she should adhere to the letter of it, "wal, I cayn't say as I ever did 'xactly see her, but I hearn tell a powerful sight about her—she war my ole man's fust wife!"

A sportsman who was seeking trout in northern Maine early in May had as guide a French Canadian who lived over the border in a place remote from civilization. When it came time for the first drink, the Canadian solemnly proposed the health of Queen Victoria.

"You are away behind the times," said his employer. "Queen Victoria has been dead for years."

It was the first time the guide had heard of the Queen's death. He did not even know that Earl Gray was governor-general; in fact he would not believe that he had taken Lord Minto's place, dismissing that announcement as being unworthy of even a reply.

"And the Queen is dead?" repeated the guide in astonishment; "then who got her job?"

"Her son, the Prince of Wales, has succeeded to the throne and he is now known as Edward the Seventh."

"Well, by gar! The Prince of Wales got her job! He must have got one great big pull with Lord Minto!"

Dilsey gave notice one Sunday morning that dinner would be served an hour earlier than usual, in order that she might attend the funeral of her dearest friend. The mistress consented, because she had no option, but she was shocked and a trifle doubtful when she saw Dilsey leave the house in a pink lawn dress and a hat ornamented with bright red roses. The next Sunday Dilsey again announced an early dinner.

"Are you going to another funeral?" inquired her mistress, with as much sarcasm as she dared indulge in.

"No'm," replied Dilsey cheerfully; "Ah'm goin' to a weddin'."

"Whose?"

"Mine," replied Dilsey.

"Yours? Why, whom are you going to marry?"

Dilsey heaved a profound sigh. "You know dat funeral Ah 'tended las' Sunday? Well, Ah'm de bride of de corpse's husban'."

A typical story of the egotism of Oscar Wilde has to do with a rehearsal of his comedy, "An Ideal Husband," in the Haymarket Theater, London. Louis Waller, the actor-manager, who had the principal part, found a certain exit not to his liking, and insisted it should be changed. Accordingly, he despatched messengers to find the author, who was discovered in a little public house in St. James's Square, discoursing to two half-intoxicated cab-drivers. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to return to the theater.

"What is it, Mr. Waller?" he asked.

"The ending of the last act will not do at all," declared the manager. "My exit is very poor and it spoils my whole part. You really must alter it."

"Alter it!" exclaimed Wilde, "alter it! Heavens, man! who am I that I should tamper with a masterpiece?"

Edith is one of the several hundred thousand New York children who live in flats or apartments and she knew something of the prejudices of owners against small folk. It was in her second school year that the severe teacher propounded the perplexing question:

"Mrs. Jones has seven children; if there were seven more how many children would Mrs. Jones have?"

Among the hands raised on high none wriggled more insistently than that of Edith and the teacher turned to her.

"Edith may tell us; how many children would she have?"

"Enough," replied Edith soberly and confidently.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

AS TO GOVERNMENT "GRAFT"

IN the May number of EVERYBODY'S the article on "The West Coast Land Grafters" proved a most interesting exposé to many of your readers here in the Capital City. Here, where the very air is full of charges of graft of all kinds, of favoritism, of connivance in wrong-doing in high places, it met a keenly felt want for more and fuller information. I think your readers generally expected a series on the same and cognate subjects, like the articles by Lawson and Russell. Many of us in the service of Uncle Sam feel that the field is ample for a much greater revelation of the inside workings of the system by which two or three men have surfeited themselves with millions of square miles of the public domain.

Then, too, there would be discoverable great opportunities elsewhere and in different fields of the Government service where many things are done which ought to be brought into the limelight of public knowledge. A continuation of the land graft series would, I believe, add additional power and prestige to your magazine. B.

Washington, D. C.

IS ARTHUR BRONSON A TYPE?

SUCH a series as Miss Bensley's "Experiences of a Nursery Governess," aside from the interest-holding style, cannot but do a great deal of good, but in such articles, even though based on actual experience, there is always a danger of labeling an individual as a type.

Is Master Arthur Bronson a type? Are all children brought up under like conditions stunted morally, mentally, and artistically?

Is it not probable that his dwarfed mind and general apathy were the result of traits which were inborn? However, granted that hotel life and a flitting nomad existence are injurious to a child, would they destroy all "vividness and freshness of human interest"? Would they not rather make the mind alert, eager to seize and enjoy each new thing, ever busy with the new pictures which are constantly being impressed on the "photographic plate of his mind"?

Then, too, the mothers of most "hotel children" are women of culture and refinement, of the finest repose, and although the hotel itself may be furnished in the inartistic way which Miss Bensley describes, these women make their private rooms home-like and pleasing to the eye.

So, if he is a normal child, he will grow up wholesome and good, and develop "patriotism, self-reliance, and" [in spite of his environment, or perhaps because of it] "a great love of home."

Minneapolis, Minn. A. D.

GET BETTER TEACHERS

MRS. E. W. B., in July "Straight Talk," writes with sense. The question she raises is an important one. It will be impossible, however, for "Straight Talkers" to decide whether the harm to a child under ten, attending school, particularly the country school, is greater than the good it receives; though a discussion of it may open the eyes of some to conditions concerning which something should be done.

As I have had country children for my pupils, and as I myself attended a dozen different schools in seven different States and was wide enough awake to know about all the current schoolboy topics, and since I have that tact which generally wins the confidence of my scholars so that I often know more of a child's secrets than his parents do, it seems that I may be qualified to express an opinion on the subject.

My verdict is that in fully nine cases out of ten the child would be better off at home, provided its parents would start it in reading and writing.

It is astonishing how carelessly people entrust the training of the very susceptible minds of their precious children to any teacher that happens to occupy the position. A little girl, in a family where I boarded a few years ago, commenced her school career with a very estimable young lady as teacher who had just graduated from a well-known "Academy" and who, therefore (as I heard said), was certainly competent to teach. The little girl was bright and lovable and very enthusiastic over "going to school." But, alas! a few days and school was worse than prison to her, and she flatly refused to go. Stormy scenes

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ensued and she was compelled to go amid her sobs. This occurred regularly every morning till finally her parents concluded it would be better to keep her at home. With a different teacher the next year that child became as enthusiastic over her school as any one could wish.

How is it, then, that people are so thoughtless in such a vital matter as education? They take things as a matter of course. They and their parents went to school, and so, as soon as their children are old enough, they must go—to any old school. The matter with the world to-day is that too many take things as they find them, without a question. The "Yankee" is noted for progress—and questions There are too few Yankees, too few who can reason for themselves. As long as the mass of the people let the few do their thinking for them just so long will the masses suffer. And we may rest assured that they always will suffer unless they wake up to a realization that there must be honest education for all. A big part of our school system is a big "fake."

I am no expert teacher, but I know that a child must be taught to use his reason and "see through" his lesson if he is to be benefited. How is he to do this when his teacher cannot "see through" it clearly herself?—as about nine out of ten country schoolteachers cannot. I know an estimable young lady, who taught for years in New York State before teachers were compelled to take State examinations, and then failed year after year to get a State certificate.

So much for the little good received. How about the evil effects of the associations?

Activity is a law of life, and a child obeys nature's laws—until taught otherwise by his misguided elders. If the teacher has not the tact to guide the child's energies along right lines, he is certainly going to get into mischief. Then he gets scolded and punished and he loses his eagerness and becomes sullen and hates school; and, unless some teacher with the patience of Job soon gets hold of him, all the good there may be in that bright boy will be lost to the world. The tactful and patient teachers are rare, and so mischief runs riot.

Could I have a teacher made to order for every school in the United States, all the reformers, who are now grasping their little grain of truth as the key to all good, would be astonished in a few decades. Don't keep your children at home till ten, but do see to it that better teachers are employed. Men who know how to train animals and manage enterprises get large salaries. How, then, should we expect to get those who know how to train men and women for the ridiculously low prices of $180 ($180? Yes, $180), $300, $500, and $600 a year? Barely enough to exist on!

What are you going to do about it? Keep your child home, or stay in the rut, or do a little acting?

New Haven. J. K. S.

ADVANTAGES OF COUNTRY SCHOOLS

After reading "The Child and the Country School," in the July number of your magazine, I should like to express my views on the subject. After three years' experience in a rural district, I feel well satisfied with the results of the district school in the case of my two little girls.

Home influence should in country, as well as in city, go hand in hand with school influence.

After all, our boys and girls, wherever they go, unless carefully shielded from all contact with the outside world, see and meet both girls and boys who are unfortunate in having rough and ill-bred parents I consider this, in a way, an advantage, as our children are quick to see the difference between such children and those who are well brought up, and will choose their associates accordingly.

The advantages of a country life, combined with the love and care of a wise mother, lay the foundation for a great future. At school, I believe in review after review, rather than branching out in many directions before the mind has fully grasped the rudiments. M. A. W.

Spring Valley, N. Y.

STORIES FOR "GOOD" READERS

In "Straight Talk" I read an article called "Whisky in Fiction." Now, if you conclude to follow the suggestion of this good woman, I think you should go a little further and strike out all reference to games of chance, dancing, horse-racing, stock-dealing, print no slum stories; in fact, make the magazine just as dry as an annual Government report.

Now, if it is not convenient to do this, you might print an expurgated edition for such good, good, narrow people as Mrs. C. B. F.

The regular edition for mine.

Brighton, N. Y. R. N.

THE INFLUENCE OF HEROINES

I am convinced of the fact that there will be "nothing new under the sun" in the magazine field when Everybody's has reached its climax.

First, your "Little Stories of Real Life" appealed to us all, and I have wondered if those "Little Stories" were really based on fact, for a leading literary journal blandly informs the public that "truth makes poor fiction." Then your department "Straight Talk" came with its entertainment and comfort. I question whether an editor can understand just what it means to us common mortals not only to be allowed but to be encouraged to "talk back." It is such a relief when some one stands and grinds his heel into one's pet theory. And now you have given us "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," with its keen delights and the cordial invitation "to help."

I was interested in Mrs. C. B. F.'s "Whisky in Fiction," in the July "Straight Talk." Your publishing the criticism "clinched," so to speak, my high regard for you, while the article itself brought to mind incidents of my childhood and gave me a new line of thought to investigate. Most of us have never noticed the possible danger indicated, and many, perhaps even you, will think it a fanatical objection and needlessly cautious; but I'm not so sure. A book heroine of my girlhood once indulged in a cup of hot chocolate in her boudoir on a cold winter's night. I am fond of the beverage to-day and never prepare or partake of it without something of that warm, "snuggy" feeling I experienced years ago when I dreamed of doing so in a cozy home of my own. Had my heroine been sipping champagne, I can but suppose the effect on my young mind would have been similar. Fuchsias are a favorite flower, and always bring to mind a good and beautiful fiction lady who wore drooping clusters of them in her dark hair. Am

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I more susceptible than most individuals? The youth who revels in cheap, thrilling literature and has ambitions to be a "bad man" is not entirely a back number. I met "one of him" a short time ago. We can afford to be a little narrow to-day, to insure breadth to-morrow. MRS. F. A. N.

Blencoe, Ia.

TRAINING FOR FATHERHOOD

THE letter in the July EVERYBODY'S on "Training for Fatherhood" interested me much, being a mother of boys. There certainly is a great lack of literature on that subject, as well as lack of training in that direction. "My Wife and I," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, is the only thing approaching it I ever read, until recently, when I have noticed a hint here and there, though not even "three articles in ten months," as your correspondent puts it.

The saying, "Boys will be boys" is taken too much for granted. It really means, boys will be careless boys will be irresponsible, boys will be selfish, and, what is worst of all, boys will be more or less immoral. Consequently boys grow up into manhood feeling that these are their prerogatives. No wonder there are husbands and fathers who are careless of how they provide for the wife and children, not feeling any responsibility in the matter.

Others seem to think they have a right to as large a part of their income as they choose to keep, not realizing how the lack of her share may add to the wife's burdens.

Still others appear to think the Seventh Commandment was intended for the weaker sex only.

It is time parents and all having care of children were aroused on this subject, "Training Boys for Fatherhood." Proper training to this end would lessen many a wife and mother's burdens, and would eventually make a startling change in the divorce list. MRS. A. H. B.

St. Louis, Mo.

SOCIALISM THE ONLY CURE

F. L. H., of Freeport, Cal., in July EVERYBODY'S, says socialism is not the cure for present-day evils, and asks his Socialist neighbor if he has been reading EVERYBODY'S. This implies that he has confidence that the revelations of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Russell *et al.* will correct the evils of which society complains. He dismisses the Socialist with a haughty scoff. I can see that this wise fellow knows absolutely nothing of socialism. Well, of course, to repudiate socialism one must be ignorant of its tenets. He speaks of one of those "ranting, fault-finding Socialists." I am one of those. When a man knows anything at all about socialism he knows that it is the only remedy for present-day evils. No question is ever settled till settled right. You cannot *harmonize conflicting* interests. *Inequity* is the source and the seed of *iniquity*. Competition is strife, strife is war and "war is hell." Socialism is a scientific, philosophical, mathematical solution for our troubles. The usury system has resulted in the death of every civilization of which we have history. It is utterly impossible to meet the obligations of usury—interest compounded. The proposition of usury involves something for nothing, and this, slavery; slavery is wrong.

It hath been said: A fair exchange is no robbery—then it is implied that that which is not a fair exchange is robbery—rent, interest, or profit is *unearned* increment. This is not only wrong but it is damnable and damning—this is hellish. The average man says there is no *other* hell, for this world is hell, and hell enough. Just so, literally, so it is. You cannot compromise with wrong; there is no half-way or compromise remedy. A little hot water and a little cold water mixed will not cure this national patient. How sickening to hear the quacks quack!

Publicity the remedy! To be sure, frenzied methods are being exploited, but by people who have no idea of the real remedy. The remedy will be recognized in due time. We Socialists glory in Lawson, Russell, Rickman, Tarbell, and a half million others who are pushing the people on and on toward socialism.

I wrote to Mr. Lawson: This nation is in a condition of *disease;* this disease has been the death of every nation of which history tells the tale. The disease is called *iniquity*. The remedy is to establish *equity*. There is to be a dispensation of peace on earth and good-will to men—a millennial age—the Christian dispensation. This is socialism, ignorance to the contrary notwithstanding.

River View, Fla. W. P. N.

TAINTED MONEY PURIFIED

APROPOS of "The Rockefeller Revivals," under "With the Procession," for July, it seems to me, having read with some interest the various criticisms, by Dr. Gladden and others, on the "tainted-ness" of Mr. Rockefeller's dollars, that some of our well-intending "Doers of Good" see things from a peculiar point of view.

I am not a pro-Rockefeller or pro-any-one-else who does any act that is not "good in itself," intending to make a profit therefrom at the expense of some one, or many not sophisticated enough or sufficiently on the alert to protect themselves against stealthy raids in profits on their necessities.

It seems to me that instead of indignantly refusing large gifts from Mr. Rockefeller or any one else disposed to give for charitable purposes, on the ground that the money offered by them is or was "tainted," *i. e.*, earned in a manner not in accord with the popular idea of fair dealing, or secured by detrimental business practises, that it *should be the duty of all Christians and charitably inclined people* and *good intenders* to take all money offered for any good purpose.

Why? Because every dollar taken from a man or firm engaged in evil or corrupt business, or who is a party to corrupt or evil methods in the conducting of a legitimate business, *is a dollar's worth of power converted from evil to a good purpose.*

Dr. Gladden raised a great cry about "tainted" money when Mr. Rockefeller offered $100,000 to the organization of which the distinguished divine was a member, and refused to touch said money and was the means of raising such a sentiment that resolutions were passed refusing to accept it.

Now it seems to me that those gentlemen who had spent their lives in learning how to be good, and how to teach others to do likewise, should have accepted the $100,000, and that their judicious use of the same would have made a difference in the "balance" be-

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tween good and evil of $200,000 in favor of the good. How? By being deprived of the use of the $100,000, Mr. Rockefeller would have been able to do $100,000 less of evil or harm, and Dr. Gladden and his associates would have done $100,000 worth of good.

I should think that if every time the opportunity offered, the church or any society or charitable organization would take the gifts offered, and try to encourage the offering, by those engaged in evil ways of making or taking money, they would be doing a Christian work, and a wise one, and, literally, be turning the weapons of evil against itself, and increasing the power for good in the world.

Respectfully,

Des Moines, Iowa. A. E. P.

PIPE DREAMS

THE "Boston Bachelor" has saved us the trouble of guessing the cause of his hallucination—he confesses to "hitting the pipe."

The Oriental pill must have been dissolving beautifully while those visions of bachelor bliss hung in the smoke. First puff—and he sees all his bachelor brethren possessed of plenty of money and living in a paradise of contentment. Second puff—and he sees beautiful girls and wealthy mammas at his feet, basking in the sunshine of his glorious countenance. We who buy no hop for the pipe perceive the endless army of bachelors of the "Weary Willy" type, who importune us for stale bread and cast-off clothing.

We know that some bachelors have money, but what's the use of money if you have to blow it in in order to be tolerated by your fellow men? We also know that all the nice girls are either married, spoken for, or above marrying a bachelor who hits the pipe. We married men have had our share of the smiles and attentions, and when we acquired sufficient nerve and ambition to shoulder the responsibilities which are a *man's* heritage, we entered on a road that does not lead to the dusty, hard shelves of old bachelorhood.

A bachelor's funeral is the most forlorn picture I can imagine. He is good and dead, with no ties leading back to earth. He is given a decent burial, because he is supposed to be a member of the human family. Miladi's canine pet has pomp and tears a-plenty at his funeral.

When the pipe goes out, it is a pity that the pigtailed attendant does not apply the sponge. The "Boston Bachelor" need not wait until he is sixty to be an eligible candidate. E. F. H.

Cleveland, O.

AN "EX-OLD MAID'S" CONFESSION

THE "Gabby Old Maid," in the July number, made me smile—not a sarcastic or pitying smile, but a smile provoked by the knowledge of how one "Gabby Old Maid" (none other than myself) changed her mind concerning married life, after hundreds of times repeating, almost word for word, portions of the "Old Maid's" amen article, and meaning just what she said.

While reading the article I could hear myself expressing my opinions on married life five years ago, when single and well started in my thirties.

When an old maid with the views of the one writing the article referred to marries, she is likely to live happily. Such women do not marry because they fear they will not be happy.

Their great desire for an ideal married life is what keeps them from marrying, lest their married life fall short of what they realize it should be.

They will not marry unless they fall very much in love, or meet a man they are quite sure will be fair-minded enough to be a good husband; and, in either case, they will just simply walk into the yoke with, perhaps, power to resist, but no inclination to do so—just as the ordinary woman whom they so severely criticize for being overanxious to marry.

When we see so many unhappy homes it is little wonder many single men and women take the view of married life that our old maid does. But in spite of all this, the man and woman happily married (and there are such) know that in married life lies the real contentment that every single man and woman longs for, although he or she may not know where it exists, or what it is that is lacking to make life complete.

A forgiving heart, a desire to do right, and a fair amount of common sense on the part of both man and wife will produce a home the joy of which is not to be compared with any other earthly happiness.

Iowa. AN EX-OLD MAID.

P. S.—It might be well to add that I'm not a bride, but a married woman for a number of years.

PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS

IT is with a sense of deep gratification that we gather from the statistics of the Provincial Board of Health here in Ontario the fact that between 1900 and 1902 the death-rate from tuberculosis in this province decreased twenty-five per cent. In 1902, the deaths were 549 less than in 1901; in 1903, 622 less than in 1902. In 1900, the deaths from this disease numbered 3,484; in 1903, 2,072, showing a decrease of 1,412, or, in other words, a decrease of forty per cent. in these years. This, I think, is sufficient proof that the efforts made to stamp out this curse during the last few years have not been fruitless.

Doubtless, every one is interested in the fight against the White Plague, and, while many have responded to the appeals of Sanatorium Associations by money contributions, there are many others whose sympathy is with the movement who, for various reasons, may have felt unable to assist. It is those who have and those who have not given material help that are needed to cooperate in the prevention of tuberculosis, and there are three things to which I desire to call your attention, namely, the use of individual communion glasses, the carbolizing or sterilizing of dentists' instruments, and the use of individual drinking-cups for school children.

The use of individual communion glasses in churches should be compulsory.

Let the people demand that their dentists properly carbolize or sterilize their instruments. What the people demand they shall get. If some dental instruments were put under a glass of good magnifying power, I fear that in many cases the results would be appalling. I am not speaking of the whole dental fraternity, but of the careless members—they are too numerous to be called "the few careless ones." I know of a case where a tuberculosis patient went to a dentist to have some work done and, at the risk of having him refuse to do it, told him that she had the trouble, so that he would thoroughly disinfect his

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instruments after using them. To her surprise the "next" was treated with the same instruments, they having been only wiped on a piece of dry absorbent cotton. Needless to say, she was righteously indignant.

The third subject is one in which all should be interested, and parents in particular. A great many schools are provided with only a water-pail and one or two cups for drinking. The whole school use the same cup, so how can we be surprised at the rapidity with which certain infectious diseases other than tuberculosis spread over a community. Why should not each child have his own cup just as he has his own books, and why is the pail not provided with a dipper and rules established to prevent the dipping of cups into the pail and drinking from the dipper?

Think what an "ounce" of prevention now may mean to the rising generation.

The three things I have mentioned may seem almost insignificant, but do not let us do nothing because we cannot do something great. An act, however small, that betters the condition of the human race is noble. M. G. P.

Oakwood, Ont., Can.

STATE DEFENSE

WITH reference to a "Victim of Acquittal," I would like to say: I think it would be better for the statute to require the State to *defend* as well as prosecute a murder suspect, instead of reimbursing him for the cost of his defense, if acquitted, as the author suggested. Let there be a special office created for this purpose and a proper person elected by the people to defend persons charged with murder. This, I think, would obviate many of the faults and much of the trouble that the author speaks of in the latter part of his article. A. S. B.

Denver, Colo.

DISHONEST DRUGGISTS

EVER since the "Straight Talk" department started I have been much interested in EVERYBODY'S. Living as I do in southern California, I see a great deal of lung trouble and a great deal of unnecessary sickness. What the mass of the people need is a little practical knowledge regarding the care of their health. I know of no better way of giving them easy access to this knowledge than the way you are taking. Three cheers for the good work! Keep it up!

I would like to suggest that more space could be profitably spent fighting cheap and dangerous drugs. I notice that EVERYBODY'S takes no advertisements for "cure-all" drugs or for "quack" doctors. I only wish more of the magazines would take the same broad-minded view of the matter. The worst reptiles we have in the West are the "quack" doctors and the tribe of druggists who bottle semipoisons and sell them to the easily gulled public as wonderful "cure-alls." Why aren't the papers and magazines that handle their untruthful and harmful advertisements in about the same class? The following is a sample:

"All diseases cured forever.

"Write us at once. We cure by mail.

"Home treatment only. All we ask is that you write us.

"You may have some private trouble. Our letters are all confidential."

Now, isn't the magazine that prints the above in letters an inch high a party to the robberies—murders—that the firm may commit? KEEP THE GOOD WORK UP! YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT PATH!

I will be very glad to write any who are interested in the conditions here in California or who may be planning to visit this part of the country in search of better health. T. P.

Redlands, Cal.

A PLEA FOR HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to the friends and relatives of insane patients, confined in State institutions, to consider, for a moment, the position of the attendants. Do they ever think how these attendants sacrifice their lives to the patients, and labor behind locked doors from five o'clock in the morning until eight and ten o'clock at night, for a paltry $18, $20, $25, or $30 per month, with, perhaps, two half-days a month off duty, working Sunday the same as any other day, as is the case in most hospitals.

Attendants, as a rule, are looked down upon, their work being considered degrading. To be sure, there is nothing elevating about the work, yet girls like hospital life, because it gives them a home, or, rather, it shields them from the public at large; for it is rarely a home, as they are seldom treated as human beings by the majority of superintendents and officers, yet these same attendants risk their lives every time they step into the wards, to say nothing of the sacrifice of health, strength, and nerves.

The injustice in factories toward employees, the servant-girl question, child labor, and all such subjects have been worn threadbare, but never yet has a voice been raised in defense of hospital employees.

If the friends and relatives of the insane who can afford to employ special attention for their unfortunates, instead of placing them in a State asylum, and employing nurses through the superintendents, would keep their people at home, and give them special care, both patient and nurse would be benefited—because: Why?

First. The nurse would be able to devote all of his or her time to the patient, which in State asylums is impossible.

Second. The employer would deal directly with the nurse in point of wages, and she would get the benefit of all that was expended for her salary, whereas, in institutions, the nurse gets schedule wages, which range from $18 to $30 per month, according to the hospital, usually $20 or $22 being paid to specials; the remainder of the amount paid out by the employer (and from $25 up, is usually urged by superintendents), being for the board, room, and washing of the nurse, so the employer is informed at the time arrangements are made. Thus the State gets paid twice and the patient is neglected about two-thirds of the time. The reason no kick is made by the nurse is that it would mean instant dismissal.

I do not ask any one to accept the above without investigation.

For the sake of humanity, I ask some one, through the medium of newspapers or magazines, to sift the subject, and help to elevate the social status of hospital employees, who are decidedly human, and deserving of kindness and respect. "MOTHER."

Blackfoot, Idaho.

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Little Stories of Real Life

Trucks

By G. B. Lancaster

"Twisting the tail of a roaring mob,
Plunking the stuff on the field,
Fighting the bush-fire, or 'besting' a nob,
Rollicking home on the station cob—
All pleasures that Life will yield
To me—
I'll take to the full all she gives to me,
And pay when the line is reeled."

THERE were thirteen men on the siding platform. They had been there, more or less, for the last ten evenings when the branch-line train went by. At the beginning they patiently and suavely demanded of the guard, the stoker, and the engine-driver adequate reasons as to why grain-trucks had not come up as ordered. Later, they put the matter differently; but it was after Harry Morel had threatened to tie Sandy, the engineer, to his own cow-catcher, and go gathering trucks himself all up and down the line, that Sandy passed Linnear Siding full steam, and—by popular tradition—skulked in the van with the stoker and the guard.

Harry Morel was working-manager for Jeydon on the great Southern New Zealand wheat plains at this time. For which reason he came to make the fourteenth man on the station, and clattered up the boarding to locate Carre by the light of the pipe on his nose-tip. Carre always smoked a stub.

The life of a new excitement tingled him at touch of the first shadow that he fell over, and he bit off the eternal catchword, "Any trucks yet?" to grab Peters by the elbow.

"What's up, Pete? Not trucks really?"

"No such luck, I'm afraid."

Peters ran a farm in his own right, but he took no pride in it just now. His oats were booked to sail per S.S. *Ionic* in two days, and he saw no possible hope of fulfilling his contract.

He came with Harry, step for step. "No; it's the Traffic Manager. Going up to the terminus for a constitutional. We're just waiting to give him a cheer. He'll be along in about five minutes."

"Now what does he mean by that?" Harry backed up to the ten-by-six station-house, shouldering Carre and little Denis Morant. "He's a cheeky old gentleman, I don't think—comin' along this line just now. Does he want to know what the gentle and bovine farmer feels like with his grain blocked at every siding, and Government usin' his legitimate trucks for excursion porterage? All serene. We'll show him. It's scandalous, of course. Wish we'd had time to let some more chaps know. Could have given him a ripping surprise-party."

"We would so," purred Denis, and Carre said:

"My boss is going off his head over it, I think. Rushes down to Christchurch four days a week, and raises Cain generally. What's yours do, Harry?"

"Pitches in letters—private, public, and personal—specially personal. I left him at his sixteenth. It's no earthly good, either. They must get pecks of 'em at the head office every morning."

The Government laid the blame on the wet season, which had caused farmers to rush their grain precipitately, thereby creating a block at the main, and the consequent clogging of every separate wayside artery. The farmers laid the blame on everybody and everything—very often with justice. And the grain sat in great square masses on each siding that tapped the plain, and got wet owing to a shortage of tarpaulins.

Peters spoke with his teeth clenched on his pipe.

"Faulkner's inclined to be nasty. Missed three boats already, and he'll forfeit if he can't get his stuff away this week. You freeze on to him when she comes by, Harry. We don't want any stone-throwing or pot-shooting."

"Don't we? My Saint Peter, we do!

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That's just where you make the mistake. Hillo, Marton. Been slating 'em down at headquarters again?"

Marton worked his thousand acres with his three sons and a brother, and he had grown stooped in the serving of it.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Told 'em my stuff wuz booked fur shipment on Sat'd'y an' I must git it off to onest. That wuz right, eh, eh?"

"Quite right. We all say that, of course. Blayne will begin to drop to it directly. Hope you didn't say the *Suffolk*, Marton. 'Bout forty of us have plunked for her already. She'd be sunk long ago if she'd tried to load the half of it."

"HIS OATS WERE BOOKED TO SAIL."

"I knowed that," said Marton, in pride. "So I just mentioned the *Wakanui*. That wuz right, eh? Nobody's got her, hev they?"

Harry spoke softly, for the seven who heard grinned without explanation.

"No, my dear chap. P'r'aps they haven't. And p'r'aps you've forgotten that she went down off the Hen and Chickens about a year ago? Yes; I thought so. One does forget these little things. But I'm afraid you've rather bust the show up now, Marton. The Government will begin to think we're all lying. So we are—the bulk of us, anyway. But they're not supposed to know it. Jove! there's the headlight swelling. Close up, you fellows."

Greet slouched across to Denis Morant. He knew that Denis and his brother had about five thousand bushels on that platform.

"I sneaked four tarpaulins out o' them trucks as went up ter Gatefield larst night," he said. "I'd 'a' sneaked the trucks too, on'y Sandy didn't more'n slow down ter let a swaggie off. There's a big josser at Gatefield—Hunt, I s'pose. He gits what he wants. Yer kin have two o' them tarpaulins, sir, ef yer like. Your grain's bin out longer than mine."

"Thanks awfully." Two tarpaulins would have been about as useful as a handerkchief to Denis. "I expect the top bags are wet already, though. I'll have to let it slide. Right, Harry. What's the word? What?"

The Traffic Manager was an easy man and not overbold. He had come from his city office, where rude letters were put in the waste-paper basket, to find out—comfortably, and from the cushioned seat of a railway carriage—what possible reason men could have for writing such letters. And that night was to him one of pure terror.

Seven branch-line stations out of nine seethed with shouting maniacs, half-seen and horrible in the frail light, fierce-voiced, and demanding trucks—trucks—trucks. He showed his mild-whiskered head at one siding and said:

"My good men, do you suppose I carry trucks in my portmanteau?" But he had all the shutters up before Sandy whistled the next warning.

So it was that Harry, leading vituperation in the forefront, drew blank, and swore earnestly as without pause the tail-lights wriggled out in the night.

"Gone to earth right enough, the old fox. Well?"

It was presumably Faulkner going mad with celerity. He waved a scrap of paper tossed from a rear carriage.

"He chucked it—Jim Frost as was aboard. He says as how they've left trucks—scores of trucks—at Maranui. For Swayne, of course. Swayne's selling to Plout."

Plout was in the Government secrets. So rumor said.

"There's something rotten in the State of Denmark." Carre shrugged his shoulders. "No good waiting here any longer. I'll make home and get asked if I've nabbed any trucks. Boss is given to repetition. Coming along, Harry?"

"Will you dry up?" Harry's eyes were contracted, and he whistled softly behind shut teeth—both war-signals to those who knew. "Maranui's a bare three miles, isn't it? And only Hollis and Swayne cart there. Swayne won't bother to set a watch. What's the grade? One in sixty? Ah! How many of you fellows can bring up your cart-horses to Maranui in less'n half an hour?"

There was one minute of deep-breathed silence. Then young Pat Freer flung himself across his saddle and bolted off, shouting:

"I'll bring four—and hauling tackle."

"And I can get six," said Carre. "Thank Heaven we're plowing at this end."

"Leadin' chains—*with* hooks. Carre, you are a worthy man. Greet——"

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But Greet had gone, and Smith had gone. The rest lived too far away.

Peters hesitated.

"I suppose Swayne will be all right. Plout's backing him. But——"

"Don't care whether Swayne's all right or not." Harry was tightening his girths with precision. "We're going to be all right. That's the main point. I say, you chaps! Get a move on. We'll need to do some shunting 'fore the others come along."

It was a gloomy, low-clouded night, with a slight scud to chill the body; and the flying column rode down to the attack with a few qualms and a great deal of joy. Swayne—being a creature of Plout's—was an outcast, and deserved evil. Therefore there was a moral lesson attached to this thing also. Harry explained it all to Peters, whose strenuous desire could not blind him to the ethics of the matter.

A splatter of mud chased them between the banked-up line and the straight gorse fence, and in the drizzle that blew up out of the dark south one slip on the greasy going would have been sufficient to pile horses and men very promptly. But it was only Sheehan who thought of this, and he was too utterly scared to say so.

"Steady on, there," shouted Harry, wrenching at his mare's head; and a blacker bank rose out of the blackness to rightward.

A sudden ripple of matchlight washed weakly against the sides of the great galleons that curved like a beautiful new moon from end to end of the shunt-line and gave back a steely twinkle. Denis ran nosing among them, and flung about the truth that each man was discovering for himself.

"Twenty-five, I tell you. Twenty-five galopshus, full-bodied, double chaps. L. A.'s, the whole ging-bang of 'em, I absolutely believe. And won't there be wigs on the green tomorrow?"

"My word, it's jest a little bit o' all right." This was Craig. And then he growled at a couple of five-ton low-siders.

Silently, and with stern intent, the little army attacked truck after truck. They eased the strain, that the stolid, unwieldy things might be uncoupled. They laid their hands to the wheels, or their shoulders to the hinder parts, or they grappled the fore-chains about their bodies and pulled. Their dug-in heels slipped in the wet gravel, and the chill of the flanged wheels flayed their fingers. But, by inch and inch, by foot and foot, with the gathering way to help, the trucks were forced over the points where Harry commanded, and ranged—properly spaced—for the haulage.

Freer brought his four down at a hand-gallop, with clanking chains and ponderous thunder of hoofs. To the great seven-and-a-half wagon that waited they were joined with a blessing and sent forward. And Smith, with his three full teams, roared up on the wheels of Greet and Carre.

Then began a long procession that trailed, like a hunting snake, through the driving mist of the night. The horses stumbled on the wind-swept sleepers, and—where it was suddenly steep — the men, of necessity, pushed behind. But, for the most part, they attended jealously to the matter in hand, and kept the exactitude of a tape-measure between bit and truck-tail.

Harry drove that night a wilder team than ever before, when he harnessed some of the hacks to the rearmost truck by belts and odd chains and fencing-wire. Carre grinned to hear the clatter directly behind him, when the five of them ran pig-headedly amuck, and tangled much of the gear into a hard knot before they lay down and squealed.

But Harry discarded help in a curt and pointed speech at those who would take his pleasure from him, and brought in his truck to the siding triumphant, not a quarter-mile after Carre's.

DEMANDING TRUCKS—TRUCKS—TRUCKS.

Faulkner's whole line of wheat sacks must go, undoubtedly. That would be — approximately—eight L. A.'s. And Peters's also — which totaled up to fifteen.

"Thank the Lord, oats is lighter loadin'," muttered Greet.

Smith had ordered out every man on his place, and Carre's plowmen were there, and the three odd-jobbers who helped Freer work his little lot. They toiled like fiends, man and master, through the bitterness of the night—loading, eternally loading, in a nightmare that grew more cruel as the strain gripped into them.

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Little Denis Morant fell out first, in a condition of wrathful collapse. Then Carre gave way, and after him another. But still the filled trucks were shunted slowly downward, and coupled for Sandy to take on in the morning. The thought of this was a clean and abiding joy and helped them immensely.

Slade put in a word for young Sherriff.

"He's got no more'n 'ud fill one o' the big trucks, 'n a single. But it's prime millin' wheat booked ter Cotton, an' he's goin' fair ratty over it. He's wantin' the money, yer know. Wife's sick. That's why he ain't here ter-night. Give him his show 'stead o' me."

"And I'll ante up the low-sider," said Harry handsomely. "I'll have to tell the boss I fought you for the lot, you know, or he'll chuck me out. Don't leave him one, you chaps. Miserly old beast."

"STEADY ON, THERE," SHOUTED HARRY.

It was not so that Harry spoke of Lane in the Mindoorie days; but he was ever unregenerate.

"Hope Swayne won't be annoyed," said Carre, looking down the wet metals in the dull of a gray dawning. "Verily he will make complaint to the gentleman of Traffic, and verily the gentleman will talk to Sandy. I think things are going to be a leetle bit hot for Sandy and Co."

"P'r'aps it will be as well to bunk before the train comes down," Peters returned from a gloat over his fat truckfuls. "If Sandy gets into a row we must back 'im up, of course. But it's been a rorty piece of work. Harry, you beggar, you've saved my bacon this time, right enough."

"If you give me away," said Harry to the assembled company, "I'll lay information against the whole boiling of you. Remember that. I've got my own reputation to consider. So-long."

He lifted himself stiffly to the saddle and trotted off home.

And the wet, aching knot on the siding melted away with swiftness, so that there remained only the trucks to give explanation to Sandy and his satellites when the morning train came down.

Mixed Doubles

By Arthur Guiterman

"MAYBE we don't exactly play Newport championship tennis down this way, but we can show you a fairly good second-rate article on the Pukwanah courts. Several of us have a pretty accurate idea of what we're doing with the ball, and as for the girls—you won't find a better average in any club in the State, or I'm much mistaken.

"Just look at my little partner over there on the far court! No, I didn't ask you if she was pretty, though she is—just as pretty as nature, merriment, wholesomeness, and lots of outdoors ever made a girl—but watch that service! A full, free, overhand swing. And doesn't she skim the turf like a fairy treading on foam-bells? Aha! how was that for a clean, back-hand stroke? And she isn't afraid to come up to the net and volley at a pinch, either.

"Yet we didn't take the cup? Nope. Lost it by sheer science. Oh, well, it's miserably bad form to explain a defeat, but if you'll understand from the start that this isn't an excuse but a simple statement of fact, I'll describe the thing as it happened.

"We'd fought our way up to the finals without much trouble, and were to meet Bessie De Voe and Bert Farnham in the deciding match, two sets out of three, for the cup. You know the custom here is to give only a single cup as first prize in mixed doubles, and the man takes it and humbly presents it to his partner just the way the leading gentleman on the stage passes the bunch of American Beauties over to the leading lady. Now as for our opponents, Bessie De Voe is a mighty nice young person, exactly Maisie's style, and her best friend. Bert—well, Bert isn't such a bad fellow; he's bright, interesting, able, successful, and all that, but I admit that it didn't exactly please me to see that he looked like the leading candidate among Bessie's half-dozen most devoteds.

"The day of the match was ideal: A comfortably warm sun that limbered up your muscles, the air so clear that the blue Sound with the full, white sails upon it seemed within sprinting distance, and just a suspicion of a breeze coming over the rolling hills to cool you off a bit in the heat of play.

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"That first set I played the game of my life, while Maisie played the way she always does; and it wasn't much more than twenty minutes from when we began before Roland Challoner sang out from the umpire's chair, 'Game, set! Miss Roseboro and Mr. Cunningham win, 6–3!'

"Ferrand of the Sports Committee let out to me afterward that Challoner made all sorts of excuses to get out of umpiring the match, but they insisted because he has the clearest eye in the club and gives his decisions like a rifle-shot. He's a quiet, pleasant ..., Challoner, whom everybody likes, and he wears the label, 'Bessie De Voe's personal property,' openly and unashamed. Nobody could question his absolute fairness, but I did think that he seemed just a trifle pleased as he announced the result of the first set. Would you care to see the only girl you ever loved win a tournament in partnership with your most dangerous rival?

"We always take our time in ladies' singles and mixed doubles at the Pukwanah, and there was a ten-minute intermission between sets. I helped Maisie into her little gray jacket and flung my sweater over my shoulders; and as we sat down on a bench under a tree away from the crowd she started in to discuss matters.

"'That was very good tennis, Dick,' she began, 'but it mustn't happen again.'

"'Why, what do you mean, Maisie?' I asked in surprise.

"'I mean that the next two sets must be played quite differently,' she went on.

"'But we played it just right,' I objected; 'if we come up to the net the way we did, we're sure to win; if we play them in any other fashion, we lose.'

"'Who said we were to win?' she said slowly and distinctly.

"'But, Maisie!' I gasped; 'you wouldn't throw the match, would you? It isn't sportsmanlike.'

"'I didn't say anything about throwing any match!' she asserted defiantly. 'I said we must play it differently. Now, listen! Do you want Bessie De Voe to marry Bert Farnham?' she demanded.

"'No,' said I bluntly, 'I don't.'

"'And neither do I,' said Maisie.

"'But, Maisie,' I argued, puzzled, 'if we change our style of play, and they consequently win, and he hands her the cup, isn't that going to improve his chances at the very least?'

"'My! What a lot you have to learn!' she sighed, shaking her head pityingly. 'Tell me. Why don't you like Bert Farnham?'

"I thought a second. 'He strikes me as rather too self-centered,' I replied slowly; 'he doesn't take little things quite right, and I don't like his temper.'

"'That's it!' she approved. 'Play his temper.'

"But I couldn't help traveling back to the original proposition. 'That won't help us any. He fights harder if you stir him up a bit.'

"'Com-plex, com-pound, double-distilled density!' was what she flung at me. 'Can you obey orders?'

"'Haven't I been obeying Somebody's orders most implicitly for the better part of two years?' I remonstrated.

MY LITTLE PARTNER.

"She nodded that bright little head of hers and smiled benignly. 'All right. Do what I tell you, follow my lead, and if you're very good you may throw in a few original touches of your own; but,' warningly, 'see that they're in keeping with what I'm working for!'

"The rest of the conversation wouldn't interest you, and in a few minutes more we were again called to the courts.

"Now, I want it distinctly understood that in neither of those two sets did Maisie or I deliberately sacrifice a single point. To the best of our ability we played every stroke over the net and into court. It was only the plan of campaign that was changed. Whereas in the first set we had forced the fighting, running to the net and driving our opponents to the back of the court as you always should if you're able, we now played a defensive game, lingering at the base-line and lobbing the ball over Farnham's head when he ran up. That's very annoying after a while to a man of an impatient disposition, and being of an impatient disposition, Farnham was continually skipping back to play most of our lobs himself instead of allowing his partner to do her fair share of the work, which, in turn, is quite displeasing to a high-spirited girl with a good opinion of her own playing abilities—and that describes Bessie. Moreover, this running back and forth and dallying with skyscraping lobs, instead of handling sharp, clean drives such as we had been giving him through the first set, was wearing on Farn-

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ham's nerves; and I can't be sure, but I did think I heard whiffs of language as he smashed two or three easy ones into the net. He most certainly did hammer the ground with his racket in an emphatic fashion that wasn't healthy for the bat or the turf, either.

"But they took the set. Oh, yes, they took the set 7–5, as Challoner announced with a symptom of anxiety on his fine face. Yet, as we trotted off the courts to take our rest for the rubber, it struck me that Bessie De Voe didn't look quite as satisfied and happy as she should. Maybe she was thinking of the work ahead. But Maisie was beaming.

"'That went very well indeed, Dick,' she said when we had reached our bench, 'even better than I expected. He did everything I wanted him to do. But there are a few other little traits of character that I want to bring out this next set, and you must help. As a general plan we'll lob, and play to Bessie, and trust to luck.'

"Judging from his flushed face and her straight lips when they appeared from the club house, Bessie's and Bert's conversation hadn't been quite as agreeable as ours, though maybe they were only a bit anxious.

"Then we sailed in. The first game was Bessie's service. We resumed our back-court play and teasing lobbing tactics, working the score up to 30–40 in our favor. After a sharp little rally on the next point, Bessie played the ball cleanly to me at the base-line, and Farnham ran up to the net. My cue, of course, was to lob again; but I was deadly tired of baby-play. The ball bounced nearly shoulder-high. I just couldn't help it. I let out every kink in shoulder, forearm, and wrist, and threw in my body-weight for good measure, driving a fine young full-Lawford straight for the man behind the net. Bert must have been asleep at the switch. He never even put up his racket, and the ball flattened on his cheek with a smack you could hear at the fifth tee, and then bounced back into court.

FORGOT EVERYTHING BUT THE BALL.

"Maisie ran up, all sympathy. 'Oh, Mr. Farnham,' she cried, 'I'm so sorry! I do hope you're not hurt!'

"I, of course, followed suit. Farnham mumbled something that I hope was pleasanter than it sounded, and, refusing offers of water, went back to his position with blood in his eye.

"That game, you see, was ours, and Maisie came back to the right-hand corner to serve, doing the little war-dance with her toes turned in, which means that she is pleased with me. 'That was fine, Dick! fine!' she whispered; 'but once is plenty. We'll now resume the merry old routine.'

"We lost the second game and the third, but w[illegible] fourth, making the score two-all; and still we kept the ball in the air and away from Farnham, who, in his anxiety to stay in the game, dashed wildly about, constantly poaching on his partner's preserves, often almost colliding with her and sometimes fairly taking the ball from her racket, which, as I've intimated, was not in the least to her liking, nor was it in accordance with Pukwanah etiquette.

"Still, I think the psychological development that Maisie was looking for came unexpectedly in the fifth game. It was again Bessie's serve. With the score at deuce, I zipped the ball past Farnham's left into the extreme corner of the alley. Young Liddock, the linesman, who admitted to me afterward that he wasn't watching very sharply just then, called, 'Out!' I saw that it was in, and so it seems did Bessie; I can't answer for Farnham.

"'We can't take that point,' Liddock heard Bessie say to her partner.

"'Of course we can. It was out. Didn't you hear the linesman?'

"'Yes. But I know it was in.'

"'Never mind. Take the decisions as they're given and go on playing.'

"'Vantage, Miss De Voe!' called the umpire.

"Bessie bit her lip, took her position behind the left-hand court, and deliberately served a double-fault into the net like the thorough sport that she is, bringing the score back to deuce. I nodded to her in acknowledgment. Farnham, at the net, swung round and looked at his partner. His back being toward me, I couldn't study his expression.

"'We'll win this game, I think,' whispered Maisie to me. We won it. Observe the fine Italian hand? Farnham would naturally attribute the loss of the game to Bessie's

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deliberate sacrifice of the point, and that wasn't going to add any honey to his cup.

"Again, in the sixth game it was our advantage. Bessie popped up a misfit lob near the net. I ran up. As my racket met the ball I heard and felt Maisie's bat clash against the wood of mine; but the ball fell fairly into their court and was not returned.

"'Our point,' claimed Farnham. 'Your rackets touched each other in play,' said he.

"'Will you look up the ruling on the point, Mr. Umpire?' I said to Challoner.

"Challoner ran his eye over the special decisions. 'Mr. Cunningham is right,' said he; 'as only one racket touched the ball the point is his.' But he looked inquiringly at me.

"'Oh,' said I; 'Mr. Farnham didn't know the ruling and didn't try to return the ball. Let's play it over.'

"Farnham hesitated a moment. 'Thank you,' he said, and went back to receive.

"'We'll lose this game, I think,' whispered Maisie to me. We lost it.

"If anybody but Maisie were concerned, I should say that was pretty close to diabolical. Do you catch the idea? In the preceding game Farnham had taken a point to which he wasn't fairly entitled. To cap it he had then allowed us to yield a point that was legally ours, and which would have given us the game that we now lost. I felt sorry for Bessie, who must be distressed by her partner's tactics, but I knew that Maisie was engineering things for the best.

"From three-all the score went to 4–3 in their favor, and then to four-all. By this time Farnham was worked up to a fever-pitch of eagerness. It was win! win! win! Win anyhow, win at all cost. He must take those next two games and the match. His face was scowling and fiery, his eyes burned; his teeth were clenched. He forgot every one and everything but the ball. He dashed from corner to corner of the court, taking all that he could reach, fore-hand, back-hand, volley, half-volley, ground-stroke and smash, oblivious of his partner, in whose territory we steadily and consistently planted the ball. It was splendid energy, wonderful concentration of purpose, brilliant tennis—but it was not mixed doubles. For all her part in the game, Bessie might as well have been at the North Pole.

"The score was 5–4 in Farnham's favor and his advantage in a long deuce game. Another point, and he had the match. Maisie served the ball to his back-hand. He returned it to me. I lifted it weakly to half-court directly in front of Bessie. Her racket was flung back for what should have easily been the final stroke of the match when Farnham, shouting, 'Let me have it!' dashed in front of her and smashed the ball down my alley.

"KEEP IT!"

"'Game, set, match! Miss De Voe and Mr. Farnham win!' called Challoner, now quiet and impassive.

"We shook hands across the net with the usual exchange of courtesies. The scowl had left Farnham's face and he was radiant with victory. But Bessie took our compliments with a smile that seemed forced and mechanical, and her eyes were very dark and bright.

"Farnham received the big silver mug from the umpire's hands and bringing it back to the court held it out to his partner with the beginning of what would surely have been a neat speech if Bessie hadn't cut him short.

"'No, thank you, Mr. Farnham,' she said in a low, hard little voice that only we three could hear; 'you won it. Keep it!'

"Poor Farnham!

"She swung around on her heel, meeting Challoner, who, as the umpire always should, had come up to offer his congratulations before the spectators were allowed to surge in. 'Oh, Mr. Challoner,' she said brightly, 'I'm horribly tired. May I ask you to take me home?'

"Might she!—just!

"And so Challoner drove her home."

"Well——?"

"How should I know? I'm only a man. Ask Maisie."

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

A FEDERATION OF PROTESTANT CHURCHES

In November the General Conference of Protestant Churches, representing 18,000,000 communicants, will meet in Carnegie Hall, New York City. It will be in session for a week, and will discuss and try to bring about a general federation of the Protestant churches. Delegates have been appointed by twenty-four denominations. The conference will consider religious education, evangelization, the social order, home and foreign missions, Christian progress, national life, and "the fellowship of faith." The fellowship of faith and the fellowship of good works! There have been many signs and evidences of growing tolerance among religious sects, of a spirit of union and fraternity. There is every reason to hope much from the proposed federation.

THE CHINESE BOYCOTT

It is hard to find out how much the Chinese boycott against American goods amounts to. It is "spreading widely." It "will be maintained." It is "affecting American trade seriously." It "will not affect American trade much." It is affecting "not only American but European trade." Doubtless Chinese officials inspired the proceedings of the merchant guilds. The Chinese of the upper class have real reason to complain of the ignorant, harsh, and brutal manner in which the Exclusion Act has been enforced. Framed to keep out Chinese coolie labor, it has been administered as if Chinese travelers, students, and swells were not only coolies but criminals of the deepest dye. The United States, demanding the Open Door and shutting its own in the face of the Chinese, is a rather comical spectacle. Still, the Chinese are shrewd fellows, with no fondness for biting off their own noses. The policy of exclusion seems to meet the approval of the majority of Americans, though there are many protesters, and some commercial bodies want a limited number of coolies admitted. In the Philippines, too, the question of Chinese labor is of great importance. The Chinese merchants at Yokohama are reported as modifying the boycott. Whatever be the size or fate of this boycott, it seems clear that ultimately, and perhaps before many years, China will do her own manufacturing. That is, the Open Door will be closed upon us.

THREE WOMEN

No matter what a tangle municipal ownership of the street railroads of Chicago may be in, good for Mayor Dunne. He has made three admirable appointments to the city Board of Education: Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, whom everybody knows and respects; Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who is devoting her great intelligence and fortune to philanthropy and education; and Dr. De Bey, a woman psychologist of much acuteness and distinction, whose efforts made the kindergarten part of the Illinois public school system.

After all, who "runs" the schools is more important than who "runs" the street-cars.

THE GRAND CAÑON AIR LINE

The Grand Cañon Transportation Company, a Utah enterprise, was incorporated the other day. Its object is to stretch a wire cable across the Grand Cañon, anchor it on the opposite side of the gorge, and run a car back and forth, eight thousand feet in the air. This will be a new sensation for the globe-trotters and ought to make money. The cable will be only five hundred feet long, but there will be nervous souls for whom even that will be too much. Tourists will be carried from the Bright Angel trail, on the Santa Fé Railroad side of the cañon, across to the Buck-

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skin plateau. So the world moves. We notice the completion of the Eismeer station on the Jungfrau Railroad. This station is the highest in the world, more than two miles high, set in the solid rock in the flank of a tunnel. The summit of the Jungfrau is more than half a mile higher still. Horace thought or said that the wicked race of men left nothing unattempted. In his day the race had hardly begun to attempt, though they were mighty fine builders, the Romans, and they built to last. Wherein they did not resemble some of the moderns.

THE PIEMAKER

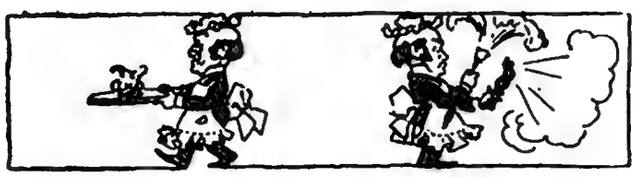
THERE is a pie-machine now; and it makes goodness knows how many pies a minute. But not for us. We are going to keep in our lives a little poetry (though most of that is machine-made nowadays). Pie designed by the brains and hands of women with the gift and genius for it, is poetry, better than most bards can ever bake in all the heat of their intellectual ovens. Home-made pie now and forever!

"DOT LEEDLE CHERMAN BAND"

MOST of us have known the little German band, and some of us may have known it too well and thrown hot language at it from our windows. It has many merits, but also "damnable iteration" and a tendency to be hoarse and overloud and riven by discord. It is not what it was nor as common as it was. Yet there are those who love it. For our part we can never hear those wandering minstrels without a certain emotion and a willingness to part with our small change. If we drank beer, no doubt we should weep happy tears. Well, a little German band, probably hungry and certainly thirsty, was pumping its mightiest wind and pouring out its soul in Bloomsbury, thick with lodgings, London. Vain was that blowing, pouring, piping, puffing. The "Watch on the Rhine" and various other German ditties, patriotic or sentimental, filled the air in vain. Not a head at a window. Not a penny in the hat. Then the leader had an inspiration. He ordered the "Star-Spangled Banner," and then he put "Yankee Doodle" on top of that. Bang! Up went the blinds. Open flew the doors. Down clashed the coppers. Soon the little band was rich beyond its simple dreams of comfort for the day. It shouldered its instruments, and went around the corner to lager. Such is the power of the "piety of the native place," and so sweet are the tunes of one's country in a foreign land.

WHAT THE RAILROADS ARE WORTH

WHAT is the market value of the railroads of the United States as shown by their earnings? The last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission puts the capitalization of all these railroads, on June 30, 1903, at $12,599,990,258. This includes stock, common and preferred, and funded debt. The same authority estimates the commercial value as $11,244,852,000. Only a billion and a third of water! The Pennsylvania railroads are worth $1,420,608,000; those of New York, $898,222,000. Those of Illinois come next; then those of Ohio. In every State except Connecticut the railroads are assessed for less than their commercial value. Kansas is not supposed to dote on railroads, yet her lines are assessed at only 9.7 per cent. of their commercial value. Iowa, once the home of "grangerism," assesses her railroads at only 15.2 per cent. of their value. The downtrodden railroads are squeezed a good deal more in Illinois (63.8 per cent.) and in Michigan (70 per cent.). For completeness it may be added that the Pullman cars (there are about 4,000 of them) and the private cars are worth $51,000,000 and $72,000,000 respectively, sums not included in the general estimate.



MEN IN THE KITCHEN

AT last, men are finding their level. Naturally, it is below that of the street. According to an employment agency in London, more than twenty-five hundred men are now doing "general housework" in that city. The manager of an intelligence office in New York City advertises for a man bedmaker and predicts that men for "general domestic work" will soon be as much in demand there as they are in London. And he does not mean Japanese men, those pearls and paragons—if they did not get such big wages. He means American men, German men, Frenchmen,

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men "even as you and I." Certainly people must wait on themselves, or automatic servants must be invented, or men must take up domestic drudgery. It is obvious that the demand for women servants is hopelessly in excess of the supply; and yet the number seems to be diminishing. It is said by the managers of clubs and bachelor apartment houses that men servants work harder than women servants, and are less imperious in the matter of "days off." For the honor of man we wish to believe this. Therefore we do believe it.

HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR RADIUM THIS MORNING?

GREAT times, these. Hard work to keep up with the procession. Must do it, though. Seen "the latest thing in medicine"? Radium rays, X-rays, all other rays from A to Izzard that have been or may be discovered, are to be stirred up, to "mix and mingle and blend" with medicines. Two X-ray pellets for an adult, just before going to bed. One radium tablet before each meal. "Well! well!" as the famous New York baseball "fan," the man with the loudest voice in the world, is wont to howl to the reverberant skies: "what times are these!" Wouldn't the rays from cucumber sunshine be found of "great therapeutic value" in cases of cholera morbus?

AMERICAN GIRLS AT ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES

THE Rhodes Scholarships are inoculating Oxford with the American spirit, or Oxford is inoculating the Rhodes Yankee scholars with its medieval charm. But now an invincible conqueror knocks at the ancient gates. The Society of American Women of London wishes to found at the English universities ninety-six scholarships, so that two women from each State and Territory may take a postgraduate course of two years in England. It is said that the plan will be set forth formally at the next semiannual meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs. The sum asked as an endowment is only $10,000,000, say just car-fare for Mr. Carnegie. The women will raise it, if they make up their minds to, and no purse can resist their wheedlings. But do they want to? Those ten millions would fatten the treasuries of the American colleges for women. If scholarships are to be founded, why not make them traveling scholarships, and let the beneficiaries study in America, France, Germany, England, where they choose?

A BIG LAND OPENING

IN September the Uintah Indian reservation, in northeast Utah, bordering on Colorado, was thrown open. The Uintah Utes got first choice. To them went some 300,000 acres. The whites were allowed to scramble for about 2,500,000 acres, of which perhaps one-tenth can be used profitably by fruit-raisers and farmers, with the aid of irrigation, which can be supplied by the Duchesne and Uintah rivers. There was the usual and more than the usual rush and disappointment, as the mineral deposits of the reservation are said to be rich. In the course of a year or so, the Shoshone reservation, in Wyoming, and the Crow and Flathead reservations, containing some millions of acres of first-class lands, in Montana, will be opened.

MORTALITY IN THE CANAL ZONE

IN May, June, and July the death-rate in the canal zone was 2.6 a thousand, including fatalities. Both the 10,000 canal employees and the non-employees are comprised in this computation. This means—if these months are average months—an annual death-rate of less than ten to the thousand, say half the Washington death-rate. These figures are given by an official of the War Department. If they are even approximately correct, there must be more than a cart-load of exaggeration in tales of the unhealthful condition of the Isthmus of Panama. At any rate, sanitary conditions there are improving.

THE ICELESS ICE-BOX

ON wonder's head wonders accumulate. Enter the coldmaker. At one end of the refrigerator is an electric motor and compressor In the place where the ice is in the common ice-chest, is a tank of brine. Turn on the motor. Before long the brine is thoroughly chilled. It will stay so for some hours. Then

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the motor must go into the chilled-brine business again. As yet, the new cold-storage machine has been used only in large refrigerators, but its adaptation to small ice-boxes and families is only a question of a little time and ingenuity. Soon your electric-light wire will run the motor, and cold and light will be intimately associated in one phrase like the familiar "heat and light." We jeer in advance the discomfited Ice Trust. But what an age this is. The self-milking cow, the odorless onion, the bawlless baby may be looked for at any moment. The self-shaving face, the self-paying debt may be next. Who knows?

ATHLETES OF THE WEST

Out of the West come many young Lochinvars. In the last football season the Yale eleven had six Westerners; Harvard had four; Princeton had three, and Pennsylvania three. Twenty-seven per cent. of Yale's student population are Westerners. Yet this 27 per cent. furnish 46 per cent. of the athletes. There are 576 Westerners among the 4,328 men at Harvard University, or 13 per cent., and the Westerners furnish 17 per cent. of the athletes. Either the Westerners have better muscles and more of them, or they know better how to use them.

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

In August, less, perhaps, as a concession to the agitation of the Liberals than in view of possible or probable continuation of the war with Japan, the Czar granted a beginning or show of representative institutions. A new chamber, a State Council, is created, its 412 members to be chosen by local electoral colleges. A property qualification is required of the voter, who must be at least twenty-five. Members of the State Council will receive mileage and $5 a day while it sits, and during its sessions they cannot be arrested for debt. This elective Council is to be, in effect, the lower chamber of a national assembly of which the Council of the Empire, an of whose members are appointed by the Czar, will be the upper. So the popular branch will be a "consultative" body. It can give advice, but nobody will be obliged to take it. The bureaucracy in the Council of the Empire will have the upper hand. Even if this Council agrees with the State Council, the Czar can do as he pleases. He is above all laws but assassination or dethronement. The Czar indeed directs that a Ministerial bill beaten by a two-thirds vote in both houses shall be withdrawn. Even then, the Czar may authorize the Minister to reintroduce the measure in another form. The right of petition is not granted. It is not certain that public meetings will be permitted, even in an electoral campaign. The Governor-General of Moscow forbade the members of the zemstvos to hold even private meetings. How representative can "representative institutions" be while such an arbitrary policy of repression is in force?

WHAT IS THE REASON?

In the last fiscal year the increase in the deposits of the savings-banks in the State of New York was more than eighty-five millions of dollars. In the last six months it was fifty-two millions. "Very gratifying," the wise ones say. Yes, very instructive too. Did the Equitable exposures turn a lot of money into the savings-banks? Those institutions in New York State have the care of more than a billion two hundred and fifty-two million dollars. They take good care of it. They don't waste it, speculate in it, steal it. In short, they are managed as insurance companies ought to be.

SYNDICATE SALOONS

Certain capitalists of the town of the angels, Los Angeles, want to syndicate its saloon business. At present, it has two hundred saloon licenses. The capitalists have made an offer to the Police Commissioner. Call in these licenses, they say. In their place issue seventy-five to us. We will give you $180,000 a year for them, $200 a month for each saloon. Moreover, we will agree to pay a forfeit for every case of sale of liquor to an intoxicated person; and we will agree to keep coffee and "soft" drinks in the saloons. On the financial side, this is an attractive scheme to the municipality; and no doubt it would make for sobriety. On the other hand, if a monopoly in the sale of

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liquor is to be created, why shouldn't the municipality keep the privilege and all the profits for itself, and at the same time sell only pure "stuff"? It may be agreed that the investigation of the South Carolina State Dispensary system shows the corruption that results from Government-run rumshops; but in a place of the size of Los Angeles would such corruption be possible? Anyway, either private or municipal monopoly—if the word is not offensive—of this peculiar sort of traffic would be apt to be an improvement on the present system.

OIL ON THE GRASS

THE sweetest sight now on view anywhere in this vale of tears can be seen at Cleveland. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, St. John Standard, tiptoes through his kitchen in the freshness of the morning. The rosy-fingered Dawn makes a rainbow of his halo. Pupil of Sebastian Kneipp, the good man trips it through the grass in his bare feet, and stifles a pious exclamation if he stubs a toe or walks upon a piece of glass. Soft is the dew that bathes those extra-plutocratic soles. Soft is the light of hope and humble trust in the barefoot treatment that shines in St. John's eyes. Soft is the dawn-kissed reflection of the halo. Soft is the white light from the candid skull beneath the skull-cap. Soft is the glow from the feet, half shown and half concealed in the roguish grass. There are tears in the milkman's eyes as he peers at this, our and his dearly beloved little barefoot brother.

"Trip it, trip, barefoot boy,
Near to Nature and the soil;
As you pass o'er the grass,
All the dew is turned to oil!"

DEMOCRACY OF THE AUTOMOBILE

QUEEN DOWAGER MARGHERITA of Italy and young Alfonso of Spain have had things happen to their automobiles lately. Nicholas II. is said to have run his machine into a herd of cattle and to have picked the drover out of the ditch with his own hands. This incident or accident, however, reads like an allegory of Russian reform. Autocracy and bureaucracy crush the people. Along comes the Little Father with his consultative assembly and helps them out. At any rate, it is seen that the automobile is no respecter of persons. It spills impartially emperor or chauffeur. It is a democrat, after all. So is death.

THE "RECORD" YEAR

VALUE of American exports in the last fiscal year, $1,518,561,720—"the record." Agricultural, a little more than fifty-five per cent.; manufactured, about thirty-six and a half; miscellaneous and products of fisheries, forests, and mines, the rest. So foodstuffs and raw, or almost raw, materials continue to be our main sales to foreigners. The growth of export manufactures is good, but it remains a fact that in many markets European manufacturers, using our material, get the better of us. Is the surplus of manufactured goods increasing as fast as it ought in view of the possibility that in time, such is the growth of home consumption, there will be little or no agricultural surplus?

THE MAN-KILLERS

IN 1904 the American railroads killed 10,046 persons, and injured 84,155. These figures are official. Think about them for a minute. How many of those deaths and injuries were inevitable and could not have been prevented? Why do foreign railroads slaughter so few people and the American railroads so many? Ten thousand killed in a year! Think of it!

THE FUELLESS STOVE

AT the Paris Exposition, in 1897, the so-called Norwegian Automatic Kitchen was exhibited. This was a wooden box, lined with felt and wood. In it, slightly boiled food could be cooked slowly and was ripe to eat in two or three hours. In German shops cooking boxes with tight-fitting covers and partitions and linings of felt are for sale. But tight-covered boxes filled with sawdust, paper, or hay, preferably the last, are said to be better. You make a hole or "nest" in the hay; clap in your pot hot from the fire; stuff the hay tight around and under. Then the food cooks itself. You can put out your fire; shut off the gas from your gas-range, and save money. Too many Americans scatter

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the golden grain to the winds, and deem it "mean" to save. But think of the pleasure of taking money out of the pocket of those two arch-enemies of the human race, the coal man and the gas man.

P. S.—Does Baer know?

THE BABIES

ACCORDING to a Census Bureau Report prepared by Professor Wilcox, of Cornell, there has been a decline and fall-off in the American birth-rate since 1860. In that year there were 634 children under 5 years of age to 1,000 women between 15 and 49 years old. In 1900 the number was 474. The District of Columbia has the smallest proportion of children. Massachusetts, in spite of its birth insurance company, comes next. It appears that the foreign-born women have plenty of children, and that the decrease among the native white women is confined chiefly to the cities. There seems to be no need of losing any sleep over "race suicide." There are babies enough, and in the cities there are too many "grown-ups."

WHERE OUR NAVY STANDS

IN tonnage, fourth; in battle-ships, fifth; in armored cruisers, seventh; in submarines, fifth; in torpedo-boat destroyers, sixth. Rather a sorry show, but figures will lie. For example, the Japanese are seventh, inferior to Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Italy, and Russia (before the cataclysm) in number of battle-ships; and yet the Japanese, who are also well to the bottom of the list in torpedo-boats and destroyers, are able to give a very good account of themselves on the sea, and in a sea-fight. And in two years the United States will have twenty-five battle-ships instead of twelve, and twelve great armored cruisers instead of two.

PEAT AND CORN-STALK PAPERS

IN Ireland and Scotland at one time and another the manufacture of paper and book boards out of peat has been attempted, usually on a small scale. Two firms are now making wrapping-paper out of peat, but other material has to be added, the so-called peat paper being only about three-quarters peat. At present, at least, peat pulp cannot be bleached. Consequently only brown paper can be made out of it. Finally, straw and wood-pulp papers are cheaper. Much more promising is the new industry of making paper out of corn-stalks. If it be true, as is reported, that a ton of corn-stalk paper, as good as that made of wood pulp or rag, can be manufactured for $22 to $25—the manufacturing cost of wood-pulp or rag paper runs from $60 to $75 a ton—then the people who own the patents on the new process are going to be among the golden gods of the earth, and the Paper Trust will be smitten wofully. The farmers can find more profitable use for their corn-stalks than to make fire or fertilizer of them.

THE BOSS OF THE BOSSES

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME nominated himself for District Attorney of New York County. He asked the permission of no boss. He waited for the indorsement of no boss. He threw bricks at the bosses, Republican and Democratic. If either or both support him, it is because they have to, not because they like to. They may take advantage of his popularity, but his success is a declaration of popular independence against bossism. Jerome talks too much, but he has the root of the matter in him. He is his own boss. This year he is the boss of the New York bosses.

A THIRTY-ONE YEARS' SLEEP

A STRANGE story, a romance sent by special despatch, comes from Spain. The young wife of a farm-hand near Burgos fell into a trance thirty-one years ago. Liquid food was served to her by means of a tube. Often she seemed on the verge of waking, but she did not regain consciousness until the other day. They brought her a mirror—cruel kindness. She saw in it not the blooming, sunny face she remembered as her own, but one—old, weary, sickly, haggard, wrinkled—framed in white hair. She screamed and threw the glass away. That face was not hers, she said. An excellent, moving tale. We hope it is not born of that summer drouth of news to which the sea-serpent seems to owe his being.

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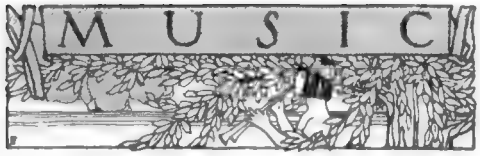

SONGS BY SIDNEY HOMER

It is the peculiar characteristic of Mr. Sidney Homer—whose wife is Louise Homer, the admirable contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House—that, as a composer, he writes both abundantly and with distinction. It is not often that a writer of songs is at once prolific and salient in the quality of his inspiration. This is not to say that so facile a writer as Mr. Homer is always at his best—that he has written many songs as fine as his setting of Browning's "Prospice"; but undoubtedly the general level of his musical thought is on a notably dignified plane. The writer of this chronicle has before him a group of songs fresh from Mr. Homer's publishers—settings of verse by Stevenson, Longfellow, Tennyson, Thomas Hood, Browning, and others; yet, despite the diversity of his subject-matter, the composer has repeatedly found a just and significant equivalent for the particular mood or emotion which he has essayed to interpret. Mr. Homer is making a distinctive place for himself among those American musicians who view their art with consistent seriousness and dignity.

A NEW COMPOSER FROM THE WEST

Within recent years there has come into existence, in a territory which Easterners are somewhat in the habit of regarding as of indifferent artistic consequence, a creative musical spirit which has already proved its vitality in works of notable energy and individual power. One of the most recent products of what one may call, roughly speaking, the Western school of music-makers, is Mr. Arthur Shepherd, a young musician of Salt Lake City, whose Opus 2 (No. 1)—a "Mazurka" for piano—has just been issued by the Wa-Wan Press. Mr. Shepherd is, as has been said, a young man; yet his work betrays a technical maturity and confidence that would be noteworthy in a much more experienced writer. We have seen none of his works in the larger forms. Whether he could construct an orchestral work of important dimensions with the finish and symmetry that he displays in putting together his smaller piano works remains to be seen; but unquestionably he is a composer with a singularly firm grasp of the essentials of musical form, in its fundamental sense, and it is probable that he is able to handle designs of wide scope and extent as successfully as he manipulates those of briefer span. He has, too, what is of far more moment, ideas and a distinctive manner of expressing them. Among the few of his writings which the present commentator has had an opportunity of inspecting, there are many evidences of a thoughtful and original temperament, together with a well-developed capacity for self-criticism and dispassionate analysis. Just at present Mr. Shepherd seems to be somewhat under the influence of the Brahms manner, which has its dangers as well as its excellences as a model for progressive young writers. But Mr. Shepherd is far too independent and forceful a personality to remain long under the sway of another's habit of artistic speech, however noble and persuasive.

FOLK-SONGS OF THE COWBOY

To turn from a study of the work of so cultivated a type of the American composer as Mr. Shepherd to the rudely picturesque and animated folk-songs of the cowboy, is an exceedingly interesting experience. To the folk-songs of the prairies attention is directed by some engaging examples recently published by Mr. Arthur Farwell, at Newton Center. One of these, "The Lone Prairee," is offered by Mr. Farwell as probably the first genuine cowboy song to be printed. The tune, which has somewhat the character of certain of the negro folk-melodies, was recorded by Mr. Henry F. Gilbert and harmonized by Mr. Farwell. The words are worth quoting because of their evident genuineness and character:

"O bury me out on the lone prairee,
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just 6 by 3,
O bury me out on the lone prairee.

"And they buried him out on the lone prairee,
Where the coyote howls and the wind goes free,
In his narrow grave just 6 by 3,
And they buried him there on the lone prairee."

In his harmonization of this song Mr. Farwell has been highly successful. He has translated its sentiment of careless bravado,

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yet with its undertone of pathos and tragedy, into effects of singular appropriateness and felicity. It would be interesting to trace the origin of these cowboy folk-songs. Just where, one wonders, did they come from? What are their musical antecedents? Beyond question they are well worth recording, whatever their history. It is to be hoped that Mr. Farwell has some others in hand as interesting as "The Lone Prairee" and a second one in the same issue, "A Prairee Miniature."

PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA

Of the contemporary Italian school of opera writers Puccini is, beyond dispute, the most popular and, on the whole, the most admirable—unusual as the combination is. As Mascagni dominated the operatic stage of a decade ago with his "Cavalleria Rusticana," so Puccini, with his "Tosca" and "La Bohême," dominates it to-day—so far as the Latin representation is concerned. No one would accuse Puccini of the capacity to sound the profounder currents of musical emotion, nor is his lyrical gift extraordinary. But he has in a conspicuous degree the power of enforcing an intense dramatic moment with unforgettable vividness and power, and with notable economy of resources—think, for example, of the cumulative strength of his setting of the execution scene at the end of "Tosca," or the quiet pathos of *Mimi's* death, in "La Bohême." One scarcely knows, as yet, how to rank Puccini's latest music drama, "Madame Butterfly"—a setting of the dramatized story of John Luther Long and David Belasco. The opera was given in London during the past season, and was favorably received by the public and by a portion of the critical jury. But London's musical judgment is losing weight every year; for it is not easy to forget that London liked Miss Ethyl Smyth's "Der Wald" and rejected Strauss's "Don Quixote." As it is rumored, however, that Mr. Conried may give Puccini's opera at the Metropolitan, New Yorkers will have an opportunity to begin the formation of an American opinion of the work. The music is described by one of the most competent of the English critics as impassioned, brilliantly orchestrated, and musically effective. Signor Caruso is said to present a memorable figure as an American naval officer—that alone would be worth going some distance to see!

SARGENT AND SUCCESS

THOSE enthusiastic beings who have followed Mr. Sargent's career with clamorous ecstasy must at present feel vaguely dismayed. Without depreciating that which he has already placed to his credit, it is becoming more and more apparent that the painter of "Carmencita" and "Asher Wertheimer" is losing ground. This year's Royal Academy seems, like its immediate predecessors, to prove that haste and overproduction are exacting their inevitable toll. Superficiality is rapidly replacing sincerity—a quality which was never, it is true, in excess. In short, Mr. Sargent, at fifty, shows signs of becoming a victim of success. Despite his restless, feverish energy, something of that weariness of soul which overtook Van Dyck appears to be stealing upon him. Of course he began perilously young, for at two-and-twenty he had won his Honorable Mention at the Paris Salon, and had barely turned forty before he was elected a Royal Academician. From the outset, in fact, he has been a sort of Prince Charming of art—a trifle cold and worldly perhaps, but phenomenally gifted. Yet in summing up his work it is obvious that these gifts are not gifts of the spirit, but gifts of sense—of eye and hand rather than of heart or mind. One wishes often that he would ponder more and paint less; but how can he when he is so successful?

SENTIMENT AND ABBOTT THAYER

Folk who are in the habit of studying American art closely often ask why it is we succeed so unmistakably in landscape and are such feeble exponents of imaginative or poetic symbolism. The solution is simple, for it is one which is largely racial. And perhaps it is, after all, just as well for us to realize the limitations which our lineage sets upon us, and to face the fact that in matters of esthetic expression the Anglo-Saxon is apt to be either a straightforward, observant realist, or a vague and unconvincing idealist. It is not Rossetti but Constable, not Burne-Jones

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nor Leighton who chiefly typifies British painting, but honest George Morland. Here in America the situation is much the same, for American art certainly achieves its best in the landscapes of Innes, Homer Martin, and their successors. Mr. Abbott Thayer and his school represent the other extreme. Mr. Thayer is an earnest painter of wingèd creatures, half women and half angels, or somewhat studied groups, partly portraits and partly evocations of the spirit. Born in Boston, he naturally takes his art seriously. From Boston he went to Brooklyn and from Brooklyn to Paris and the tutelage of Gérôme. Yet it is not Gérôme but the late Adolphe Bouguereau whom Mr. Thayer invariably suggests—Bouguereau the sugary and waxen. Mr. Thayer has painted many highly praised canvases and has been awarded numerous medals, but for the discriminating there seems to lurk in the essence of all he does a certain defect—is it the defect of sentiment?

AMERICA THROUGH BRITISH EYES

It is not often that a foreign artist is able so well to interpret the characteristic features of American life and scene as Mr. Hely-Smith has succeeded in doing. In a series of notable water-colors, chiefly of New York and vicinity, this young British artist has caught not only the daring picturesqueness but that deeper beauty which clothes our skyscrapers huge bridge spans, and teeming water-fronts. Though Mr. Hely-Smith is a poet and a colorist, accuracy of form and detail never elude him, and for a judicious combination of these elements his "Brooklyn Bridge," "Down-Town," "Madison Square," and "Riverside Drive" merit particular consideration. The son of a distinguished clergyman, Mr. Hely-Smith had serious difficulty in convincing his family that the career of a painter was a sufficiently respectable one. After spending three years in a bank, he finally persuaded his father to allow him to study art, going first to London, and later attending the Antwerp Academy. After Antwerp he settled in Cornwall and thence returned to London, where his rise was rapid and where he is a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Algiers, Cairo, Venice, and Spain are among his favorite sketching grounds, but America, though presenting vastly different problems, possesses, Mr. Hely-Smith believes—and indeed proves—equally stimulating artistic possibilities.

BOOKS

Mr. Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., has made a dashing entrance into the field of romance with his first novel, "The Missourian"; there is all the effect of loud hoof-beats, shining armor, and a waving plume. So brave an array cannot pass unnoticed, and there will be readers in plenty for "The Missourian"—not alone in Missouri, whence the young Confederate soldier-hero issued, nor in Mexico, where, in Maximilian's time, the high-colored story is placed. Jacqueline, the French marchioness "with mischief in her handsome head," is a heroine of a decidedly piquant if somewhat theatrical type, and Rodrigo Galan is a brigand whom even without Mr. Ernest Haskell's convincing illustration we should promptly accept as the undiluted, out-and-out variety. But Mr. Lyle has been as lavish of his characters, to say nothing of his incidents, as if there were no such thing as second novels to be saved and garnered for. The reader is scarcely in a position to protest against Mr. Lyle's 600 pages when the writer has put so much in them. One of the most obvious things about the book, indeed, is that it contains material for a five-act drama, a form in which it is quite likely we shall ultimately see it reappear.

Mr. Lyle is a graceful and facile narrator with a pronounced gift for effective dialogue. His Mexican pictures, his portraits of nobles, of outlaws, of soldiers, are confident and vigorous; and as an incipient dramatist, no less than as a successfully arrived novelist, he will be worth watching.

Because it lacks the pageantry and the pure romantic note of most of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's lively histories, that of Francis-Antony Strelley, Esq., of Upcote, "The Fool Errant," may be more coolly considered than is its due. The eighteenth-century spirit could not be caught more deliciously, yet with less ostentation. Not the least of Mr. Hewlett's arts is that of concealing his note-books. He refers to no authorities, consults no masters, withholds the explanatory foot-note. Yet the nimbleness with which he has satirically slipped himself within the gravely prepossess-

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ing exterior of this wise and lovable young fool is inimitable.

Mr. Strelley, who at the age of twenty-one went to study "moral and civil law" with a doctor of Padua and boyishly fell in love with the doctor's wife, was a young man of "striking presence" who "looked you straight in the face," "as if to ask, 'Do I take your precise meaning to be—?'" "He pondered the world and its vagaries and examined them, as they presented themselves in each case, *upon the merits*. . . . He had no time to laugh; wondering engaged him." It was in this charming sense that Mr. Strelley was a "fool," and it is with an extravagant chivalry, a grave conscientiousness, and a blank ignorance of the world's merry humors that he is set to wandering over the Italy of something less than two hundred years ago. Mr. Strelley loves and is loved, he fights successfully and is defeated, he knows starvation and luxury, and through it all he remains grave, artless and good, one of the most winning "fools" in literature. There is a reminder of "The Forest Lovers" in Francis Strelley's love-story; and the picture of Donna Aurelia Lanfranchi, who at their first meeting invited her guest to take his ease "with that sidelong head and sort of sleek smile with which you coax a cat to come to your knee," is really something much more than a delightful dash of rococo. It is a cheerful function to guarantee the entertainment of the young gentleman's adventures; but the freshness of their impression should not be marred by detailed comment.

No book that has to do with a whole village, after the manner of the unforgettable "Cranford," is to be satisfactorily reviewed in a paragraph. Accordingly, the best a reviewer can do for "The Boss of Little Arcady," in which plot is of minor importance, is to introduce some of the Little Arcadians, and urge upon whosoever loves humor and pathos and romance that he read it. It presents a wide canvas, and a varied: with Colonel Potts, whose Bacchanalian revel on the purse Little Arcady contributed to rid the town of him, makes the first section a moving bit of comedy; Mrs. Potts, an educational scourge, who made the last state of Little Arcady worse than its first; Solon Denney, the Boss whom she bosses; Miss Caroline, the charming Southern lady, whose character and whose Colonial furniture Arcady could not understand; Clem, her loyal "pussnel" property; Little Miss, her daughter; the Northern Major who tells the story; the Major's golden-haired school-day love—and a dozen besides. Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, entering here a field new to him, has not saved his story from faults—from occasional exaggeration, occasional faint lack of sympathy when he pokes fun—that most grievous of faults in a book of this type—and an essential weakness in the grown-up love-story. But the faults are far outweighed by the humor of incident, the author's delightful way of seeing and putting every-day matters, and by the fine charm of the doctrine of youth and faith of which Jim, the dog, is chief exponent—Jim who, "after a year's proving that chased birds will rise strangely but expertly into air that no dog can climb by any device of whining, leaping, or straining," still chased fat robins over the lawn with the same perfect joy, the same faith.

"The War of the Classes," the title of Jack London's book of economic essays, challenges controversy between those who do and those who do not believe in the existence of a class-struggle in this country. London makes his title an assertion that there is. He believes that the war is not only a civil war but that the two factions extend internationally—the wage-earning class against the capitalist class; and that both are growing in self-consciousness and solidarity of interest.

Until very recently there has been in this country no clear barrier between the two classes because the stronger members of the lower class had many opportunities to rise into the position of capitalists. "But the day of expanding frontier, of the lottery-like scramble for the ownership of natural resources and of the upbuilding of new industries is past. Farthest West has been reached and an immense volume of surplus capital roams for investment and nips in the bud the patient efforts of the embryo capitalist to rise through slow increment from small beginnings. The gateway of opportunity after opportunity has been closed, and closed for all time. Rockefeller has shut the door on oil, the American Tobacco Company on tobacco, and Carnegie on steel. After Carnegie came Morgan, who triple-locked the door. These doors will not open again, and before them pause thousands of young men to read the placard: NO THOROUGHFARE.

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"And day by day more doors are shut, while the ambitious young men continue to be born. It is they, denied the opportunity to rise from the working class, who preach revolt to the working class."

This statement of London's is, in reality, the text upon which he preaches, although he subdivides the book into discussions on "The Tramp," "The Scab," "The Revolution," and other controversial elements of modern society. These essays are the distinct utterances of a man with an industrial philosophy.

Whatever it may lack in plot, the latest story by "Barbara" possesses the charm of fresh wholesomeness. Beginning with the familiar fiction material of a wealthy man's failure and physical collapse, she has woven a readable, homely story of the Lawtons' removal to their daughter's farm, and of the girl's brave and cheery fight for their living. Of course the struggle is idealized—if every woman could bake delicious bread at the first try, financial failures would lose some of their horror. But the whitewash is, after all, not so thickly applied but that the pictures of country life bear the impress of reality. It is the homely incident and kindly characterization, the fine feeling for the out-of-doors of the "River Kingdom," the gentle humor that, more than the pretty thread of romance running throughout, make "At the Sign of the Fox" worth while for whoever does not dislike pleasant domesticity.

In the terms of an arbitrary classification, Robert Herrick's "Memoirs of an American Citizen" is distinctly a "man's book." It is the autobiography of an American country boy making his way, by what he calls modern business methods, to the head of a giant packing concern, and at last to the United States Senate. Here is no record of a moral struggle—that is, perhaps, the most significant feature of the character study, the consideration which, if this capitalist be typical, bears strongest menace: for E. V. Harrington from the first believes bribing and graft legitimate in present-day conditions, and regards scruples as weakness. "Every age," he says, "is a new one, and to live in any age you have got to have the fingers and toes necessary for that age. For my part, I went with the forces that are, willingly, gladly, believing in them no matter how ugly they might look. So history reads: the men who lead accept the conditions of their day." Scarcely less significant is the unfinished ending—merely a stop at the moment of Harrington's reaching the Senate—with its implication of the impossibility of change in the capitalist. This book is, indeed, a sincere, fair-minded, consistent, and, one must believe, true piece of portraiture; not, one regrets, as a story likely to interest widely, because of the abundance of business detail, and the deadly commonplace tone of the narrative. Unfortunately, the domestic side of the story hinders rather than contributes to its effectiveness, since an unsatisfied love prevents the capitalist's vague discontent from being placed to the score doubtless intended—that of his consuming and unsparing ambition.

"Two Moods of a Man." (Horace G. Hutchinson.) An unusual story dealing with an unreal situation and a real problem in the relations of man to woman; and, incidentally, introducing much philosophical speculation on life in general. Unfortunately, since most people prefer philosophy and fiction in separate packages, the theorizing, however suggestive, is overdone, and inadequately blended with the story. In spite of faults, it is worth while because of the originality of the question it raises.

"Fool for Love." (Francis Lynde.) A briskly entertaining little story of love and a right-of-way railroad fight in the Rockies, with a spirited Southern girl, of an unconventional type, for a heroine.

"A Digit of the Moon." (F. W. Bain.) Four love-stories, translated from the Hindu, half solar myth, half fairy story. A "digit of the moon" is the equivalent of a beautiful woman. There are some hours of positive enchantment in store for any one who shall pursue the opulent poetry and the delicate ingenuities of its Oriental author A delightful addition to romantic literature.

"Peter's Mother." (Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.) The conventional adventures of Lady Mary Crewys, the meek and ineffectual mother of the very disagreeable young Peter Crewys, will keep nobody awake of nights. Lady Mary has figured in the second-class English novel for so long that a bow of recognition is the utmost demonstration she will be likely to arouse. The book is mysteriously free from modern influences.

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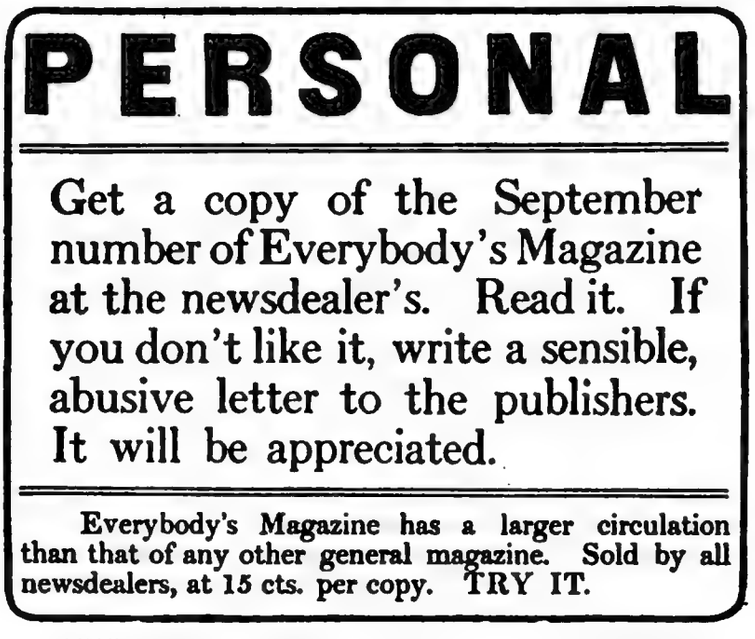
With "Everybody's" Publishers

IT is a difficult thing to advertise a magazine properly. The old-timers come out in the newspapers month after month with their dignified, staid announcements, in which they give the contents of the magazine. Probably these advertisements are glanced at and possibly they are read by many. But we are not content with conventional methods. When we came to advertise the September number we thought of the many commendations of recent issues we had received, and how EVERYBODY'S contents seemed to please everybody that we heard from. We took it for granted, however, that there were quite a number of people in this wide world of ours who had the opinion that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE could be improved in some way or other, and so in our advertising we asked for sensible, abusive letters, with the hope that we would get some frank expression of opinion. We are always glad to get that kind of letter. Of course, being human, we all like the chap who invariably speaks kind words of praise, but the readers of this magazine we really like best are the ones who, when they feel we are making a mistake, or have any suggestion, drop us a line and tell us of it. This is the help we have always craved, and it assists us materially in making a better magazine for you.


PERSONAL
Get a copy of the September number of Everybody's Magazine at the newsdealer's. Read it. If you don't like it, write a sensible, abusive letter to the publishers. It will be appreciated.
Everybody's Magazine has a larger circulation than that of any other general magazine. Sold by all newsdealers, at 15 cts. per copy. TRY IT.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Although our advertisement appeared in more than a thousand newspapers, we know that many of our readers didn't see it, and we reprint it herewith. The advertisement cost us nearly ten thousand dollars and one would suppose that we would get hundreds of letters. And why not?

With what delight we ourselves would embrace the opportunity, if an invitation were given, to abuse sensibly some of the leading newspapers and magazines! We could tell them a lot of things we don't like. We would say to the publisher of the newspaper who asked for an expression of opinion that we don't like the patent-medicine and other objectionable advertising in his paper. We'd tell him, too, that we don't approve of his selling editorial matter at advertising rates, giving the idea to his readers that it is an unbiased expression of the paper's opinion. There are many things that can be said when one gets really critical—and sensible things, too.

The increased sales of the September number make it plain to us that the advertisement was an effective one. But to our surprise we have not received the hundreds of sensible abusive letters that we excepted, although we hope they'll come. At this writing, four days have elapsed since the issue of the magazine and only one letter has been received. This St. Louis lady writes cleverly, but its helpfulness to us as a criticism is impaired by the fact that she frankly admits that she never saw a copy of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Part of her letter is as follows:

I saw your advertisement in the *Times-Star*. I may not be able to write a "sensible" letter, but I am sure I can write an "abusive" one. I don't like the name of the magazine to begin with, and that's why I never bought one. The word "body" is so common—so coarse. If you want to mail me a sample copy, I will be just as honest in writing you my opinion of the kind of paper it is printed

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on, and the general impression I receive from coming in contact with it. I have always associated the title of your magazine with that big cigar advertisement—where the man with his finger points at "EVERYBODY" and says, "Say, you!" If you think you can stand any more abuse, send me a copy, for I've got an old grudge I'd like to take out on somebody—anybody—"EVERYBODY."

P. S. I have just discovered that you don't give your address in the advertisement. I have an idea that I saw somewhere that "EVERYBODY" came from Boston.

OUR COVER PAGES

WE appreciate the many suggestions that have come to us in response to our request for cover ideas. They were so numerous, however, that we could not acknowledge them. One letter of complaint makes it necessary to refer to the fact that in many instances the same idea was sent in by various persons, and we have also received many old ideas of our own which either have been used or discarded by us as being impracticable. The letter of complaint reads as follows:

Gentlemen: Some time ago I saw in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE an invitation to send in suggestions for cover designs; I accordingly sent you one in April for the July cover, giving exact instructions as to design, color scheme, etc., even appending a rough sketch.

On May 4th I received a letter from your Art Manager thanking me for the suggestion, but finding he could not make use of it.

If you look over my original letter and compare it with your July cover design you will think it at least a twin brother of the one I suggested; in fact, to all intents and purposes it is the same thing. I have mentioned this to a number of persons who expressed surprise that you, of all people, should deal unfairly.

The "original" suggestion which the writer refers to reads as follows:

Take a bunch of firecrackers (such as are sold in packages, 2 for 5 cents), spread them out and suspend from the string, photograph against a dark blue background, such as you usually use. You may, if you like, photograph it with a hand holding a match at the bottom; the flame of the match could easily be put in by the lithographer.

The nice red crackers and blue background, white lettering, ought to make a rich and stunning effect and easily executed.

As our readers recall, the alleged twin-brother to this suggested cover showed no firecrackers at all, but sky-rockets. Moreover, this suggestion—the 104th we received—was one of 46 that called for firecrackers. Inasmuch, however, as we used the firecracker idea on the July issue of our 1903 cover, we could not consider any suggestion to use firecrackers an original one.

Thirty letters suggested the Liberty Bell; twenty-six, Mr. Lawson's portrait; thirteen, David and Goliath; and one suggestion was for a coffin suitably draped and inscribed, "The System." We also received quite a number of suggestions that the American flag be used as part of the cover, the writers evidently forgetting that last year the sale of the July number in Boston was stopped on account of the American flag being a part of the design. The August idea came to us complete, without the lettering, of course. It was sent to us by one of EVERYBODY'S friends from the Adirondack region.

LAWSON'S BOOK

IT was our expectation that the first volume of Mr. Lawson's book, "Frenzied Finance," would be published September 15th, but owing to the fact that many pages have been added there will be a few weeks' delay.

Mr. Russell's book, "The Greatest Trust in the World," will be published September 15th. If you cannot obtain a copy from your bookseller or newsdealer, you may send us the price, $1.50, and we will send you the book postpaid.

We ask for a little patience from the thousands of readers who have already sent for Mr. Lawson's book. As promised, orders will be filled in the order of receipt, as soon as the book is issued.

A GREAT SERIES COMING

CHARLES E. RUSSELL, who recently completed, in this magazine, his series on "The Greatest Trust in the World," in which he told the facts about the Beef Trust, has, for many months past, been working on another series of articles. They treat of the Old World's methods of dealing with the New World's problems of labor and capital. We will have more to say concerning this series in this department in the November number, in which issue will appear the Foreword of Mr. Russell's article. Mr. Russell's work is authoritative, and as a writer he has few equals in the mastery of pure, forceful English. The subjects which he is investigating are of tremendous and world-wide importance and cannot fail to be of intense interest to our readers.

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Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 493

ing the keen glance of the half-closed eyes—the whole don't-give-a-chew-tobacco-for-any-man-on-earth effect was obviously studied and as transparent as his affectation of ease. There was little doubt that I had interrupted a description of "how I wiped the floor with Rogers and dusted the door-mat with the whole 'Standard Oil' gang."

I knew as soon as I set eyes on him that it would be time wasted to talk to Heinze in the manner I would use with Rogers or any real business man. To impress him, argument needed a flavor of sensation, and I framed my attack accordingly. That he hated me I knew, but he had a profound respect for my stock manipulation, and word had often been brought me that Heinze had said: "If Lawson would only take the Eastern end of the fight in connection with my handling of Montana, we could do up 'Standard Oil' for sure."

"Heinze," I said, with no attempt at preliminaries, "I will speak my piece right off the reel, as time is the most valuable thing in the world to-night—your time and my time—and it is up to you and me to do as big a piece of business as has ever been done in New York in the same number of hours. If you let me do the talking for a while I promise afterward to listen to you until you run down.

"First, I understand, as you know, all about the different attempts to settle with you, and their failures. I fully realize that you are a hard customer, and the only way I expect to land you is by being so fair and open as to win your confidence; I will make no promises about not trying to get the best of the trade after that. You would not want me to, as it would show you at the start I did not appreciate your ability to take care of yourself, and the man who does not realize that is on a fool's mission when he comes to trade away your property."

I meant what I said, for I had quickly made up my mind that the only possible chance to succeed with this overwhelmingly conceited trickster in the limited time at our disposal—before ten the next morning—was to treat him in the way one would deal with an honest and high-principled customer.

"I am here, Heinze," I continued, "not as the agent of Rogers or 'Standard Oil,' but solely for Lawson and his friends and following, and as one who has won a few pairs of spurs in just such a fight as you have on hand. When you have talked with Rogers or his agents you have tried to do the best for Heinze and they for their side, so both of you, from the very nature of things, were compelled to try bluffing. It is different with me. You have it in your power to prevent the ruin of me and my friends between now and ten o'clock to-morrow. Therefore, my only interest is to yield you everything you demand that it is possible for us to give up. My likes and dislikes do not enter into the matter in any way."

Then I jumped in and showed him the exact situation, not holding back nor disguising anything; in fact, I outlined things to him in a way that would have dumfounded Rogers. I told him that I was in the adjoining office during his and Rogers's interview of that day; that each time Rogers left it was to consult with me; that we had been prepared to pay him a full three millions, but that each time Rogers came out he was so enraged he wanted to kick Heinze down-stairs, and that I had persuaded him to keep at the argument. I explained that I should have been just as eager as Rogers to put boot to him, but that for the policy of it alone I had argued settlement. I went on and on. He let me. I never tried harder to make any one see a thing as I saw it than I did that night, and as what I was showing was the plain truth, I was eloquently convincing. For two solid hours I talked like a machine. All he did was to absorb it. I could see he was testing each of my statements. Had I been holding back, exaggerating or bluffing in the slightest degree, I should have slowed down and tested my links most carefully, for I saw I had a sounding-board of an unusually fine order, and that he was as alive to the importance of the subject as I.

Intently as he listened to what I said, not

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the flicker of an eyelash indicated that I was moving him from his stand. At intervals, however, when the talk touched his personality or pricked his conceit, he would lose his grip on himself and betray the overweening, insensate vanity that is his ruling passion. Then he would jump to his feet and pace once down the floor and back, with sharp, fierce curses. Again and again he muttered:

"That gray-haired old reprobate thought I was a kid; I'll show him and his gang!" or "I'll stand on the grave of Rogers and Rockefeller, the d—— old thieves, before they're much older."

There hung on the wall a small mirror, and each time he passed it I noticed that Heinze halted, and as his fish-hawk eyes ran over his figure, he would twitch his hat into some new slant or cock, never, even in his deepest preoccupation, losing sight of his treasured pose. My heart sank as I watched these manifestations, yet they were his sole interruptions, and by the manner he snatched at the links in my talk I felt sure he was following every word. I had been arguing for two hours when I made my first stop. I saw I had him on the first section. I had run the gamut of his tester, and had won his confidence.

"So far, all right," he said. "You know your business well enough to understand that you can make no headway bluffing. I can see you are willing to speak right out and not beat round the bush as Rogers did to-day, trying to put me in a position of making an offer so he could say I made it, not he. Now what can you do?"

"I can pay you three millions for your properties, suits and everything you own in Montana, so that you will be out of that field. Will you take it?"

"Three millions? It wouldn't interest me any more than thirty cents," he answered, quick as a triple-spring echo. "You have talked straight to the point; so will I. A few weeks ago Rogers could have closed up with me on the spot for three millions, but to-night I have the cards. Clancy appointed that receiver for me. It means ruin to Boston & Montana. Later I shall have receivers for Butte and some of the others. It means I have the 'Standard Oil' gang, and that I will make them pay to save themselves. I have my pack all fixed so I can deal any card I want. If we do business to-night, I have it arranged with Clancy that before ten to-morrow the receiver will be dismissed. It sounds loud, I know, but any trade I make will be based on my delivery of the goods. Now let me ask you a question. If that receivership is on to-morrow morning when the Stock Exchange opens, there will be the biggest drop in 'Coppers' Boston has ever seen. Am I right?"

"You are."

"Easily, Rogers and his gang can be twenty-five or thirty millions losers to-morrow night. Am I right?"

"You are."

"All right. F. Augustus Heinze was never known to lay down four aces just because the other fellow turned up a busted flush, and he don't begin now."

He jumped to his feet, thrust both hands half-way to the elbows in his curious front pockets, made an unusually impressive stride down the room, taking his sly glance into the mirror, then back, stopping in front of it for a careful, undisguised inspection, which ended with a savage jerk at his hat as he planted his picturesque figure in front of me.

"What do you think Rogers would do to me if the positions were reversed? What do you think he would do to F. Augustus?"

What a picture he made at that instant! From under the dark brim of the tilted hat his eyes glared menacingly upon me. His feet were set far apart—his shoulders squared. But for the hazard of the situation I should have begged him to allow me to send for a photographer, for such a pose would have proved an eminent exhibit in the records of egotism.

"Heinze, I am not going to pretend they would take your welfare into consideration if they had you where you have us to-night; but that's not the question. All that interests me, or should interest you, is, How much will they pay you to-night to prevent the ruin of to-morrow? I might say to you: 'All right, stick for ten millions, or twenty-five millions, or any sum you choose to name'; but what good would it do you or me if there were no possible way to get the offer entertained? I have no hesitancy in saying that Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller would not only face a twenty-five million loss, but they would lose every dollar they have and be drawn and quartered before they would be bled beyond a certain amount. Now, what would that amount be? Whatever any man who has their confidence could persuade them it was good policy to pay, but it could in no event be an amount which would be plainly tribute money. Men of Rogers's and Rockefeller's

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make-up are absolutely fearless as to giving up at the gun muzzle. Make no mistake about this. Now, I will do this: I will name a price which I will say to you is all there is any possibility of their paying, which means it is the utmost I will consent to ask them to pay; and if you say to me you will take it, I will pledge myself not only to go to them with the proposition, but to urge their accepting it, and if it is not accepted, I will not ask you to modify it nor hold off from doing anything you have in mind. Now, what is the most it is possible for you to get to-night? This morning three million dollars would have been the very outside. I will agree to ask for *five* million dollars, and while I have no right to say it, I will take the responsibility of saying I believe that I can find a way before ten o'clock to-morrow to secure for you five million dollars cash, and that no one other than myself could get you as much as that. Will you take it?"

I saw I had made a powerful impression, and I waited with the fullest belief that he would jump at the offer. Another stage performance, and again he was in front of me, but more wily than at any time yet. Dramatically he looked me in the eye for a full minute.

"Lawson, did Rogers say he would pay five millions?"

"I have told you I would deal openly and squarely with you. I pledge you my word that the very outside we would ever have thought of paying up to the time I entered your office was three millions of dollars. I will go further. I did not have a word with Rogers in regard to what I should say or do when with you. I simply told him I was coming to take the last chance."

"Where is he now?"

"At his office."

"Well, we are going to be at this talk quite a while. It may be late before we arrive at anything, and if we should need him, we will need him quickly and badly. You had better find out where you can get at him in a hurry any time to-night."

This looked like a ray of light. I stepped to the telephone and called up Mr. Rogers, and without any attempt at concealment said:

"Mr. Rogers, it's possible I may want to get at you and Mr. Rockefeller quickly any minute to-night. Will you not tell me where I can find you?"

He answered in his usual take-in-the-situation-from-end-to-end way, and I repeated what he said so that Heinze could get it all.

"I will go to your rooms at the Waldorf, and will wait until you come."

That was all, but it conveyed as much to me as though he had used a thousand words. It meant he would have his attorney and a stenographer, and that everything would be in readiness for the actual payment of millions if it turned out to be necessary in order to nail our slippery customer.

The Master of "Standard Oil" is a wonder on a trade. He never asks for explanations, nor gives them. He deals entirely in results. When you bring him one, if it contains the quarry, he knows how you have captured it; or if it is empty, he knows how you missed it just as though he had been along on the hunt. Show him the tiniest end of a thread and his keen eye travels it like electricity from end to end, comprehending all the quirks and knots as though he were personally conducting the details of the deal.

I turned to Heinze and read in his eyes that I had lost no ground by treating the matter openly.

"No getting away from it, you do have the confidence of those people, but——"

"But what, Heinze?" I said.

"They'll do you as they do every one else, that's all."

Again my hopes slumped. I was beginning to realize that I was tackling a queer beast, one who ducked, dived, or ran in his own way. I was beginning to see that it would not be safe to buy the tannin until I had his pelt off, stretched on a board and the four corner nails driven home.

"Heinze, will you take five million dollars?"

"I will tell you whether I will or not when you get Rogers's signature on a paper saying he offers five million dollars—not until then."

How I longed to jump the trade and tell this man what I thought of him. It was now after six o'clock. I was hungry and tired, as I had been arguing with him for hours—and this was his answer! No wonder Rogers said he was impossible; but I must land him or—— I focused the picture of to-morrow and went at it afresh. Every argument I could form I spread before him with enthusiastic patience, as though he were a child with a handful of matches whom I was trying to coax out of a powder-magazine. But I could not budge him. He had the cards. To-night he was bigger than "Standard Oil," Rockefeller, Rogers, and the whole

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bunch, and he would have it his way or let the smash come; and his way was that I should go and talk with Rogers and Rockefeller and bring him their written offer of five million dollars, and then?—— No, he would not promise to take it, he would only tell me whether he would or not.

"I can't tell. I may when I look it over send you back to have it raised to ten millions—yes, I may make it twenty-five millions."

CHAPTER XV

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL

We are all apt, when on a big financial hunt, to imagine that the obstacles opposing our plans are of exceptional difficulty. To magnify them adds zest to the task of overcoming them. But this negotiation with Heinze was indeed different from, if not more difficult than, all my previous encounters. Addicks, a moral idiot, appreciated the logic of a situation and yielded to reason. Heinze, keen to acquire an advantage, had lost all sense of proportion in contemplating his own smartness. Arguing with him was like reasoning with a mule or a maniac. It was now 8.30 o'clock, and the cold, unsympathetic office was becoming unbearable. A sense of hopeless irritation rose in me. The man was stirring all those dregs that cover the bottom of every human tank. However, I replied patiently:

"Heinze, what you demand is impossible. It would do no good for me to ask for that paper, and I am not going to ask. Now, listen to me: I know more about negotiations of this kind than you do. It is your first attempt, while I have spent my lifetime in wrestling with such problems. Therefore I am able to speak to you as an expert.

"When a man has fought his battle and won to the point of having his knife at the other fellow's heart, he can do but one of two things—plunge it home and kill him, or make terms. If it's terms, he must not name such as will seem to the antagonist worse than death. If he does, he turns his own victory into defeat. Until you have brought your enemy to the heart-and-knife point, threats count, for he may be frightened into doing all manner of things to avoid the thrust; but when he looks at it and a worse than death alternative together, terror is no longer a factor. If you do not kill and he does not meet your terms, your advantage is over. You've done your worst. To-night you have your knife at our heart. If it's your intention to send it to our vitals, just say so and our conference ends. You say that is not your wish, for that would do you no good, but, on the contrary, would ruin you, for if to-morrow our structure falls, our loss will be made, and then we shall have no alternative but to fight to a finish. Now, if you really want to settle, you must name terms that we can meet. Never again will you have the opportunity you have to-night, for if we live through to-morrow, then you can never again have our nose as near the ring-bolt. Is not my argument perfect from your own view-point?"

"Yes, I'll admit it's logic. It covers the point completely. Now let me ask you one question. If you were in my shoes, right now, what would you do?"

My heart gave a leap. "I've got him," I said to myself.

"What would I do? Just this. I would make our side pay every dollar they possibly would pay, and I am showing you that that amount is five millions of dollars; and if you say you will take it, I will be back in an hour with it in writing, or I will say: 'It is no go; Heinze, you may now go ahead and do your smashing, and I, at least, will not oppose you.' And I will save myself as best I can, for I promise you if Rogers refuses to pay the five millions of dollars, I will tell him frankly it absolves me from further fighting on his side."

He looked at me a second, did his up-and-down-the-office trick with its mirror accompaniments, and then—I would have sworn I was going to get a favorable verdict.

"All I'll do is to agree to give you my answer when you lay that paper in front of me, and I won't even say I won't raise it another five or ten millions."

I could have strangled him without a qualm of conscience—at least, I felt I could. Rogers was right, he was impossible, and he didn't even know it. I thought of the position of my friends and following, who were at that very moment as helpless as babes, with nothing but me between them and destruction on the morrow, and I choked back my anger and stayed my heart-sinking and went at him again. He was watching me so intently I could have sworn I heard his mental clock tick: "That will knock him, knock him, knock him." I had never before been in front of a man to whose manliness and gener-

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osity I could not at some stage appeal, but I saw that whatever I might try, this man was as dead to all sympathies as a red lobster.

"Heinze, if you don't settle with 'Standard Oil' to-night, it will be proof positive to them you have no intention of settling unless they pay at the gun-muzzle, and they never do that."

"Don't be so sure about that," he shot back at me.

"All I can say to you, Heinze, is this," I went on earnestly. "I have summered and wintered these people and I know what I am talking about, and once they get it fairly and firmly into their heads that you don't intend to settle on some fair kind of a basis, but are holding them up, from that minute until the end of time they will be on your trail. I don't think you will accuse me of leaning to the timid side in any kind of fight with any kind of people, 'Standard Oil' or others, but I would rather be in the other world's hell than in a fight with 'Standard Oil' where I was unquestionably in the wrong. Their revenge in such cases is terrible, and they will wait any length of time and spend any amount of money to get it. Think this over—Rogers and Rockefeller will give you to-night all that belongs to you, and much more. If you refuse it and by your action they are injured to-morrow, you will be downed as surely as the sun will rise. Of course, if you could send your knife home and kill them, that would be different; but you can't, for at the worst, all you can possibly do to them will be only a fleabite on their hundreds-of-millions coat of iron. It may be total destruction to me and great damage to my friends, but to them it will after all be only an incident."

I stopped, momentarily exhausted, for I had thrown my whole soul into my words, and my argument was so strong that it brought even this egomaniac out of his shell of self-conceit, but not as I had intended. He was furious for a few moments, and rolled out a torrent of blasphemy which, under other circumstances, would have interested me by its picturesque variety.

"Five millions! To hell with their five millions unless I get it my way, and I've got the cards right to get it my way, and nothing you or any man on earth can say can make it any different. That white-headed old —— [the name he called Rogers is unprintable] thought he was playing with me to-day. He thought he had a kid to deal with. I'll show him I can weigh in in brains with him and Rockefeller and his whole gang and have lots left over. I know him, and I know what he thinks of me. He told Sam Untermyer the other day I was a degenerate Jew thief and he would put me in stripes before he got through with me. Well, I'll make him get on his knees and roll over a few times before I am through with him. Now, let me lay my hand on top of the table face up, and then you'll know just what you are up against and can decide whether you will chip, pass, or drop out."

I was no poker player, but as he rolled along in card-playing slang I had no difficulty in following him. I could see I had him off his caution, and that, at last, I was seeing the real Heinze. He had listened to me so long, absorbed so much that now when the gage was open, he simply flowed.

"Whatever sum Rogers and I agree upon to-night, whether it is three million, five, or one hundred and five, I get in one way, and no other. Rogers and Rockefeller sign a paper, which I am to publish where I please, admitting that they came to me and begged to settle—you understand, don't you?—*begged* me to settle, and in addition, they are to acknowledge that I am all right and agree that I shall be president of the consolidated company."

The man in the story-book who was thrown in his nightmare into a cool lake only to find he had tumbled out of bed and bumped his head against the water-pitcher, was not more surprised and stunned than I as I listened to a proposition that would have seemed disproportionately lurid even if the speaker had been wearing a strait-jacket in a padded cell.

As the words "I shall be president of the consolidated company" pulsed along the membranes back of my ear-drums and clicked ominously on my mind's sounding-board, I found myself with nothing to say. I could only stare dazedly at the man from Butte, realizing why he had won so many blue ribbons in the Nerve Show. At last I managed to say slowly and without any outward show of feeling:

"Do you expect, Heinze, to have Mr. Rogers and Rockefeller agree to those terms and make them public between now and Stock-Exchange time to-morrow?"

"Yes, by G——, I do!" he said.

I realized right then that my errand was a failure and that unless my brain eclipsed its

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record for time and product, my dream of "Coppers" was over. But at the same time it came over me that it was absolutely useless to attempt to deal with Heinze in an open, legitimate, or business way. I quickly decided to take the one chance left to save myself, my friends, following and associates by sitting into his game and seeing if I could beat him at it.

CHAPTER XVI

SITTING INTO THE ENEMY'S GAME

FROM that time to this writing Heinze has never tired of telling what happened that eventful night and the next day, to justify his deadly hatred for me. They say in Montana that whenever the atmosphere hangs heavy in a Heinze gathering it can be instantly cleared by starting up F. Augustus on "What Lawson did to me the night of the Montana receivership." However, I'll tell it just as it was, and let my readers judge whether in this case, as in that of the bank messenger who was hurrying with funds to meet a run and flagged the express train though he knew such an act was prohibited, the end accomplished justified the means employed.

"All right, Heinze," I said. "That's an impossibility, so the crash must come." I stood in front of him.

"I am sorry I kept you from your dinner, for I see the clock has got round to ten, but I had no other alternative. I think you will bear me out, that I have done all mortal man could do to fix this thing up in time to save the day, but it's impossible and the smash means ruin to me."

I said this as a man who at last recognizes the hand of Fate and bows beneath it. I caught a sharp glint from his eye. Then he said:

"You have done all you could, but you will go down with the rest. That's the price a man pays who goes along with Rogers and his crowd. If only you had been double with me to-day, Lawson, instead of with Rogers, with your knowledge of the stock-market, we each could have bagged enough to buy out the whole Butte group." This in a careless tone intended to keep me from thinking there was anything behind it, but I saw, or thought I did, into the back of his head.

"Yes," I answered in the same careless tone, "yes, but that was impossible. I was on the other side, and, as you know, I never play but one side at a time." Then with a good deal of bitterness: "If I had known what I know now, or had stood this morning where I stand to-night, it would have been different."

He snapped at the bait as a pickerel does at a passing revolving spoon.

"How is that?"

It was my turn to act, and I did it to a turn,—in just proportions of bitterness, anger, and despair.

"You know, Heinze, I have done all any honest man should do to pull Rogers and Rockefeller out of their hole. I have done more than they would have done for me, but because of your hatred of them my work is fruitless, and I and my friends must be ground up. I might have said to you, as ninety-nine in a hundred in my position would have said: 'Heinze, you've got cards, so have I; with what you can do and what I can do in the stock-market that you cannot do, I will play your game and I can make millions enough out of the crash to save myself and my friends; so Rogers and Rockefeller, who have so much money they won't mind their losses, will be the only losers.' I might have said that, and it would have taken me only one-quarter the time I have spent with you to-night to make you see it, and the thing would be done."

I spoke with such earnestness and vehemence that I swept him off his feet. He could hardly hold back his delirious joy at the turn things had taken. I pretended not to see anything but my own black picture.

"But I didn't do it, did I? You know I didn't. Instead I have worn myself out playing Rogers's and Rockefeller's game, and, like a fool, here I am within a few hours of my own destruction and not a whit prepared. Lucky for Rogers and Rockefeller I didn't know this morning what I do now."

I stopped, and I heard, half-hiss, half-bark:

"Is it too late, Lawson? Is it too late now?"

I looked at him, astonished, as though I did not catch his meaning.

"Too late, Heinze? What do you mean?"

"I mean what's the matter with you and me hitching up now before business begins to-morrow?"

I continued to look at him surprised, dazed, but over my mental wire I tapped head-

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quarters: "At last, this black villain is he, and I've got him this time without fail."

"Good God, Heinze! do you mean that there is any chance for me to save myself?"

"Save yourself? You've got the chance of your life. If you play with me we will make more money to-morrow than you could have made with Rogers in a hundred years, and even more after that; but will you do it?"

"Do it? I have told you I have done all any man can do for Rogers and Rockefeller, and now the boat's going down through no fault of mine. Show me how I can save myself and friends and see whether I will. You don't take me for a fool? My duty now is to myself, my friends, my family, not to Rogers and 'Standard Oil.' The boat's going down anyway, and it is only a question whether any of us can get out before she sinks, and if any can, I'll be among them."

My argument was perfect from his viewpoint or the viewpoint of any scoundrel. It was the old, old logic I gave him—the shop-worn argument of the knave who is cowardly enough to want an excuse for his double-dealing. It has been piped upon since the world began, and I suppose it will be until the end. Rather than to have made it sincerely, I should have a hundred times preferred penury and all its deprivations.

He swallowed it whole.

"Sit down now, Lawson, and listen to me on the question," and as I listened I said inwardly: "Here's as pretty a stage villain as ever thrilled gallery god."

He stood up and leaned impressively toward me.

"Lawson, you have done all any man could ask to get me to divide the pot, but, as I've said, I've got the cards, I know what they are worth, and I'm going to play my hand to a show-down. All you can do is stay with the rest and go broke, or bunch your side with mine and play with me from now on. I'll be just as frank with you as you were with me. I would like to break you with the rest; but I know my game well enough to understand that you are strong in a place where I'm weak. I don't know about the stock-market and I can make more by hitching up with you than by breaking you; that's why I offer to do as I do. There will be a smash in the market to-morrow, and I've shown you I will not settle on any terms they will accept. They are depending upon you to offset my work to-morrow at the stock end. You can't do it; but if you were in with me, we could make a clean sweep; and you can make more than you will lose on the other side. That's the situation in a nutshell. I have had word from Barron that with you out of the way to-morrow there will be a panic, and when it's over, all Boston will be sour at "Standard Oil" and with me. I can see my way to get all I'm after without the stock-market profit, and if you say the word that you will join with me, I'll agree to let you take all there is to be got from the market end."

He stopped. I had to think quickly although I was overcome with humiliation that any man on earth, even a cheap villain, would think me so unprincipled as to dare make me such a proposal.

"Heinze, do you mean it?" I said with the first outburst I could muster. "Or are you only trying to trap me?"

"Before God, I mean every word of it."

On my travels through the byways of life I have noted that the men and women who are freest with these sacred oaths of honest men are those who use them for vaulting-poles, and who drop them when over the bad places as though they were never again in this or the next world to require any assistance.

"But you don't mean, Heinze, you are willing to give me all the profit there is at the stock-market end? It doesn't ring true; it isn't common sense, and you said you would not bluff."

I saw him hesitate just a second as he weighed what looked an important point, and I read his thought: "I must talk things just as they are if I am to nail him. If I keep anything back, and he gets on to it, then he will turn on me. I'll risk all on him."

"I mean just that, with this qualification—and I am going to tell you something now that will show you I am really turning-up every card I hold: I sold a lot of stock short to-day, and barring the profit on that, which won't interfere with what you do, you may have every cent that's to be got from the market."

I knew this, of course, for the records of the market showed that some one had been selling lots of stock during the last few days—and who would be doing this but the one man who had the bomb in his pocket? But his admission showed me he was in deadly earnest. A cautious chap of Heinze's make-up would never have let so important a secret out unless he was doing real business. I burned to ask how much he had sold, but it might be fatal, so I said:

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"I know you must have sold some, and as I think over your affair I can see millions for you, for if I come into your camp and Rogers and Rockefeller never suspect it and depend upon me to give you battle at the Exchange to-morrow, they will be so helpless that we ought to have them down, out, and skun before they even waken to what they are up against, and then it will be coffin-time."

His eyes fairly snapped. It was hard for him to hold back his exultation.

But I must short-cut to the next day. We sat in that chill, barn-like office plotting each move up to Stock-Exchange time the following morning, then trying them over and over and testing each one as a chain-maker does his links, and when at twenty minutes after midnight we got up to go, it was only because we had bent each link into the other, welded the ends, and he taking one and I the other, had strained until both were satisfied that the chain would surely haul the "Standard Oil" copper craft upon the rocks, and hold her there long enough for us to carry off her cargo. His scheming, or rather ours, was as devilish as it was perfect, and if I had intended or been capable of carrying it out I should have deserved a front-row seat in that part of Hell where the fire is whitest and the sulphur fumes densest.

We went up on the Elevated together, and had put the last touch on the foul plot when I left him at Thirty-third Street to join Mr. Rogers at my rooms at the Waldorf, while Heinze went along to the Imperial Hotel, there to await my coming some time before daylight. I found Rogers with his counsel outwardly as fresh and cool as though they had been there but a few minutes, and then only on a commonplace errand.

"Well, Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, "you are here at last."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long," I replied as I dropped into a chair.

"Long—it's not long," he disclaimed genially. "To show you I expected it," he said, "I did not order your dinner until eleven, and I have only reordered it twice, and here it is this very minute, with the broth and fish right off the range. Not a word now until you finish. There, there, now I know what you are going to say. No time, and all that, but you let me do this bit of the work my way and we'll save time in the end. Not a word until you are down to your cigar and coffee, and to be sure of it, we'll smoke ours in the parlor and leave you alone."

CHAPTER XVII

TRIPPED IN HIS OWN TRAP

I HAVE but to close my eyes and the details of that scene come crowding into my mind—the bright rooms hung with pictures and tapestry, in vivid contrast with the barren gloom of Heinze's office, on the table gleaming silverware containing most welcome food and drink. Through the portières which hung over the entrance to the parlor I could see Mr. Rogers swinging back and forth in a rocking-chair. I remember noting the Indian-like erectness of his supple form, the face in profile, as clear cut as a cameo, and the fine, snow-white hair and the shapely head. He was telling stories which I knew must be good ones from the manner in which his lawyer laughed. And all this show of ease was for my benefit, for I well knew that under the surface he was consumed with anxiety to hear the verdict I had brought. Presently I was down to my cigar and on the parlor side of the portières.

"I'll boil it down to bone juice, Mr. Rogers," I opened up. "Heinze is, as you said, absolutely impossible. I went to the limit with him in every way, even to offering him five millions, and he was as impossible when I got through as when I began. I am quite sure ten, fifteen, or twenty millions would have come no nearer reaching his sanity, if he has any, than five. He is impossible. So much for my effort. After I got through he went to work on me; result, I have sold you all out and am on the road with black-jack and knock-out drops—a full partner in the hustling firm of Heinze, Barron & Co., 'Hold-uppers.' They have sold a lot of Montana and other 'Coppers' short. My part is to ask you and Mr. Rockefeller to sign an offer of five million dollars and a confession that you have wronged Heinze and will atone by making him president of the new consolidated company. I am now insisting upon it in a way which will make you furious, and in the row which is the outcome, I desert and join Heinze, who is waiting for me at the Imperial. In the morning I issue a proclamation to the public to the effect that you are all wrong and Heinze all right, which Barron is to have spread all over the country and Europe before Stock Exchange opens. In the mean time Heinze is laying pipes by telegraph to have additional news from Butte early in the morning that some more receiver-

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ships are on the way. Then, together, we slaughter you in the market."

Mr. Rogers listened without speaking a word. When I finished all he said was, "Well."

"Now that I know Heinze's position," I went on, "the rest is easy, a mere matter of market manipulation about which I need not trouble you. I'll do a little telephoning to Boston, and Clapp [my secretary] will have my people all ready for instructions in the morning. I'll turn in, then, and get a good sleep until seven, and if you will pick me up on the way down-town, I think we will win out to-morrow, barring accidents, of course. In the mean time I will have my man calling Heinze on the wire every hour or so to let him know I am still wrestling. I don't want him to sleep. As it gets along toward morning, between his nerves and the stuff he will probably try to steady them with, he ought by ten o'clock to be in fine fettle to tackle his job."

As I proceeded with my story I watched closely the face of the Master of "Standard Oil." At first it expressed the restrained solicitude our dangerous situation had awakened even in his stern breast. Then as I outlined Heinze's plot and he saw light he began to smile. When I had finished laying out my plans he beamed approval. For Henry H. Rogers has a keen sense of humor, and this grim joke of tripping up the conspirator in his own trap especially appealed to it.

"Only one question, Lawson, and I am gone. Will he sell more to-morrow, or has he left that to you?"

"He will not be heard from to-morrow," I replied, "unless I figure wrong. I size it up that he is in all he and his friends can finance, and will waken too late to what has happened to protect himself or hurt us. By 10.30 o'clock, Heinze will be where he expected to have us—down and out. Mind you, Mr. Rogers," I went on, "over to-morrow I am only playing for safety. If we only discredit Heinze in the eyes of the Street and his brokers and backers, we shall have done a lot to bow his spine."

He rose to go and as he said good night the firm, warm clasp of his hand conveyed tensely the volume of his relief and congratulations.

At once I got ready for bed, having first called up Heinze on the wire, simply saying: "Nothing to say yet; keep on deck. Don't call me, but from time to time I'll have my man get word to you." Heinze's reply, "All right; I'll be ready when you are. Keep in mind, though, we have lots to do between now and ten," told me he did not yet feel the noose around his windpipe.

At seven o'clock I was up ready and eager for whatever the day might bring forth of weal or wo. I found Heinze still at his post and sent word: "I am about to have breakfast and will then get in my final work with Rogers and Rockefeller. The minute I get my plans working you'll hear from me."

And he did, although I did not see him nor exchange a word with him until years afterward.

I had clearly organized in my head my stock-market campaign and from eight to nine o'clock I talked with my Boston brokers, clearly instructing them as to what I expected of them. At five minutes before ten, seated on a high stool in the telephone-booth in Mr. Rogers's office, with the Master of "Standard Oil" leaning against the door-jamb, where I could consult him without interruption, and with a clear wire to the Boston Stock Exchange, I awaited the execution of my plans. The emergency was too important for clerks, and at the Boston end of the wire was Albert Brown, of Brown, Riley & Co., while standing in the center of a great crowd already gathered round the "Montana" pole was Will Riley, for years the best floor operator in the Board. Brown reported to me the progress of the battle and conveyed my messages to Riley by means of finger signs, the Stock Exchange operator's means of communication in times when writing or talking is slow or unsafe.

It was one of those are-you-ready-go moments in life, when each second seems separated from its predecessor by stretches miles in length and every minute has its cradle in the long ago and its coffin in eternity. My watch said ten o'clock, and instantly into my ear came that wild, hoarse jumble of sound which can come only when a circus tent is afire and the animals awaken to the danger, or when the Stock-Exchange gong sounds an advertised battle and scores of able-bodied men hurl themselves at each other for the fortune and honor of themselves or their clients. There is nothing else like it on earth. Overnight, the world has moved, and the morning papers give ominous notice to all those who are "in stocks" to be ready for squalls. Perhaps an event has befallen that affects the world's iron or coal; or the failure of a sugar corner in Paris has provoked a crisis in the French money-market; or a copper

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venture is on the rocks—the men whose fortunes these incidents affect must stand by to protect them. In such emergencies the floor of the Stock Exchange is the theater of combats as fierce as ever Homer sung. On such a morning, if you look into the Exchange you will find groups of men gathered round the "poles"—spots on the floor of the Exchange allotted to the trading in a given stock—gleefully awaiting the commencement of operations. These are the floor brokers—men selected for their power of lung and coolness of nerve, their ability to hurl themselves through a living wall. The gong sounds, and while its echo is still in the air the buyers and the sellers, like so many crazy footballists, dash at each other, every seller mad to get the best prices, every buyer to get the lowest, every man with orders to see that the stock is not "run down" battling with every other assigned to see that it is not bid up.

I have seen a floor operator commissioned to prevent a panic at any cost on the New York Exchange maintain his position as the center of "the crowd" of six hundred crazy men while it was flying once and a half around the enormous board room at lightning-like rapidity, caroming off this rail, rounding that pole and the other as though it were a rubber ball, yelling, waving, howling, and all the time he was buying a million dollars of stocks a minute and never forgetting a price nor the names of the men who sold them to him, although to the outsider the whole proceeding was one hopeless, unintelligible jargon. Twenty minutes after the gong called time on the day's battle, this same man, cool as a cucumber, was removing the shreds of what had been that morning spotless linen and broadcloth and actually joking as he related to the little group of associates surrounding him how he had won out. And his victory had meant that he had preserved the face of the business world and prevented scores of suicides and defalcations. Again, I have seen this same crowd hurl itself so furiously at the sugar pole as absolutely to drown the voice of one of the greatest operators Wall Street ever turned out and provoke the memorable sugar panic which worked ruin and disaster in so many directions. On that terrible day it was less than twelve minutes after gong-strike when above the din was heard the most ominous sound that can penetrate the Stock Exchange walls—the fall of the president's gavel. In an instant all was still as death, for the fall of the president's gavel between the hours of ten and three almost always means a catastrophe. In the brief interval of stillness that followed, announcement was made of the great operator's failure—for millions—and he failed because his voice had been drowned by those who had intended to drown it. An instant later and there was indeed pandemonium, for the panic the operator had striven to avert was on in earnest and the savages were at one another's throats in a death struggle. A grand game, truly, one that makes real war look like circus fighting, for in these battles of the Stock Exchange there are real crowns for the winners and bankruptcy, perhaps death, for the vanquished; and while Dame Fate is determining the separate merits of the contestants there is the most glorious fighting man can engage in.

As I sat at the telephone-booth and heard the calm, measured voice of Brown, a veteran in such ordeals, calling off the movements of the battle as though he were describing the antics of a bevy of fisher-lads paddling their boats on the shore for the first pull at the seine—the whole scene was vivid before my mind's eye. Something like this, his sentences came: "Went at him rather furious." "Riley holds the pole." "Blank & Blank seem to be putting it to him hard." "He signals he still holds them." "Lawson, here is the first bunch of reports, giving me the amounts already bought by Riley's lieutenants. I'll read them."

At each report I gave additional directions and the combat continued to rage. Seven minutes later I heard: "He says we have them. He has it a half over last night." "He's bidding two points over the close." "He says he is confused at their movements; they seem to be all mixed up and act as though something had gone wrong. He wants instructions."

I chuckled and replied: "Tell him he is right. I guess Heinze's brokers are beginning to smell a trap; evidently they are out of touch with him. Tell him to drive them all along the line." In ten minutes more—less than twenty minutes after ten—I hung up the receiver, stepped off the stool, and said to Mr. Rogers, who had never once interrupted me:

"The job's done. Boston & Montana is now many points higher than Heinze sold at. His brokers are dumfounded and his losses must be enormous. His trick is over and I guess he has had a setback from his own

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work from which it will take him long to recover."

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller are men of few words in victory, but my readers can imagine the eloquence of the hand-clasp they gave me. Then Mr. Rogers said: "Now, Lawson, tell us what you did, for it does seem wonderful."

Even for Wall Street, where the unexpected is the rule, it was an extraordinary affair. Here was a very active and high-priced stock falling suddenly into the hands of its deadliest enemies, dropping in price like a runaway elevator and as quickly recovering. Nothing quite like it had happened before and the combination of circumstances which brought it about is not likely to occur again. I had done my part, but I felt I could accept but little of the credit of the conquest. It was surely old Dame Fate who had tossed victory over our wall, for the conditions that brought it about were beyond the power of any man to create.

For Heinze this defeat was a terrific facer. His monetary losses were very large and, characteristically, he accused his brokers of selling him out to us. For weeks he was threatening all sorts of litigation. Against me, personally, he simply raved, while Barron (who probably shared in his losses) congested his "News Bureau" with frantic screaming.

CHAPTER XVIII

SIXTEEN ROOMS AT THE WALDORF

WHILE these unsavory characters are still on the boards, I may as well run their parts out, and in the interests of decency dismiss them finally behind the scenes. To do this it will be necessary to run ahead a bit.

Heinze, still snarling his disappointment, slunk back to his old bone in Montana and put in effective work against all our plans, but made no headway with his own. He proceeded to organize all his properties, his claims, and his lawsuits—for which he had been asking three millions of dollars—into one corporation, the United Copper Company, capitalized at $50,000,000, with shares of the par value of $100, and from time to time he made earnest efforts to connect with Mr. Rogers, for now he was anxious to have a settlement and willing to accept anything we might throw him. But Mr. Rogers was obdurate. With Heinze he refused to deal, even by proxy.

Between these fierce antagonists—each swearing the other unspeakably vile—one more meeting did take place. The circumstances are so dramatic and so peculiar that they are well worth relating even at the end of so long a story.

It was in the middle of one of the numerous Amalgamated crises and it again became important to have Heinze out of the way, if we could do so at any fair price. From authoritative sources we had it that Heinze was himself in such straits that he was ready to take anything he could get—even if the amount were less than the actual value of his properties, but that under no circumstances would he meet any of our people but Mr. Rogers, and then only alone and without witnesses. There were good reasons for this last stipulation, for in the months that had intervened, the antagonism between Heinze and Amalgamated in Montana had been fanned so sedulously that party feeling ran high. Heinze's battle-cry, "Down with 'Standard Oil,' the people's oppressor," was heard throughout the State, and if his following had suspected that he was trafficking with the bitterly hated enemy, they would certainly have lynched him. No one knew Heinze's character better than his partner Barron, who, realizing that some fine morning he might find himself bereft of his equities in the Heinze properties and holding an empty bag, entered into an arrangement with a newspaper outcast who at the time was living by his wits in Butte—one P. A. O'Farrell—according to which O'Farrell agreed to keep Barron posted about Heinze's movements. Whenever the young "Copper Prince" left for New York O'Farrell was further to act as his traveling companion and body-guard between the Montana State line and the Waldorf Hotel. At the Grand Central Station Barron was ever on hand to meet his partner, and from that moment until Heinze stepped into the sleeper to return home, one or both of these sleuths played shadow. These campers on the copper trail well knew that Heinze's affairs at this period were getting down to the triple-cross stage and they realized, too, that we needed some form of peace in order to put through our plans. Suspecting danger to their own schemes, these beauties redoubled precautions, and when Fritz Augustus set out from Butte on the occasion of which I am writing, they had lynx eyes for his every movement. Arrived at the Waldorf, Heinze found himself in the center of a suite of three rooms—Barron and his wife

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occupying the chamber to his right, and O'Farrell that to his left. To make assurance doubly sure, a rumor appeared in one of the New York papers on the morning of Heinze's arrival that Rogers had confided to some one that he expected soon to have a meeting with Heinze and at the right moment would spring a camera upon him; that the picture would be sent back to Butte, and Heinze would never dare show his face again in Montana.

Almost immediately following this canard was a statement in an interview with Barron to the effect that he had taken a contract to see that no job was "put up" on the "Prince of Butte." Of course this was meant to frighten the slippery Heinze from attempting any settlement save through Barron himself.

For four days these elaborate precautions worked admirably. No one was allowed a private word with Heinze but the manager of the Waldorf, to whom Heinze had taken so strong a fancy that he sat up night after night with him smoking and chatting in the big hotel office while Barron and O'Farrell dozed in near-by armchairs. It happened that Manager Thomas, one of the best all-round square fellows in New York, was a dear friend of mine, for we had known each other from the old "Brunswick" days, and there was nothing he could have asked me to do that I should not have performed for him at once without inquiring a why or a wherefore. Late the Saturday night after Heinze's arrival Manager Thomas called me up at my Boston home and said: "Mr. Lawson, I think if you could drop over on the midnight I could tell you something you would like to hear." I acted promptly. Sunday morning I was in my rooms at the Waldorf, and Thomas briefly explained to me that Heinze had been making a confidant of him and that he believed the "Prince of Butte" was just ripe to "do business." He would allow no one save Thomas to arrange the meeting that he desired to have with Rogers—but to the manager of the Waldorf he trusted himself unreservedly. Thomas said that Heinze had told him that Rogers had commissioned Sam Untermyer to bring about a meeting if possible, but that at the last moment Heinze had side-stepped and had refused his overtures, though Barron had strongly urged him on. This revealed to me something I had not even suspected, and I determined, if only for the discomfiture of Barron, to make one final effort at fixing things.

After breakfast I was with Mr. Rogers and opened up without beating around the bush. He was astonished when I showed him that I not only knew what he had been trying to do but that I could myself bring about the meeting Untermyer had failed to arrange. I entered into no particulars as to how or where I had obtained my information, but briefly wound up:

"Mr. Rogers, here's the crux of the matter—if you will meet Heinze I can arrange it and in the right way."

"Lawson," he replied, "I have simply been following out a lead I got from Untermyer, who, it seems, has hitched up with Barron, or says he has. Untermyer told me that the time is ripe to get rid of Heinze and his gang once and for all, but when it came time to bring us together he was not able to do so. Of course I would not think of meeting this fellow but on my own terms, and I understand he is ready to throw up his hands and take anything I will give him. You can rest assured I'll let him have only enough to get him out of Montana, and then we will make short, sure work of him. Once without those thugs to rely upon he will go to pieces rapidly."

We discussed the problem on all its sides, and then Mr. Rogers agreed that he would meet Heinze secretly on neutral ground. I returned to the Waldorf, and by the afternoon Thomas had arranged the details. I returned to Mr. Rogers and explained the clever scheme we had arranged to elude Heinze's bodyguard. He was much amused. He said, laughing:

"I would go on with this affair now, Lawson, if it were only for the joke it will be on Heinze's protectors and our cunning friend, Sam Untermyer."

Next day, about five-thirty in the afternoon, Barron, Heinze, O'Farrell, and a friend of Rogers, Heinze, and mine, seated on the settle in the big hall, were watching the crowds passing to and from the Palm Room, when Manager Thomas came up to Heinze and said something to him in a low voice. Heinze looked surprised, and taking Barron and O'Farrell aside held a whispered conversation with them. What he said was that a lady friend of his family had just arrived from the West and had to have a talk with him about a private matter, and he asked his friends where he had better meet her. The accommodating Barron said he would arrange with Manager Thomas to have her put in the room next his wife's. Ten minutes

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later Heinze was closeted with the "friend of the family," and the two sleuths, having accompanied him to the door and left word with a bell-boy to keep a sharp watch and let them know when the interview was over, returned to their post on the settle.

Barron's apartment was on the Thirty-fourth Street side of the great hotel, and when Heinze entered he passed by a strange lady who was stationed there for strategic purposes, and then continued through the six adjoining rooms to a parlor—the eighth—where Manager Thomas left him. The latter went on through eight more connecting rooms and stepped out the door opposite the elevator on Thirty-third Street in time to greet a tall, white-haired gentleman who appeared, punctual to the appointed moment. Without a word, Mr. Rogers followed back through the series of rooms until they came to the parlor where Heinze was stationed. Then Manager Thomas retired, saying:

"I shall be in the next room here, gentlemen, and you can knock when you have finished."

For a long hour and three-quarters Barron, O'Farrell, and our common friend waited, and then word came from the watching bell-boy that the lady had gone and that Heinze was back in his own room.

From time to time, up to this writing, Barron has solemnly pledged his word to the public that from personal knowledge he would be willing to make oath that Rogers had never met Heinze after that first interview at 26 Broadway. Such is "Frenzied Finance." He who would make oath contradicting anything however wild, mean, or criminal pertaining to the affairs of finance is either a fool or—a frenzied financier. All I could get out of Mr. Rogers about the conference was little.

"Lawson," he said to me that same evening, "as a joke it was a success, but Heinze is just what I told you before. He is impossible—absolutely impossible."

I learned later that Heinze began in a fairly meek and mild way, but after a while repeated the performance he had treated me to that memorable night, even to asking for the presidency of the consolidated companies, for at the time of this episode Amalgamated was under way.

I have not space here to tell the story of how "Standard Oil" severed the alliance between Heinze and Clark—which, involving the Senate of the United States, is worthy a chapter to itself.

To this hour Heinze is struggling, and every day adds to his appreciation of the truth of what I told him that eventful night. Inch by inch Mr. Rogers has beaten him back, and it is only a question of time before Heinzeism will cease to be an issue in Montana. To use his own language, he still puts up a "stiff bluff," and at intervals his press agent succeeds in having the papers print the old legend, "How Heinze met Rogers last week and became his friend." The other day I read that Fritz Augustus was hobnobbing with William Rockefeller and James Stillman at some German water-cure—but, it is to laugh. All such yarns are moonshine invented and put forth for the purpose of deceiving the people into buying his copper company, the shares of which rise nobly with his hopes of breaking into 26 Broadway and fall every time the sturdy watchman turns him from the door.

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the November number.)

THE LAWSON BOOK.

The publication of the first volume of "Frenzied Finance," which was announced for September 15th, has been delayed. The book will be on sale about October 1st. If you cannot obtain the volume from your bookseller or newsdealer, remit to us the price, $1.50, and it will be delivered without extra charge.

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